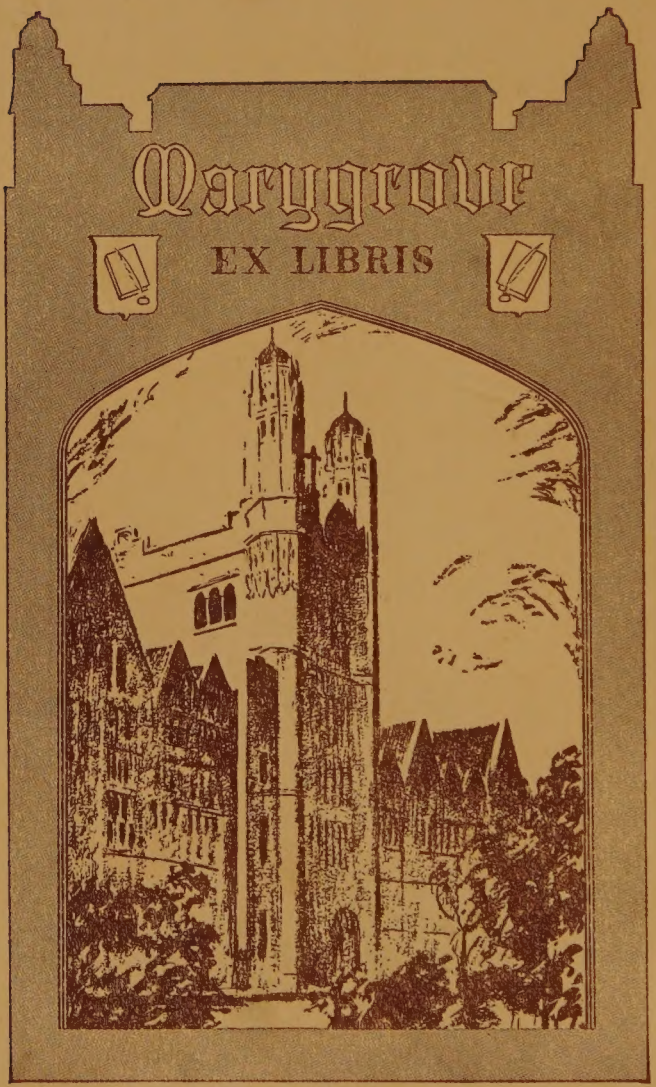
THE CHARM OF PARIS

ALFRED H. HYATT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THE CHARM OF PARIS

THE SEINE FROM THE LOUVRE

THE CHARM OF PARIS

AN ANTHOLOGY

COMPILED BY ALFRED H. HYATT

WITH 12 ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY MORLEY

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EDITOR'S NOTE

It is believed that the principle upon which this selection has been made will give it an original value even to those to whom the passages chosen are already familiar. The editor's desire has been to bring together quotations which, grouped into various clearly-limited sections, will recall to English readers the aspect of Parisian streets and notable buildings, together with significant phases of Parisian life and character.

A. H. H.

To the present edition have been added twelve illustrations after the water-colour drawings of Mr. Harry Morley.

February 1913.

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THE CHARM OF PARIS

THE CHARM OF PARIS

Paris beamed upon me through her open shop windows; the Odéon itself seemed to nod affably towards me, and the white marble queens in the gardens of the Luxembourg . . . appeared to bow graciously and welcome my arrival.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Paris more than ever strikes me as the handsomest city in the world. I find nothing comparable to the view up and down the river, or to the liveliness of its streets. At night the river with its reflected lights, its tiny *bateaux mouches* with their ferret eyes, creeping stealthily along as if in search of prey, and the dimly outlined masses of building that wall it in, gives me endless pleasure. I am as fond as ever of the perpetual torchlight procession of the avenue of the *Champs Élysées* in the evening, and the *cafés chantants* are more like the Arabian Nights than ever.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

What point of Paris is dull to look at? Where are the shop-fronts that do not fascinate? . . . Glance down the sudden break in the street, where a kind of tall walled terrace runs, trellised, rich in leafage, as silent as the street of a dead city, where wealth shelters itself from envy by its tone of subdued and sober elegance. And yet it is not more trim than are the haunts of commerce, the abodes of labour. Who would not envy the flower-women of the Quai des Fleurs, with their glorious vista of stone and waterways? The curving Seine, ribboned round its beautiful old island, grey-walled, upon the river's brink; the spire of the Sainte Chapelle, painted gold, upon a soft or brilliant sky, and the magnificent gates of the Palace of Justice, as much theirs as are the rich man's priceless possessions in his own house.

HANNAH LYNCH.

THE SPIRIT OF PARIS

When a man looks eastward from the western heights that dominate the city, especially from that great hill of Valerian (round which so many memories from Ste. Geneviève to the last war accumulate), a sight presents itself. . . .

Let us suppose an autumn day, clear, with wind following rain, and with a grey sky of rapid clouds against which the picture may be set. In such weather and from such a spot the whole of the vast town lies clearly before you, and the impression is one that you will not match nor approach in any of the views that have grown famous; for what you see is unique in something that is neither the north nor the south; something which contains little of scenic interest and nothing of dramatic grandeur; men have forborne to describe it because they have known Paris well enough to comprehend that horizon; . . . her people, her history, her life from within, have mastered every other interest and have occupied all their powers. . . .

There lies at your feet—its fortifications some two miles away—a great plain of houses. Its inequalities are lost in the superior height from which you gaze, save where in the north the isolated summit of Montmartre, with the great mass of its half-finished church, looks over the city and answers the hill of Valerian.

The plain of houses fills the eye and the mind, yet it is not so vast but that, dimly, on the clearest days, the heights beyond it to the east can be just

perceived, while to the north the suburbs and the open country appear, and to the south the hills. Whiter than are the northern towns of Europe, yet standing under a northern sky, it strikes with the force of sharp contrast, and half explains in that one feature its Latin origin and destiny. It is veiled by no cloud of smoke, for industry, and more especially the industry of our day, has not been the motive of its growth. The fantastic and even grandiose effects which are the joy of London will never be discovered here. It does not fill by a kind of gravitation this or that group of arteries; it forms no line along the water-course nor does it lose itself in those vague contours which, in a merely mercantile city, the necessity of exchange frequently determines; for Paris was not made by commerce, nor will any theory of material conditions and environment read you the riddle of its growth and form. It is not the mind of the onlooker that lends it unity, nor the emotions of travel that make it, for those who see it thus, one thing. Paris, as it lies before you beneath the old hills that have watched it for two thousand years, has the effect and character of personal life. Not in a metaphor, nor for the sake of phrasing, but in fact; as truly as in the case of Rome, though in a manner less familiar, a separate existence with a soul of its own appeals to you. Its voice is no reflection of your own mind; on the contrary, it is a troubling thing, like an insistent demand spoken in a foreign tongue. Its corporate life is not an abstraction drawn from books or from words one may have heard. There, visibly before you, is the compound of the modern and the middle ages, whose unity convinces merely by being seen.

And, above all, this thing upon which you are looking is alive. It needs no recollection of what has been taught in youth, nor any of those reveries which arise at the identification of things seen with names remembered. The antiquarian passion, in its best form pedantic and in its worst maudlin, finds little room in the first aspect of Paris. Later, it takes its proper rank in all the mass of what we may learn, but the town, as you see it, recalls history only by speaking to you in a living voice. Its past is still alive, because the city is still instinct with a vigorous growth, and you feel with regard to Paris what you would feel with regard to a young man full of adventures: not at all the quiet interest which lies in the recollections of age; still less that happy memory of things dead which is a fortune for so many of the most famous cities of the world.

Whence proceeds this impression, and what is the secret of its origin? Why, that in all this immense extent an obvious unity of design appears; not in one quarter alone, but over the whole circumference, stand the evidences of this creative spirit. It is not the rich, building for themselves in their own quarter, nor the officials, concentrating the common wealth upon their own buildings; it is Paris, creating and recreating her own adornment, realizing her own dreams upon every side, insisting on her own vagaries, committing follies which are her own and not that of a section of her people, even here and there chiselling out something as durable as Europe. . . .

It will repay one well to look, on this clear day, and to strain the eyes in watching that hummock—a grey and confused mass of houses on . . . its summit.

A lump, a little higher than the rest, half-way up the hill, is the Sorbonne; upon the slopes towards us two unequal square towers mark St. Sulpice—a heap of stones. Yet all this confusion of unlovely things, which the distance turns into a blotch wherein the Pantheon alone can be distinguished, is a very noteworthy square mile of ground; for at its foot Julian the Apostate held his little pagan circle; at its summit are the relics of Ste. Geneviève. Here Abelard awoke the 'great curiosity' from its long sleep, and here St. Bernard answered him in the name of all the mystics. Here Dante studied, here Innocent III. was formed, and here Calvin the Picard preached his Batavian theory. . . .

Whenever we think of the city, we do well to remember Mirabeau: 'Paris is a Sphinx; I will drag her secret from her;' but in this neither he nor any other man has succeeded.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

MAGNIFICENT PARIS

THE Boulevard was all alive, brilliant with illuminations, with the variety and gaiety of the crowd, the dazzle of shops and cafés seen through uncovered fronts or immense lucid plates, the flamboyant porches of theatres and the flashing lamps of carriages, the far-spreading murmur of talkers and strollers, the uproar of pleasure and prosperity, the general magnificence of Paris on a perfect evening in June. Hyacinth had been walking about all day—he had walked from rising till bedtime every day of the week spent since his arrival—and now an extraordinary fatigue, a tremendous lassitude had fallen

upon him, which, however, was not without its delight of sweet satiety, and he settled himself in a chair beside a little table in front of Tortoni's not so much to rest from it as to enjoy it. He had seen so much, felt so much, learnt so much, thrilled and throbbed and laughed and sighed so much during the past several days that he was conscious at last of the danger of becoming incoherent to himself and of the need of balancing his accounts. . . . He had been intending to visit the Variétés Theatre, which blazed through intermediate lights and through the thin foliage of trees not favoured by the asphalt, on the other side of the great avenue. But the impression of Chaumont—he relinquished that for the present; it added to the luxury of his situation to reflect that he should still have plenty of time to see the *succès du jour*. The same effect proceeded from his determination to order a *marquise* when the waiter, whose superior shirt-front and whisker emerged from the long white cylinder of an apron, came to take his commands. . . . The waiter brought (him) a tall glass of champagne in which a pineapple ice was in solution, and our hero felt he had hoped for a sensation no less intense in looking for an empty table on Tortoni's terrace. Very few tables were empty, and it was his belief that the others were occupied by high celebrities; at any rate they were just the types he had had a prevision of and had wanted most to meet when the extraordinary opportunity to come abroad with his pockets full of money . . . turned real to him in Lomax Place. He knew about Tortoni's from his study of the French novel, and as he sat there he had a vague sense of fraternizing with Balzac and Alfred de Musset: there

were echoes and reminiscences of their works in the air, all confounded with the indefinable exhalations, the strange composite odour, half agreeable, half impure, of the Boulevard. 'Splendid Paris, charming Paris'—that refrain, the fragment of an invocation, a beginning without an end, hummed itself perpetually in (his) ears; the only articulate words that got themselves uttered in the hymn of praise his imagination had been addressing to the French capital from the first hour of his stay. He recognized, he greeted with a thousand palpitations, the seat of his maternal ancestors—was proud to be associated with so much of the superb, so many proofs of a civilization that had no visible rough spots. He had his perplexities and even now and then a revulsion for which he had made no allowance, as when it came over him that the most brilliant city in the world was also the most blood-stained; but the great sense that he understood and sympathized was preponderant, and his comprehension gave him wings—appeared to transport him to still wider fields of knowledge, still higher sensations. . . . Wondering repeatedly where the barricade on which his grandfather must have fallen had been erected, he at last satisfied himself . . . that it had bristled across the Rue Saint-Honoré very near to the Church of Saint-Roch. The pair had now roamed together through all the museums and gardens, through the principal churches—the republican martyr was very good-natured about this; through the passages and arcades, up and down the great avenues, across all the bridges and above all again and again along the river, where the quays were an endless entertainment to Hyacinth, who lingered by the half-hour beside

the boxes of old books on the parapets, stuffing his pockets with fivepenny volumes while the bright industries of the Seine flashed and glittered beneath him and on the other bank the glorious Louvre stretched either way for a league. Our young man took the same satisfaction in the Louvre as if he had been invited there . . .; he haunted the museum during all the first days, couldn't look enough at certain pictures nor sufficiently admire the high polish of the great floors in which the golden frescoed ceilings repeated themselves. All Paris struck him as tremendously artistic and decorative; he felt as if hitherto he had lived in a dusky frowsy Philistine world, a world in which the taste was the taste of Little Peddlington and the idea of beautiful arrangement had never had an influence. In his ancestral city it had been active from the first, and that was why his quick sensibility responded and why he murmured his constant refrain whenever the fairness of the great monuments arrested him in the pearly silvery light or he saw them take grey-blue delicate tones at the end of stately vistas. It seemed to him the place expressed herself, and did it in the grand style, while London remained vague and blurred, inarticulate, blunt and dim. Splendid Paris, charming Paris indeed!

HENRY JAMES.

PARIS

My Paris is a land where twilight days
Merge into violent nights of black and gold;
Where, it may be, the flower of dawn is cold:
Ah, but the gold nights, and the scented ways!

Eyelids of women, little curls of hair,
A little nose curved softly, like a shell,
A red mouth like a wound, a mocking veil :
Phantoms, before the dawn, how phantom-fair !

And every woman with beseeching eyes,
Or with enticing eyes, or amorous,
Offers herself, a rose, and craves of us
A rose's place among our memories.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

INCOMPARABLE PARIS

I CAN never mutinie so much against France but I must needes looke on Paris with a favourable eye : it hath my hart from my infancy ; whereof it hath befalne me, as of excellent things, the more other faire and stately cities I have seene since, the more hir beauty hath power and doth still usurpingly gaine upon my affections. I love that citie for her owne sake, and more in hir only subsisting and owne being, than when it is full fraught and embellished with forraine pompe and borrowed garish ornaments. I love hir so tenderly that hir spottes, her blemishes and hir warts are deare unto me. I am no perfect French man but by this great citie, great in people, greate in regard of the felicitie of hir situation, but above all, great and incomparable in varietie and diversitie of commodities ; the glory of France and one of the noblest and chiefe ornaments of the world. God of His mercy free hir and chase away all our divisions from hir. So long as she shall continue, so long shall I never want a home or a retreate to retire to and shrowd myselfe at all times.

MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE.

YOUTH ENTERING PARIS

A New City

Paris — beautiful Paris — with its theatres and churches, its music and splendour! . . . Ishmael stood in the midst of the great city, where the river flows between the old Palace of the Medicis and the new Palace of the Legislature, spanned by historic bridges, darkened by the shadows of historic towers —a river whose waters, lapping against the granite quay with a little babbling sound like the prattle of a child, could tell of tragedy and comedy, death, sin, vice, hate, love, mirth, woe, were it a little more articulate—a river which, to the mind of the man who knows Paris, *does* recall a world of strange and terrible memories—a river which has run with blood in the days that are gone. . . . To the young man from the green hillside across the quiet Couësnon, Paris to-night seemed altogether a strange city. He had never taken kindly to the long, narrow streets of tall houses, or even to the glittering boulevard with its formal avenue of young trees. But he had come to Paris for a purpose—come to win his independence, to earn freedom, fearlessness, and the right to hope. He had fed for the last year or so upon stories of men who had entered Paris shoeless, shirtless, carrying a few rags in an old cotton handkerchief, a few sous for total reserve fund against starvation, and who, years afterwards, had become men of mark, a power in the city. He came stuffed to the brim with ambition; believing in himself, without conceit or arrogance, but with that unquestionable faith in his own force and his own capacity which cannot be plucked from the breast of the conqueror elect in the world's strife. . . .

From the window lamps glimmered here and there in the darkness below. He saw the external boulevard yonder—a long grey line—and beyond lay that dreary border-land of waste and squalor which in those days stretched between the outskirts of the town and the fortifications—that master-work of the Citizen King's reign—master-work which had cost the King his popularity. It was a dismal quarter of the town. Yonder, folded in the shadows of night, lay the cemetery of Montmartre, the field of rest.

. . . . .

The Paris of to-day was a vastly different place from that city along whose dingy quays Ishmael had looked on a November evening in the year 1850. Seventeen years of enterprise, improvement, vast expenditure, had made the old city into a new city, a place of boulevards piercing east and west, and north and south; a place of mighty theatres, and newly-erected churches that were as gaudy in colour and gilding as a mediæval *châsse* or an Indian tomb; a place of new bridges, rich in sculptured emblems, recalling the triumphs of French arms from Jena to Inkermann; a place of parks and palaces, fountains and gardens, villas and avenues, with suburbs stretching far and wide, dotted about with those Swiss châlets, Norman châteaux, Italian villas, *maisonettes à la moyen-âge, à la Renaissance*, with which the little shopkeeper who has saved money loves to disfigure the landscape around Paris. The old wish of the Parisian *bourgeoise* to possess a gable in the street has grown into the desire for a house and gardens at Asnières or Bellevue.

Opulence and luxury were the leading notes of the

Imperial reign. The famous Mr. Spricht, the man-milliner patronized in the Tuileries, had built himself a palace with a fortune made out of *chiffons*. Everywhere there appeared signs of universal prosperity. Among the poorest *arrondissements* of the city, amidst the vanishing slums of old Paris, gardens bloomed and fountains played, as in an Arabian fairy-tale. The enemies of the Emperor sneered at these glimpses of Eden in the midst of squalor, and grumbled that money was spent upon flowers and fountains which ought to have been expended on free schools ; but in spite of these malcontents, Paris throve and rejoiced in the sunshine. Her hospitals, her charities of all kinds, had attained a perfection only possible in a country where benevolence has been made a science. Everywhere, from the workman's boulevards yonder, Boulevard Richard Lenoir, Boulevard de la Villette, to the Italian palace of painter or princess newly risen in the once shabby purlieus of the Parc Monceaux—westward, beyond the triumphal gate, where hills had been levelled and old streets carted away to complete the Parisian's paradise of avenues and villas, gardens, shrubberies, fish-ponds, cascades ; eastward —southward—northward—everywhere the hand of improvement had been busy. Spade and pickaxe, hammer and chisel, had created a new Paris—a Paris of tall white palaces, sculptured pediments, classic porticoes, Corinthian friezes, caryatides, ogee mouldings, brackets, festoons of fruit and flowers, repeating themselves in the same fresh stonework along an endless perspective—a Paris of intolerably long streets, and asphalte pathways that burnt the feet of the weary—a city of dissipation, pleasure, luxury, extravagance, and ruin—a gulf for men's fortunes,

a pest-house for men's health, a grave for intellect, honour, manhood, religion—and quite the most delightful city in the world.

M. E. BRADDON.

A BALLADE OF PARIS CAFÉS

THOSE old-time cafés, where are they ?
Gone like the snow of yester year !
Yet recollections round them stray,
And memory still holds them dear.
Where are the friends that, too, were near ?
From 'neath the leafy boulevard
Those cafés all have passed away ;—
To sing their praise where is the bard ?

Though others tread the same bright way,
And newer, lovelier streets men rear ;
Friends there as in the past as gay ;—
Those haunts of old we still revere.—
Their like will never more appear.
Gone from the leafy boulevards
Those old-time cafés, still we say,
To sing their praise where is the bard ?

Garnished are all those haunts to-day
With newer lights, ah me ! they share
A newer company, and play
A newer rôle, new fashions wear ;
But with the old will these compare ?
Along the same bright boulevard
The ghosts of cafés old still stray,—
To sing their praise where is the bard ?

Envoi.

Paris, thy streets are fair to-day,
And bright each lovely boulevard ;—
Those old-time cafés, where are they ?
To sing their praise where is the bard ?

CLÉMENT MOLINET.

'COMBIEN J'AI DOUCE SOUVENANCE !'

It was on a beautiful June morning in a charming French garden, where the warm, sweet atmosphere was laden with the scent of lilac and syringa, and gay with butterflies and dragonflies and humble-bees, that I began my conscious existence with the happiest day of all my outer life.

It is true that I have vague memories. . . . I could recall the blue stage-coach with the four tall, thin, brown horses, so quiet and modest and well-behaved ; the red-coated guard and his horn ; the red-faced driver and his husky voice and many capes. Then the steamer with its glistening deck so beautiful and white, it seemed quite a desecration to walk upon it. . . .

After this came the dream of a strange, huge, top-heavy vehicle, that seemed like three yellow carriages stuck together, and a mountain of luggage at the top under an immense black tarpaulin, which ended in a hood ; and beneath the hood sat a blue-bloused man with a singular cap like a concertina, and moustaches, who cracked a loud whip over five squealing, fussy, pugnacious white and grey horses, with bells on their necks and busy fox-tails on their foreheads, and their own tails carefully tucked up behind.

From the *coupé* where I sat with my father and mother I could watch them well as they led us through dusty roads with endless apple-trees or poplars on either side. . . . Then it all became rather tiresome and intermittent and confused, till we reached at dusk next day a quay by a broad river; and as we drove along it, under thick trees, we met other red and blue and green lamped, five-horsed diligences starting on their long journey just as ours was coming to an end.

Then I knew (because I was a well-educated little boy, and heard my father exclaim, 'Here's Paris at last!') that we had entered the capital of France.

. . . . .

Oh, the beautiful garden! . . . My fond remembrance would tell me that this region was almost boundless, well as I remember its boundaries. My knowledge of physical geography, as applied to this particular suburb of Paris, bids me assign more modest limits to this earthly paradise, which again was separated by an easily surmounted fence from Louis Philippe's Bois de Boulogne; and to this I cannot find it in my heart to assign any limits whatever, except the pretty old town from which it takes its name, and whose principal street leads to that magical combination of river, bridge, palace, gardens, mountain, and forest—St. Cloud.

. . . . .

As we grew older and wiser we had permission to extend our explorations to Meudon, Versailles, St. Germain, and other delightful places. . . . Also, we made ourselves at home in Paris, especially old Paris.

For instance, there was the island of St. Louis, with its stately old mansions *entre cour et jardin*,

AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE

behind grim stone portals and high walls, where great magistrates and lawyers dwelt in dignified seclusion—the nobles of the robe; and where once had dwelt, in days gone by, the greater nobles of the sword—crusaders, perhaps, and knights templars, like Brian de Bois Guilbert.

And that other more famous island, la Cité, where Paris itself was born, where Notre Dame reared its twin towers above the melancholy, grey, leprous walls and dirty brown roofs of the Hôtel-Dieu.

Pathetic little tumble-down old houses, all out of drawing and perspective, nestled like old spiders' webs between the buttresses of the great cathedral; and on two sides of the little square in front (the Place du Parvis Notre Dame) stood ancient stone dwellings, with high slate roofs and elaborately-wrought iron balconies. They seemed to have such romantic histories that I never tired of gazing at them, and wondering what the histories could be; and now I think of it, one of these very dwellings must have been the Hôtel de Gondelaurier, where, according to the most veracious historian that ever was, poor Esmeralda once danced and played the tambourine to divert the fair damosel Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier and her noble friends, all of whom she transcended in beauty, purity, goodness, and breeding (although she was but an untaught, wandering gipsy girl out of the gutter); and there, before them all and the gay archer, she was betrayed to her final undoing by her goat, whom she had so imprudently taught how to spell the beloved name of 'Phébus.'

Close by was the Morgue, that gruesome building which the great etcher Méryon has managed to invest with some weird fascination akin to that it

had for me in those days—and has now, as I see it with the charmed eyes of Memory.

La Morgue ! what a fatal twang there is about the very name !

After gazing one's fill at the horrors within (as became a healthy-minded English boy), it was but a step to the equestrian statue of Henri Quatre, on the Pont-Neuf (the oldest bridge in Paris, by the way) ; there, astride his long-tailed charger, he smiled *e roy vert et galant*, just midway between either bank of the historic river, just where it was most historic ; and turned his back on the Paris of the bourgeois King with the pear-shaped face and mutton-chop whiskers. And there one stood, spellbound in indecision, like the ass of Buridan between two sacks of oats ; for on either side, north or south of the Pont-Neuf, were to be found enchanting slums all more attractive the ones than the others, winding up and down hill and round about and in and out, like haunting illustrations by Gustave Doré to *Drolatick Tales* by Balzac. . . .

Dark, narrow, silent, deserted streets would turn up afterward in many a nightmare. . . . And suggestive names printed in old rusty iron letters at the street corners—' Rue Vide gousset,' ' Rue Coupegorge,' ' Rue de la Vieille Truanderie,' ' Impasse de la Tour de Nesle,' etc.—that appealed to the imagination like a chapter from Hugo or Dumas.

And the way to these was by long, tortuous, busy thoroughfares, most irregularly flagged, and all alive with strange, delightful people in blue blouses, brown woollen tricots, wooden shoes, red and white cotton nightcaps, rags and patches ; most graceful girls, with pretty, self-respecting feet, and flashing eyes, and no head-dress but their own hair. . . .

Then a proletarian wedding procession—headed by the bride and bridegroom, an ungainly pair in their Sunday best—all singing noisily together. Then a pauper funeral, or a covered stretcher, followed by sympathetic eyes, on its way to the Hôtel-Dieu; or the last Sacrament, with bell and candle, bound for the bedside of some humble agonizer *in extremis*—and we all uncovered as it went by.

And then, for a running accompaniment of sound, the clanging chimes, the itinerant street cries, the tinkle of the *marchand de coco*, the drum, the *cor de chasse*, the organ of Barbary, the ubiquitous pet parrot, the knife-grinder, the bawling fried-potato monger, and, most amusing of all, the poodle-clipper and his son, strophe and antistrophe, for every minute the little boy would yell out in his shrill treble that 'his father clipped poodles for thirty sous.' . . . It was all entrancing.

. . . . .

Thence home—to quiet, innocent, suburban Passy—by the quays, walking on the top of the stone parapet all the way, so as to miss nothing (till a gendarme was in sight), or else by the Boulevards, the Rue de Rivoli, the Champs Élysées, the Avenue de St. Cloud, and the Chaussée de la Muette. What a beautiful walk! Is there another like it anywhere as it was then, in the sweet early forties of this worn-out old century, and before this poor scribe had reached his teens?

Ah, it is something to have known that Paris which lay at one's feet as one gazed from the heights of Passy, with all its pinnacles and spires and gorgeously gilded domes, its Arch of Triumph, its Elysian Fields, its Field of Mars, its Towers of Our

Lady, its far-off Column of July, its Invalids, and Vale of Grace, and Magdalen, and Place of the Concord, where the obelisk reared its exotic peak by the beautiful unforgettable fountains.

There flowed the many-bridged winding river, always the same way, unlike our tidal Thames, and always full; just beyond it was spread that stately exclusive suburb, the despair of the newly rich and recently ennobled, where almost every other house bore a name which read like a page of French history; and farther still the merry, wicked Latin quarter and the grave Sorbonne, the Pantheon, the Garden of Plants; on the hither side, in the middle distance, the Louvre, where the kings of France had dwelt for centuries; the Tuileries, where 'the King of the French' dwelt then, and just for a little while yet.

Well I knew and loved it all; and most of all I loved it when the sun was setting at my back, and innumerable distant windows reflected the blood-red western flame. It seemed as though half Paris was on fire, with the cold blue east for a background.

Dear Paris!

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

THE LURE OF FRANCE

FRANCE lured me forth; the realm that I had crossed
So lately, journeying toward the snow-clad Alps.
But now, relinquishing the scrip and staff,
And all enjoyment which the summer sun
Sheds round the steps of those who meet the day
With motion constant as his own, I went
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town,
Washed by the current of the stately Loire.

Through Paris lay my readiest course, and there
Sojourning a few days, I visited
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly ; from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,
And from Mont Martre southward to the dome
Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous Halls,
The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms ;
The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace huge
Of Orleans. . . .

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast ; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could not find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt ;
For 'tis most certain, that these various sights,
However potent their first shock, with me
Appeared to recompense the traveller's pains
Less than the painted Magdalene of Le Brun,
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with hair
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and rueful cheek
Pale and bedropped with overflowing tears.

. . . . .

It was a beautiful and silent day
That overspread the countenance of earth,
Then fading with unusual quietness,—
A day as beautiful as e'er was given
To soothe regret, though deepening what it soothed,
When by the gliding Loire I paused, and cast

Upon his rich domains, vineyard and tilth,
Green meadow-ground, and many-coloured woods,
Again, and yet again, a farewell look ;
Then from the quiet of that scene passed on,
Bound to the fierce Metropolis. From his throne
The King had fallen, and that invading host—
Presumptuous cloud on whose black front was written
The tender mercies of the dismal wind
That bore it—on the plains of Liberty
Had burst innocuous. Say in bolder words,
They—who had come elate as eastern hunters
Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when he
Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,
Rajahs and Omrahs in his train, intent
To drive their prey enclosed within a ring
Wide as a province, but, the signal given,
Before the point of the life-threatening spear
Narrowing itself by moments—they, rash men,
Had seen the anticipated quarry turned
Into avengers, from whose wrath they fled
In terror. Disappointment and dismay
Remained for all whose fancies had run wild
With evil expectations ; confidence
And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State—as if to stamp the final seal
On her security, and to the world
Show what she was, a high and fearless soul,
Exulting in defiance, or heart-strung
By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt
With spiteful gratitude the baffled League,
That had stirred up her slackening faculties
To a new transition—when the King was crushed,
Spared not the empty throne, and in proud haste

Assumed the body and venerable name
Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes,
'Tis true, had gone before this hour, dire work
Of massacre, in which the senseless sword
Was prayed to as a judge ; but these were past,
Earth free from them for ever, as was thought—
Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once !
Things that could only show themselves and die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I returned,
And ranged, with ardour heretofore unfelt,
The spacious city, and in progress passed
The prison where the unhappy Monarch lay,
Associate with his children and his wife
In bondage ; and the palace, lately stormed
With roar of cannon by a furious host.
I crossed the square (an empty area then !)
Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and gazed
On this and other spots, as doth a man
Upon a volume whose contents he knows
Are memorable, but from him locked up,
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,
So that he questions the mute leaves with pain,
And half upbraids their silence. But that night
I felt most deeply in what world I was,
What ground I trod on, and what air I breathed.
High was my room and lonely, near the roof
Of a large mansion or hotel, a lodge
That would have pleased me in more quiet times ;
Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.
With unextinguished taper I kept watch,
Reading at intervals ; the fear gone by
Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.

I thought of those September massacres,
Divided from me by one little month,
Saw them and touched : the rest was conjured up
From tragic fictions or true history,
Remembrances and dim admonishments.
The horse is taught his manage, and no star
Of wildest course but treads back his own steps ;
For the spent hurricane the air provides
As fierce a successor ; the tide retreats
But to return out of its hiding-place
In the great deep ; all things have second birth ;
The earthquake is not satisfied at once ;
And in this way I wrought upon myself,
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,
To the whole city, ' Sleep no more.' The trance
Fled with the voice to which it had given birth ;
But vainly comments of a calmer mind
Promised soft peace and sweet forgetfulness.
The place, all hushed and silent as it was,
Appeared unfit for the repose of night,
Defenceless as a wood where tigers roam.

With early morning towards the Palace-walk
Of Orleans eagerly I turned : as yet
The streets were still ; not so those long Arcades ;
There, 'mid a peal of ill-matched sounds and cries,
That greeted me on entering, I could hear
Shrill voices from the hawkers in the throng,
Bawling, ' Denunciation of the Crimes
Of Maximilian Robespierre '; the hand,
Prompt as the voice, held forth a printed speech,
The same that had been recently pronounced,
When Robespierre, not ignorant for what mark
Some words of indirect reproof had been

Intended, rose in hardihood, and dared
The man who had an ill surmise of him
To bring his charge in openness ; whereat,
When a dead pause ensued, and no one stirred,
In silence of all present, from his seat
Louvet walked single through the avenue,
And took his station in the Tribune, saying,
'I, Robespierre, accuse thee !' Well is known
The inglorious issue of that charge, and how
He, who had launched the startling thunderbolt,
The one bold man, whose voice the attack had sounded,
Was left without a follower to discharge
His perilous duty, and retire lamenting
That Heaven's best aid is wasted upon men
Who to themselves are false.
But these are things
Of which I speak, only as they were storm
Or sunshine to my individual mind,
No further. Let me then relate that now—
In some sort seeing with my proper eyes
That Liberty, and Life, and Death, would soon
To the remotest corners of the land
Lie in the arbitrement of those who ruled
The capital City ; what was struggled for,
And by what combatants victory must be won ;
The indecision on their part whose aim
Seemed best, and the straightforward path of those
Who in attack or in defence were strong
Through their impiety—my inmost soul
Was agitated ; yea, I could almost
Have prayed that throughout earth upon all men,
By patient exercise of reason made
Worthy of liberty, all spirits filled
With zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,

The gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive
From the four quarters of the winds to do
For France, what without help she could not do,
A work of honour ; think not that to this
I added, work of safety : from all doubt
Or trepidation for the end of things
Far was I, far as angels are from guilt.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PARIS : A TOTAL

PARIS is a total. Paris is the ceiling of the human race. The whole of this prodigious city is a foreshortening of dead manners and living manners. He who sees Paris thinks he sees the bottom of all history with heaven and constellations in the intervals. Paris has a capital, the Town Hall, a Parthenon, Notre Dame, a Mount Aventine, the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, an Asinarium, the Sorbonne, a Pantheon, a Via Sacra, the Boulevard des Italiens, a temple of the winds, opinion ; and it replaces the Gemoniæ by ridicule. Its *majo* is called ' faraud,' its Transteverin is the man of the faubourgs, its *hammal* is the market-porter, its lazzarone is the pègre, its cockney is the native of Ghent. Everything that exists elsewhere exists at Paris. The fishwoman of Dumarsais can retort on the herb-seller of Euripides, the discobols Vejanus lives again in the Forioso, the tight-rope dancer. Therapontigonus Miles could walk arm in arm with Vadeboncœur the grenadier, Damasippus the second-hand dealer would be happy among bric-à-brac merchants, Vincennes could grasp Socrates in its fist just as Agora could imprison Diderot, Grimod de la Reynière discovered larded roast beef, as Cur-

tillus invented roast hedgehog; we see the trapeze which figures in Plautus reappear under the vault of the Arc of l'Étoile, the sword-eater of Pœcilus encountered by Apuleius is a sword-swallower on the Pont-Neuf, the nephew of Rameau and Curculio the parasite make a pair; Ergasilus could get himself presented to Cambacères by d'Aigrefeuille; the four dandies of Rome: Alcesimarchus, Phœdromus, Diabolus, and Argyrippus, descend from Courtille in Labatut's posting-chaise; Aulus Gellius would halt no longer in front of Congrio than would Charles Nodier in front of Punchinello; Marto is not a tigress, but Pardalisca was not a dragon; Pantoblabus the wag jeers in the Café Anglais at Nomentanus the fast liver; Hermogenus is a tenor in the Champs Élysées, and round him Thracius the beggar, clad like Bobèche, takes up a collection; the bore who stops you by the button of your coat in the Tuileries makes you repeat after a lapse of two thousand years Thesprion's apostrophe *Quis properantem me prehendit pallio?* The wine on Surêne is a parody of the wine of Alba, the red border of Desangiers forms a balance to the great cutting of Balatro, Père Lachaise exhales beneath nocturnal rains the same gleams as the Esquiliæ, and the grave of the poor bought for five years is certainly the equivalent of a slave's hired coffin.

Seek something that Paris has not. The vat of Trophonius contains nothing that is not also in Mesmer's tub; Ergaphilas lives again in Cagliostro; the Brahmin Vâsaphantâ become incarnate in the Comte de Saint-Germain; the cemetery of Saint-Médard works quite as good miracles as the Mosque of Oumoumié at Damascus.

Paris has an Æsop-Mayeux, and a Canidia, Made-

moiselle Lenormand. It is terrified, like Delphos, at the fulgurating realities of the vision ; it makes tables turn as Dodona did tripods. It places the grisette on the throne, as Rome placed the courtesan there ; and, taking it altogether, if Louis XV. is worse than Claudian, Madame Dubarry is better than Mesalina...

Although Plutarch says : *the tyrant never grows old*, Rome, under Sylla as under Domitian, resigned itself, and willingly put water in its wine. . . . Paris drinks a million litres of water a day, but that does not prevent it from occasionally beating the general alarm and ringing the tocsin.

With that exception, Paris is amiable. It excepts everything royally. . . . The Syrian hostess has more grace than Mother Saguet, but, if Virgil haunted the Roman wine-shop, David d'Angers, Balzac, and Charlet have sat at the tables of Parisian taverns. Paris reigns. Geniuses flash forth there, the red tails prosper there. Adonaï passes on his chariot with its twelve wheels of thunder and lightning ; Silenus makes his entry there on his ass. For Silenus read Ramponneau.

Paris is the synonym of Cosmos, Paris is Athens, Sybaris, Jerusalem, Pantin. . . .

There is no limit to Paris. No city has had that domination which sometimes derides those whom it subjugates. ' To please you, O Athenians !' exclaimed Alexander. Paris makes more than the law, it makes the fashion ; Paris sets more than the fashion, it sets the routine. Paris may be stupid, if it sees fit ; it sometimes allows itself this luxury ; then the universe is stupid in company with it ; then Paris awakes, rubs its eyes, says : ' How stupid I am !' and bursts out laughing in the face of the human race. What a

marvel is such a city ! It is a strange thing that this grandioseness and this burlesque should be amicable neighbours, that all this majesty should not be thrown into disorder by all this parody, and that the same mouth can to-day blow into the trump of the Judgment Day, and to-morrow into the reed-flute ! Paris has a sovereign joviality. Its gaiety is of the thunder and its farce holds a sceptre.

Its tempest sometimes proceeds from a grimace. Its explosions, its days, its masterpieces, its prodigies, its epics, go forth to the bounds of the universe, and so also do its cock-and-bull stories. Its laugh is the mouth of a volcano which spatters the whole earth. Its jests are sparks. It imposes its caricatures as well as its ideal on people ; the highest monuments of human civilization accept its ironies and lend their eternity to its mischievous pranks. It is superb ; it has a prodigious fourteenth of July, which delivers the globe ; it forces all nations to take the oath of tennis ; its night of the fourth of August dissolves in three hours a thousand years of feudalism ; it makes of its logic the muscle of unanimous will ; it multiplies itself under all sorts of forms of the sublime. . . . It is the tribute under the feet of Mirabeau, and a crater under the feet of Robespierre ; its books, its theatre, its art, its science, its literature, its philosophy, are the manuals of the human race ; it has Pascal, Régnier, Corneille, Descartes, Jean-Jacques ; Voltaire for all moments, Molière for all centuries ; it makes its language to be talked by the universal mouth, and that language becomes the word ; it constructs in all minds the idea of progress, the liberating dogmas which it forges are for the generations' trusty friends, and it is with the soul of its thinkers and its poets

that all heroes of all nations have been made since 1789; this does not prevent vagabondism; and that enormous genius which is called Paris, while transfiguring the world by its light, sketches in charcoal Bouginier's nose on the wall of the temple of Theseus and writes *Credeville the thief* on the Pyramids.

Paris is always showing its teeth; when it is not scolding it is laughing.

Such is Paris. VICTOR HUGO.

PARIS: ITS PICTURESQUE CHARM

A PAINTER in Paris, even though he starve on a few sous a day, can have so much that is lovely and full of picturesque charm in his daily pursuits: the long, wondrous galleries full of the arts he adores; the *réalité de l'idéal* around him in that perfect world; the slow, sweet, studious hours in the calm wherein all that is great in humanity alone survives the trance—half adoration, half aspiration, at once desire and despair—before the face of the Mona Lisa; then, without, the streets so glad and so gay in the sweet, living sunshine; the quiver of green leaves among gilded balconies; the groups at every turn about the doors; the glow of colour in market-place and peopled square; the quaint grey piles in old historic ways; the stones, from every one of which some voice from the imperishable Past cries out; the green and silent woods, the little leafy villages, the winding waters garden-girt; the forest heights, with the city gleaming and golden in the plain; all these are his.

With these—and youth—who shall dare say the painter is not rich—ay, though his board be empty and his cup be dry?

I had not loved Paris. . . . But I grew to love it, hearing from René and from Lili of all the poetry and gladness that Paris made possible in their young and burdened lives, and which could have been thus possible in no other city of the earth.

City of Pleasure you have called her, and with truth ; but why not also City of the Poor ? For what city like herself has remembered the poor in her pleasure, and given to them, no less than to the richest, the treasure of her laughing sunlight, of her melodious music, of her gracious hues, of her million flowers, of her shady leaves, of her divine ideals ?

OUIDA.

A STATUE AND A BOOK OF SONGS

We proceeded, through Lyons and Auxerre, to Paris. Beyond Lyons, we met on the road the statue of Louis XIV. going to that city to overawe it with Bourbon memories. It was an equestrian statue, covered up, guarded with soldiers, and looking on that road like some mysterious heap. Don Quixote would have attacked it, and not been thought mad : so much has romance done for us. . . . I had bought in that city a volume of the songs of Béranger, and I thought to myself, as I met the statue, 'I have a little book in my pocket, which will not suffer you to last long.' And, surely enough, down it went ; for down went King Charles.

Statues rise and fall ; but, a little on the other side of Lyons, our postilion exclaimed, 'Monte Bianco !' and turning round, I beheld, for the first time, Mont Blanc, which had been hidden from us, when near it, by a fog. It looked like a turret in the sky,

amber-coloured, golden, belonging to the wall of some ethereal world. This, too, is in our memories for ever—an addition to our stock—a light for memory to turn to, when it wishes a beam upon its face.

At Paris we could stop but for two days, and I had but two thoughts in my head; one of the Revolution, the other of the times of Molière and Boileau. Accordingly I looked about for the Sorbonne, and went to see the place where the guillotine stood — the place where thousands of spirits underwent the last pang of morality; many guilty, many innocent, but all the victims of reaction against tyranny such as will never let tyranny be what it was, unless a convulsion of nature should swallow up knowledge, and make the world begin over again. These are the thoughts that enable us to bear such sights, and that serve to secure what we hope for.

Paris, besides being a beautiful city in the quarters that strangers most look to, the Tuileries, the Quai de Voltaire, etc., delights the eye of a man of letters by the multitude of its book-stalls. There seemed to be a want of old books; but the new were better than the shoal of *Missals* and *Lives of the Saints* that disappoint the lover of duodecimos on the stalls of Italy; and the Rousseaus and Voltaires were endless. I thought, if I were a bachelor, not an Englishman, and had no love for old friends and fields, and no decided religious opinions, I could live very well, for the rest of my life, in a lodging above one of the booksellers' shops on the Quai de Voltaire, where I should look over the water to the Tuileries, and have the Elysian fields in my eye for my evening walk.

LEIGH HUNT.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS

Paris, adieu, beloved town,
To-day I turn a rover,
And leave you happy here behind,
With pleasure brimming over.

My German heart has fallen sick—
Within my breast I feel it—
And in the North the doctor dwells
Whose skill alone can heal it.

He's famous for his wondrous cures,
To health he'll soon restore me,
But drastic are his bitter drugs;
I shrink from what's before me.

Farewell, ye merry folk of France,
My brothers happy-hearted;
Though foolish yearning drives me forth,
We shall not long be parted.

Imagine! For the smell of peat
I long with real anguish;
For turnips, Lüneburger cakes
And sauer-kraut I languish.

I yearn for watchmen, councillors,
Black bread in all its crudeness,
For tobacco, parsons' daughters blonde—
I even yearn for rudeness.

I long to see my mother, too;
I frankly own I'm human—
'Tis fully thirteen years since last
I saw the dear old woman.

Farewell, my wife, my lovely wife;
I must perplex and grieve you—
So close I fold you to my heart,
Yet, none the less, I leave you.

With this terrible thirst that drives me far
From bliss, I dare not trifle;
I feel I must fill my lungs once more
With German air, or stifle.

In convulsive throes this pain would end—
This wild impetuous burning—
My foot, to tread on German ground,
Quivers and shakes with yearning.

By the end of the year, completely cured
Of this malady most unpleasant,
I'll be back, I promise, in time to buy
The loveliest New Year's present.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Translated by Margaret Armour.

IN PRAISE OF PARIS

Truely Paris, comprehending the suburbs, is, for the material the houses are built with, and many noble and magnificent piles, one of the most gallant Cittyes in the world.

JOHN EVELYN.

Amidst a spacious plain fair Paris stands
(The heart of France), and all the realm commands :
A river, that beneath the ramparts glides,
The city parts, but first with branching tides
An island forms, securing from the rest,
Of all the town the strongest and the best :
Each other part (three parts the whole compose)
The fosse, without, and stream, within, enclose.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

It is useless to contend against the truth. Paris is the capital of civilization. Paris has been the capital of civilization ever since civilization began. . . . Paris gives the impression of having known her imperial destiny from the baking of the very first brick. . . . The air is so clear and essentially still, the light so sharp and serene, the lines of the houses so correct and harmonious, everything so bright and clear, that you might be in a seventeenth-century court instead of in a nineteenth-century capital. Outside there is everywhere space and light and air ; Paris has grown without cramping. You come on vast façades, whether of palaces or of private houses, all blending into a large effect which is both light and stately. . . . The smaller streets are clean-paved underfoot, silent, and not jammed by traffic—they might be rides cut through a wood. The very workmen's quarters brustle without choking ; the very tenement-houses remember that they owe a duty to the eye.

G. W. STEEVENS.

PARIS DAY BY DAY: A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

PARIS, half Angel, half Grisette,
I would that I were with thee yet,
Where the long boulevard at even
Stretches its starry lamps to heaven,
And whispers from a thousand trees
Vague hints of the Hesperides.

Once more, once more, my heart, to sit
With Aline's smile and Harry's wit,
To sit and sip the cloudy green,
With dreamy hints of speech between;
Or, may be, flashing all intent
At call of some stern argument,
When the New Woman fain would be,
Like the Old Male, her husband, free.
The prose-man takes his mighty lyre
And talks like music set on fire!

And while the merry crowd slips by
Glittering and glancing to the eye,
All happy lovers on their way
To make a golden end of day—
Ah! Café truly called *La Paix!*

Or at the *pension* I would be
With Transatlantic maidens three.
The same, I vow, who once of old
Guarded with song the trees of gold.
O Lady, Lady, *Vis-à-Vis*,
When shall I cease to think of thee,

On whose fair head the Golden Fleece
Too soon, too soon, returns to Greece—
Oh, why to Athens e'er depart ?
Come back, come back, and bring my heart !

And she whose gentle silver grace,
So wise of speech and kind of face,
Whose every wise and witty word
Fell shy, half blushing to be heard.

Last, but ah ! surely not least dear,
That blithe and buxom buccaneer,
Th' avenging goddess of her sex,
Born the base soul of man to vex,
And wring from him those tears and sighs
Tortured from woman's heart and eyes.
Ah ! fury, fascinating, fair—
When shall I cease to think of *her !*

Paris, half Angel, half Grisette,
I would that I were with thee yet,
But London waits me, like a wife,—
London, the love of my whole life.

Tell her not, Paris, mercy me !
How I have flirted, dear, with thee.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE GREATNESS OF PARIS

THIS Citie is exceeding great, being no lesse than ten miles in circuit, very populous, and full of very goodly buildings, both publique and private, whereof the greatest part are of faire white free-stone : wherewith it is naturally more plentifully furnished than any Citie of Christendome that ever I read or heard

of. For the whole citie, together with the suburbes, is situate upon a quarre of free-stone, which doth extend itself to a great part of the territorie round about the citie, and ministreth that inexhausted plenty of stone for their houses. It is round and invironed with very auncient stone wals that were built by Julius Cæsar when he made his residence here in the midst of his French conquests, from whom some have not doubted in former times to call it the citie of Julius. In those wals it hath at this time fourteen faire gates. As for her name of Paris, she hath it (as some write) from Paris the eighteenth King of Gallia Celtica, whom some write to have been lineally descended from Japhet, one of the three sonnes of Noah, and to have founded this citie. . . . It is divided into three parts, the University, the Citie, and the Town by the noble river Sequana, commonly called la riviere de Seine, which springeth from a certaine hill of Burgundy called Voga, near to the people of Langres, in Latin Lingones. The University whereof I can speake very little, (for to my great griefe I omitted to observe those particulars in the same that it behoved an observative traveller, having seene but one of their principall Colledges, which was their famous Sorbona, that fruitfull nursery of Schoole-divines) was instituted in the yeare 796, by the good Emperor Charles the great, who used the helpe of our learned Countreyman Alcuinus his Master, and the schollar of Venerable Beda in the erecting thereof. But to returne againe to the noble River Seine: There was a building over it when I was in the Citie, a goodly bridge of white free-stone, which was almost ended. Also there is another famous bridge in this Citie, which farre excelleth this before mentioned, having one of the fairest streetes

of all the Citie, called our Lady Street, in French la rue de nostre Dame, built upon it. I have heard that Jucundus, a certain Bishop of this citie, built this bridge. He calls it Duplicem, because there was another bridge neare unto that called the little bridge, built by the same man at the same time.... Our Lady streete is very faire, being of a great length, though not so broad as our Cheapside in London : but in one thing it exceedeth any street in London ; for such is the uniformity of almost al the houses of the same streete which stand upon the bridge that they are made alike both in proportion of workmanship and matter: so that they make the neatest show of all the houses in Paris.

Besides there are three faire bridges more built upon this river, whereof the one is called the bridge of exchange, where the Gold-smiths dwell, S. Michaels bridge, and the bridge of birdes, formerly called the millers bridge. The reason why it is called the bridge of birdes, is, because all the signes belonging unto shops on each side of the streete are signes of birds....

The Via Jacobæa is very full of booke-sellers that have faire shoppes most plentifully furnished with bookes.

THOMAS CORYAT (1611).

A WEEK AT PARIS

When loud March from the east begins to blow,
And earth and heaven are black, then off we hie
By the night train to Paris, where we know
Three windows set to the meridian sky,
A third floor in the Rue de Rivoli.
There we will stop and see the fair world move
For our sole pleasure past us, you and I,
And make pretence we are once more in love.

We need not fret at loss of pence or time,
Though father Bignon's smiles are paid in gold.
This life in idleness is more sublime
Than all our toil and all our wealth twice told.
We need not fret. To-night for us shall Faure,
Sara, Dupuis, or l'Héritier unfold
New stores of mirth and music, and once more
We two shall sup, and at the Maison d'Or.

WILFRID BLUNT.

WALKS IN PARIS

One excursion which every stranger in Paris is reasonably sure to make is to Père la Chaise. . . . It is at the north-eastern extremity of Paris, and commands a fine view. Père la Chaise is a cemetery of immense size, covering an area of one hundred and seven acres, yet it is already in many parts very crowded. The most interesting monument in the cemetery is, perhaps, the tomb of Abélard and Héloise, those sad-fated lovers who died . . . in the twelfth century, and yet whose melancholy story touches the world still after so many hundred years.

Noble families are buried here, and so are heroes whose fighting days are over. Artists and men of letters repose very quietly, their heart-burnings and envies and jealousies long since ended. . . .

Leave Père la Chaise and go down to the Garden of the Tuileries, and see how full they are of the joy and brightness of living. I know not where to find walks so fascinating as a ramble through the Garden of the Tuileries, across the Place de la Concorde, and on into the Champs Élysées.

I have taken this walk as a soft spring day was

drawing to its close. The sky was all rose and gold, and the distances were softly purple in the evening glow. There was a charm in the scene, half pensive and altogether tender, which I can never put into words. . . .

'Is there any city in the whole world so beautiful as Paris?' I asked, as we looked out towards the Elysian Fields.

'I think not,' answered my friend, who had travelled much. . . .

Another summer-night pleasure is a trip on the Seine in one of the little steamers that are constantly plying up and down it. I am not sure that for myself I would not prefer such an evening to any other. You seem to have taken leave of all the heat and glare of the day. However hot it is elsewhere, it is always cool on the river after sunset. You have all the pleasure with none of the fatigue of motion. You watch the lights everywhere, for Paris is the most brilliantly lighted city in the world; and you look down into the contrasting depth and shadow of the river with a sort of feeling that you are gliding between two worlds.

Every few moments you pass under one of the twenty-seven great bridges of Paris . . . among the most massive and the grandest bridges in the world. Many of them are named in commemoration of famous French victories, and some, as the Pont de l'Alma, for instance, are adorned with statues of soldiers who took part in the battle from which the bridge takes its name.

All these bridges are brilliantly illuminated, and form a sort of span of light across the river; but, dropping under them, you pass for a moment into a nether world of darkness and shadow.

To those who care chiefly to be amused, the boule-

vards, with their out-of-door refreshments, afford inexhaustible entertainment. The broad sidewalks are crowded with little round tables, so surrounded by guests that it seems as if all Paris must be sitting at them. You eat your ice or drink your after-dinner coffee, and a ceaseless, constantly varied panorama moves by you. You seem to meet all the tribes of the earth in Paris.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

FAIR, FANTASTIC PARIS

So, I mused
Up and down, up and down, the terraced streets,
The glittering boulevards, the white colonnades
Of fair, fantastic Paris who wears boughs
Like plumes, as if man made them,—tossing up
Her fountains in the sunshine from the squares,
As dice i' the game of beauty, sure to win ;
Or as she blew the down-balls of her dreams
And only waited for their falling back,
To breathe up more, and count her festive hours.
The city swims in verdure, beautiful
As Venice on the waters, the sea-swan.
What bosky gardens, dropped in close-walled courts,
As plums in ladies' laps, who start and laugh :
What miles of streets that run on after trees,
Still carrying the necessary shops,
Those open caskets, with the jewels seen !
And trade is art, and art's philosophy,
In Paris. There's a silk, for instance, there,
As worth an artist's study for the folds,
As that bronze opposite ! nay, the bronze has faults ;
Art's here too artful,—conscious as a maid,

Who leans to mark her shadow on the wall
Until she lose a 'vantage in her step.
Yet Art walks forward, and knows where to walk:
The artists, also, are idealists,
Too absolute for nature, logical
To austerity in the application of
The special theory: not a soul content
To paint a crooked pollard and an ass,
As the English will because they find it so,
And like it somehow.—Ah, the old Tuileries
Is pulling its high cap down on its eyes,
Confounded, conscience-stricken, and amazed
By the apparition of a new fair face
In those devouring mirrors. Through the grate,
Within the gardens, what a heap of babes,
Swept up like leaves beneath the chestnut-trees,
From every street and alley of the town,
By the ghosts perhaps, that blow too bleak this way
A-looking for their heads! Dear pretty babes;
I'll wish them luck to have their ball-play out
Before the next change comes.—And, farther on,
What statues, poised upon their columns fine,
As if to stand a moment were a feat,
Against that blue! What squares! what breathing-room
For a nation that runs fast,—ay, runs against
The dentist's teeth at the corner, in pale rows,
Which grin at progress in an epigram.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

EULOGY OF PARIS

I AM now upon the fair continent of France, one of nature's choicest masterpieces, one of Ceres' chiefest

barns for corn, one of Bacchus' prime wine cellars and of Neptune's best salt pits ; a complete self-sufficient country, where there is rather a superfluity than defect of anything, either for necessity or pleasure ; did the policy of the country correspond with the bounty of nature in the equal distribution of the wealth amongst the inhabitants, for I think there is not upon the earth a richer country and poorer people. . . . Paris [is a] huge magazine of men, the epitome of this large populous kingdom and rendezvous of all foreigners. . . . I believe this city is not so populous as she seems to be, for her form being round (as the whole kingdom is) the passengers wheel about and meet oftener than they use to do in the long continued streets of London, which makes London appear less populous than she is indeed, so that London for length (though not for latitude), including Westminster, exceeds Paris, and hath in Michaelmas term more souls moving within her in all places. It is under one hundred years that Paris is become so sumptuous and strong in buildings ; for her houses were mean until a mine of white stone was discovered hard by, which runs in a continued vein of earth and is digged out with ease, being soft, and is between a white clay and chalk at first, but being pullied up, with the open air it receives a crusty kind of hardness and so becomes perfect freestone ; and before it is sent up from the pit they can reduce it to any form. Of this stone the Louvre, the king's palace, is built, which is a vast fabric, for the gallery wants not much of an Italian mile in length, and will easily lodge 3,000 men, which some told me was the end for which the last king made it so big, that lying at the fag-end of this great mutinous city, if she perchance should

rise, the king might pour out of the Louvre so many thousand men unawares into the heart of her.

I am lodged here hard by the Bastile, because it is furthest off from those places where the English resort, for I would go on to get a little language as soon as I could. . . .

I never enjoyed my health better, but I was like to endanger it two nights ago; for being in some jovial company abroad, and coming late to our lodging, we were suddenly surprised by a crew of *filous,* or night rogues, who drew upon us, and as we had exchanged some blows, it pleased God the Chevalieur de Guet, an officer who goes up and down the streets all night on horseback to prevent disorders, passed by, and so rescued us; but Jack White was hurt, and I had two thrusts in my cloak. There is never a night passeth but some robbing or murder is committed in this town, so that it is not safe to go late anywhere, specially about the Pont-Neuf, the New Bridge, though Henry the Great himself lies sentinel there in arms, upon a huge Florentine horse, and sits bare to everyone that passeth, an improper posture methinks to a king on horseback. Not long since, one of the secretaries of State (whereof there are here always four) having been invited to the suburbs of Saint Germains to supper, left order with one of his lackeys to bring him his horse about nine. It so happened, that a mischance befell the horse, which lamed him as he went a watering to the Seine, insomuch that the secretary was put to beat the hoof himself, and foot it home; but as he was passing the Pont-Neuf with his lackey carrying a torch before him, he might overhear a noise of clashing of swords and fighting, and looking under the torch and per-

ceiving they were but two, he bade his lackey go on; they had not made many paces, but two armed men, with their pistols cocked and swords drawn, made puffing towards them, whereof one had a paper in his hand, which he said he had casually took up in the streets, and the difference between them was about that paper; therefore they desired the secretary to read it, with a great deal of compliment. The secretary took out his spectacles and fell a reading of the said paper, whereof the substance was: 'That it should be known to all men, that whosoever did pass over that bridge after nine o'clock at night in winter, and ten in summer, was to leave his cloak behind him, and in case of no cloak his hat.' The secretary starting at this, one of the comrades told him that he thought that paper concerned him; so they unmantled him of a new plush cloak, and my secretary was content to go home quietly, and *en cuerpo*. This makes me think often of the excellent nocturnal government of our city of London, where one may pass and repass securely all hours of the night, if he give good words to the watch. There is a gentle calm of peace now throughout all France, and the king intends to make a progress to all the frontier towns of the kingdom, to see how they are fortified. The favourite, Luines, strengtheneth himself more and more in his minionship, but he is much murmured at in regard the access of suitors to him is so difficult, which made a lord of this land say, 'That three of the hardest things in the world were, to quadrat a circle, to find out the philosopher's stone, and to speak with the Duke of Luines.'

JAMES HOWELL (1620).

AN APPEAL TO PARIS

OCTOBER, 1847.

BEAUTIFUL Paris ! morning star of nations !
The Lucifer of cities ! Lifting high
The beacon blaze of young democracy !
Medina and Gomorrha both in one—
Medina of a high and holy creed,
To be developed in a coming time.
. . . Soaring Paris,
Laden with intellect, and yet not wise :—
Metropolis of satire and lampoon,
Of wit and elegance, of mirth, of song,
And fearful tragedies done day by day,
Which put our hair on end in the open streets. . . .
Beautiful Paris ! sacred to our hearts,
With all thy folly, all thy wickedness,
If but for Bailly, Vergniaud, Gensonné,
And noblest Roland, she of Roman soul,
And the great patriots and the friends of man
Who went to death for holy liberty.
Lift up thy voice, oh, Paris ! once again,
And speak the thought that labours in thy breast.
Shake off thy gauds and tinsels—be thyself ; . . .
And in the conflict and the march of men
Do justice to thy nature, and complete
The glorious work, so gloriously begun
By the great souls of pregnant 'eighty-nine.
Come forth, oh, Paris ! freed from vice and stain.
Like a young warrior, dallying too long
With loving women, wasting precious hours
In base delights and enervating sloth,
Who, when he shakes them off, puts back his hair
From his broad brow, and places on his head

The plumèd helmet—throws his velvet off,
And swathes his vigorous limbs in glancing steel,
To lead true hearts to struggle for mankind.
Or if no more, soldier of liberty,
Thou'lt lead the nations—stand upon the hill,
And, like a prophet, preach a holy creed
Of freedom, progress, peace and happiness;
And all the world shall listen to thy voice,
And Tyranny, hyena big with young
Dreading the sound, shall farrow in affright,
And drop, still-born, her sanguinary cubs,
And many a bloody feud be spared mankind.
Poland again, with desperate grasp, shall seize
The neck of her enslaver, and extort
Full justice from his terror—Hungary,
Ermined and crown'd, shall sit in her own seat
In peaceful state and sober majesty.
And Italy, unloosening her bonds
By her strong will, shall be at last the home
Of broadly based and virtuous liberty;
And in her bosom nurture evermore
Not the fierce virtues of her Roman youth,
But the calm blessings of her later time—
Science and art, and civilizing trade,
Divine philosophy, diviner song,
And true religion reconciled with man.
Speak out, oh, Paris! Purify thyself
By noble thoughts, and deeds will follow them.
The world has need of thee. Humanity
Mourns for thy dalliance with degraded things,
Alien, and most unworthy of the soul
That sleeps within thee. Rouse thyself, oh, Paris!
The Time expects thee. Pyrenees, and Alps,
And Apennines, and snow-clad Balkans, wait,

With all their echoes, to repeat the words
Which thou *must* utter ! Thou hast slumber'd long,—
Long dallied. Speak ! The world will answer thee !

CHARLES MACKAY.

MISS BIDDY FUDGE WRITES TO MISS DOROTHY FROM PARIS

WHAT a time since I wrote !—I'm a sad, naughty girl—
Though, like a tee-totum, I'm all in a twirl,
Yet even (as you wittily say) a tee-totum
Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.
But, Lord, such a place ! and then, Dolly, my dresses,
My gowns, so divine !—there's no language expresses,
Except just the *two* words ' superbe,' ' magnifique,'
The trimmings of that which I had home last week !
It is called—I forget—*â la*—something which sounded
Like *alicampane*—but, in truth, I'm confounded
And bothered, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's
(Bob's) cookery language, and Madame le Roi's :
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,
One's hair and one's cutlets both *en papillote*,
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,
I can scarce tell the difference, at least as to phrase,
Between beef *à la Psyche* and curls *à la braise*.—
But, in short, dear, I'm tricked out quite à la Française.
With my bonnet—so beautiful !—high up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking.
Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights—

This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting,
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting ?
Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears !
Brother Bobby's remark, t'other night, was a true one ;—
' This *must* be the music,' said he, ' of the *spears*,
For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one !'
Pa says (and you know, love, his Book's to make out
'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about)
That this passion for roaring has come in of late
Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the State.—
What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm !
What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of it,
If, when of age, every man in the realm
Had a voice like old Laïs, and chose to make use of it !
No—never was known in this riotous sphere
Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear.
So bad too, you'd swear that the God of both arts,
Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic !

But, the dancing—*ah parlez-moi*, Dolly, *de ça*—
There, *indeed*, is a treat that charms all but Papa.
Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance,
Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance
Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Bias !
Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature !—you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.

And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels
Her black flowing hair, and by dæmons is driven,
Oh ! who does not envy those rude little devils,
That hold her and hug her, and keep her from heaven ?
Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,
So divinely—oh, Dolly ! between you and I,
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh
To make love to me then—*you've* a soul, and can judge
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend Biddy Fudge ! . . .

Last night, at the Beaujon, a place where—I doubt
If I well can describe—there are cars, that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,
And rattle you down, Doll,—you hardly know where.
These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a match :
In an instant you're seated, and down both together
Go thundering, as if you went post to old Scratch !
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remarked
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embarked,
The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forced giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,—
That there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you can—
A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-faced man,
With mustachios that gave (what we read of so oft)
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft,
As Hyænas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blucher !

Up he came, Doll, to me, and, uncovering his head
(Rather bald, but so warlike !), in bad English said,
' Ah ! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
Just for von littel course '—though I scarce under-
stood
What he wished me to do, I said, thank him, I would.
Off we set—and, though 'faith, dear, I hardly knew
whether
My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heaven and earth, Dolly, coming
together,—
Yet, spite of the danger, we dared it again.
And oh ! as I gazed on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the Falls of Niagara !

This achieved, through the gardens we sauntered
about,
Saw the fireworks, exclaimed ' magnifique !' at
each cracker,
And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out
With the air, I *will* say, of a Prince, to our *fiacre*.

Now, hear me—this Stranger—it may be mere folly—
But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly ?
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,
Who's here now incog.—he who made such a fuss, you
Remember, in London, with Blucher and Platoff,
When Sal was near kissing old Blucher's cravat off !
Pa says he's come here to look after his money
(Not taking things now as he used under Boney),

Which suits with our friend, for Bob saw him, he swore,
Looking sharp to the silver received at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his Queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Used three times a day with young ladies in Paris.
Some Doctor, indeed, has declared that such grief
Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing its folly push—
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
By rattling, as Bob says, ' like shot through a holly-bush.'

I must now bid adieu—only think, Dolly, think
If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a wink
With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
When they read that Count Ruppin, to drive away vapours,
Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss Biddy Fudge.

THOMAS MOORE.

'THE AUTOCRAT' ON PARIS

THERE is that glorious Epicurean paradox, uttered by my friend the Historian, in one of his flashing moments :—

' Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessaries.'

To these must certainly be added that other saying of one of the wittiest of men :—

' Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris.'

—The divinity-student looked grave at this, but said nothing.

The schoolmistress spoke out, and said she didn't think the wit meant any irreverence. It was only another way of saying, Paris is a heavenly place after New York or Boston. . . .

Cockneys think London is the only place in the world. Frenchmen—you remember the line about Paris, the Court, the World, etc. I recollect well, by the way, a sign in that city which ran thus : ' Hôtel de l'Univers et des Etats Unis ;' . . . Paris *is* the universe to a Frenchman.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PARIS THE ENCHANTRESS

Oh ! Paris, Paris, Lydian queen ! what fascination thine !
No avenues, but Elysium ; no pleasures but divine !
What though thy rich museums boast the masterworks of Greece,
Thine animated canvas glow wherever Art's caprice
Dispose, thy gorgeous tapestries contend with Joy for fame
And spur the alien postulant to glory and a name ;
Against thy soft, Circean wiles no moly can prevail ;
The bravest sailor rests his oars and pleads Ulysses' tale :
The pallid student paler grows, ambitions falt'ring stay,
Irresolute, half-satisfied in am'rous, sweet delay ;
For Pleasure fills their tugging sails : upon her siren shore
They leaping bound, partaking reel, and Effort is no more. . . .

O refuge of celebrities ! but in thy fostering sight,
Banished the baneful fogs of doubt ; discerned the fading light :
Thy presence round his trembling hopes the genio feels to move
And o'er his tides of joy and fear this promise of thy love :
' How many the long-forgotten live at Art's supreme behest,
Many the stones and canvases in peerless lines attest.
The pouting lip, the glowing breast, the rounded limb must die,
But Art preserves what futile pray'r and transient love deny.
Love only can their sweetness save from the marauder Time
When wed to that which Art subserves, the chisel, brush, and rhyme.'

G. J. TRARES.

PARIS : PRE-EMINENT OF CITIES

I LIKE the great town which combines all the advantages and attractions of human industry ; where polished manners and enlightened minds are found ; where, amidst the vast population, one may expect to meet with a friend and to form desirable acquaintances ; where one can be lost, if need be, in the crowd, be at once respected, untrammelled and unnoticed, following the bent of one's inclination or changing it unobtrusively ; where everything can be chosen and arranged and adopted with no other judges than the persons who truly know us. Paris is the capital which unites all town-advantages in the highest degree, and hence, though I have most probably quitted it for

ever, I cannot be surprised that so many persons of taste and sensibility prefer it to any other abode.

If unfitted for the occupations of the country, one is alien therein, the requisite faculties are wanting for the life that has been chosen, and we are conscious that we should have done better in another condition, though, at the same time, we might have appreciated or approved it less. Rural pursuits are necessary for a rural life, and they can scarcely be adopted when youth is no longer ours. We need arms capable of toil, we must take interest in planting, grafting and haymaking with our own hands, and we must be fond of hunting or fishing. Otherwise we are out of our element, and likely to say to ourselves : ' At Paris I should experience no such discomfort ; my habits would be in conformity with my environment, though neither might harmonize with my real tastes.' Thus our place in the order of the world is lost when we have been separated from it too long.

ÉTIENNE PIVERT DE SENANCOUR.

Translated by Arthur E. Waite.

PARIS : AN ESTIMATE

ENGLISHMEN admire Paris ; they speak of it as a beautiful city, even a delightful city ; but there is one point on which a Frenchman's estimate of Paris usually differs from that of an Englishman. I am not alluding to the Frenchman's patriotic affection for the place ; that, of course, an Englishman cannot have, and can only realize by the help of powerful sympathies and a lively imagination. I am alluding to a difference in the impression made by the place itself on the mind of a French and English visitor. The Englishman thinks that Paris is pretty ; the Frenchman thinks that it is

sublime. The Englishman admits that it is an important city, though only of moderate dimensions; the Frenchman believes it to be an immensity, and uses such words as ' huge ' and ' gigantic ' with reference to it, as we do with reference to London. . . .

True lovers of Paris . . . take a keen delight in those broad *trottoirs* of the Boulevards. They walk upon them for the mere pleasure of being there till absolute weariness compels them to sit down before a café; and when the feelings of exhaustion are over, they rise to tire themselves again, like a girl at a ball. They tell one that the mere sensation of the Parisian asphaltum under the feet is an excitement itself, so that when aided by ' little glasses ' in the moments of rest at the cafés, it must be positively intoxicating. These true lovers of Paris are most enchanted with those parts of the Boulevards where the crowd is always so dense that all freedom of emotion is impossible, where half the foot-way is occupied by thousands of café chairs and the other half by a closely-packed multitude of loungers. The favourite places appear to be the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard Montmartre. The shops are, in fact, a great permanent exhibition of industry and the fine arts, wonderfully lighted at night, and very attractive to those who visit Paris on rare occasions.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

PARIS: A PARISIAN'S APOLOGY

O MON DIEU! What a city this Paris,
For Gods and for men!
All's Romance, from our Dame of the City,
To the corpse in the Seine.

By the way—yon's the room where my wife lay,
Ere old Père Lachaise
Took her home ; we'd four nuns with pink candles
Whose smoke filled the place ;
When 'twas over, the body well buried,
Nigh those of great hearts,
Abelard down to Marie Bashkirtseff,
I summoned lost arts,
All my music, her tattered Beethoven,
Took down from the press,
Played the ' Moonlight Sonata,' as she did,
With better ' finesse.'
Then I burst into tears, with much pleasure
In doing the same,
As I saw how our noblest and dearest
Returns whence it came.
Now her soul's part of Paris, and therefore
I love the old town,
And my views, in the Odeon sitting,
I write them all down.
Here's much Earth, and more Hell, and most Heaven,
Here's France in small scale,
And the world in a smaller than ever,—
Though parallels fail,
Touching France (says the poet of England),
' Where men are not free,'
Who'd have thought it ? But Lucrece, when dying,
' What's Duty ?' says he.
So what's Freedom ? I've got all there is. Yes,
And e'en something more.
'Twas a word not unknown to republics
Like ours, years before.
What a pity the Lord of the Ages,
Ere Earth's crust was dried,

When He held the great Court of Creation,
Left Swinburne outside.
Even Buonaparte would have had Freedom,
Had he made complete
All his schemes. (Half seemed tyrannous mania
Deserving defeat.)
For his men—Christ be with them, hear for them
The prayers that were said ;
For they died standing up, and they were not,
No, they were not afraid,
Though Wellington, Europe abetting,—
All nose and no soul,
Kept them back from his vantage fore-chosen,
Till the halves were made whole,
And our Great Little man caught between them,
As any had been.—
But at Austerlitz what would the other
Of chances have seen ?
Ten years back, 'gainst the height of that genius ?
Pain, drugs on this day
Did the trick : why the dog from his vomit
Faint lions might slay.
All Saints help them,—they died standing up,
And they were not afraid !
What at Brussels might think the old Bourbon,
As balances swayed ?
Horse and foot, how they laughed at the hell-storm,
How Pepin-like smote !
Of whom, ' Our fierce cheering appalled them,'
The English scribes wrote.
Oh, did it ? The men who a-dying
Caught hold of the guns,
Bent with heat !—Oh, appalled them like rabbits
You kill in the runs ? . . .

No, there's hope for us yet, us decadents,
Sins, absinthe, and all.
Nor, though Seeley unite his young lions,
In terror we'll fall;
And their Empire whose suns ne'er go setting,
Whose drums never cease,
Their sublime Ethnologic Museum,
Shan't cow us to peace.
First, we'll bury the axe with our neighbours,
And prove an we list,
That other than one civilization
Has rights to exist.
Yes, we've rights to exist. O my Paris,
I love you so well,
As I crimson with fruit of the Northland
The great beer-glass' bell,
In the Odeon's shade where Saint-Beuve sat,
When labour was done—
Ah, there Renan went by with the panes up,
The horse at a run!
Who was with him? The cream of our Science,
I thought. But there now
Was the Bernhardt, half a flock's plumage
Anod on her brow!
Then that man at the editor's—German!
Oh, where did we meet?
Not at Gratz—but in some life ere this one,
Perhaps in a street.
I'm not mad—nor a Buddhist, believe me,
But how shut my eyes
To some strange person's aspect familiar,
And want of surprise,
At strange towns not encountered in pictures,
The feeling of home,

And the guess at what's round the next corner ?
There's no proof, but a sum
Of things touching it, e'en as in law-courts,
When no crime was seen,
There's a score of linked likelihoods raising
The dread guillotine.
I, one night in the house of Cassagnac,
Met a Russian that shone,
And, not sure what he'd say, when he'd said it,
Felt I ought to have known.
Yes, 'tis strange, all this Life, as we call it,
Unsure what we mean,
Or a thing, or a force, or if endless
'Twill be or has been.
Queen Frédégonde passed in her ox-wain,
Twelve centuries back.
The same spot where from Luxembourg councils
Jules Favre drives a hack,
At the same time as on the Quai D'Orsay
Gladstone chats with Verlaine,
While the Hirondelles carry *fiancées*
Love-sick down the Seine.
Gladstone, Frédégonde, Favre, Verlaine, lovers
Seem marionettes
To my brain, borne up whence the ebb-tide
Of Memory sets,
And mix with the maddest of persons,—
Autumn nights at Vincennes,—
An explorer in Egypt,—fay-castles
In Anglian fen,—
And a banquet in Greece,—and a schoolboy
In seventy-two
Leaving London,—observers in Berlin !
What's Gladstone to do

In that galley with them ? God knows. I don't.
They spring from one cell
In my brain ? My brain—Greece—Favre—yon
actress
Were one cell as well !
And my mind probes the strangest of questions,—
A face in the train,
On a date—say, tenth June, Sixty-Seven.
Lost women and men.
I watch them like God, when I've absinthe,
And space fades like breath,
And long hours gone by incline contours
Toward lives after death !
There's the Arc de Triomphe, Champs Élysées,
The grand avenue
Down which thundered the last Empire's glory,
Beneath the hot blue,
Banners going, cuirassiers plunging,
Then the bearded Sphinx-face
Darkly smiling, the goddess Eugénie,—
Mon Dieu ! What a race !
All like flames of fire, piercing the dust cloud,
The carriages went,
With ministers hissed at or cheered for,
—Ambassadors bent
From their rails. There's the Marseillaise ! Hats off !
What miles of massed bands !
And great guns where the Glass Palace haunted
By ' cocottes ' now stands !
There's the Arc that felt vista that saw this :
That's gone ! Will they go ?
Was that real ? Are they real ? Am I more real ?
Or, if man's laid low
Into shade, before what he created,

Why should not the soul
Aye survive the Good God's love that loved it ?
As planets that roll,
All in black, the bright sun's force that held them.
No miracles now !
And no Saints, but at Lourdes ! And if all things
As ' savants ' avow,
Hold the Highest, why are they but mortal ?
As well ask the cause,
Why all's secular up in the spaces
We gauge with our laws,
Why all's secular, quite disconnected
From what we call Church,
In man's growth from the worm,—and the species
Now left in the lurch
By that growth, and imperfectly perfect ;
And, if all from all
Is evolved, what Sacrifice grew from ?
Why ' damn,' ' save,' and ' fall '
Are the cries for two thousand years only,
When fully ten times
Ninety-eight hundred years, no more fearful,
Man died in all climes ?
How the next world, if real, is religious ?
If the laws won't hold true,
Over there, of our globe's gravitation,
What of sins, hymn-books too ?
But I wander, I ought not to trouble
The brains I have left,
But think were Earth worth habitation,
Of Paris bereft ?
Of Paris, and all that she stands for,
Her pleasure and prayer,
Her knowledge of Ages and Races,

QUAI AUX FLEURS

Her incense in air ;
Of this Paris, where Labour is patient,
And fancy is sure
To develop incarnate in Genius,
Though much is impure.
Here's all science and Life at a gem-point,
Best chance to gauge worth,
Then, by suicide's bier, from Notre-Dame's gloom,
See Death sally forth.
Spite of harlots, God's near us, thinks for us,—
If so He exist,
As conceived. Though spring-madness attack us,
And foes as they list,
Hope to twist the old Eagle's tail-feathers,
We fear not their cry,—
But for Paris, and all that she stands for,
A venture we'll try.
Spite of absinthe, we'll say to the Old Guard,
In Valhall arrayed,
' Shades of heroes, to Glory receive us,
Shades of heroes, to Glory receive us,
Shades of heroes, to Glory receive us,
For we were not afraid !'

ASHMORE WINGATE.

IN THE FLOWER MARKET

I COULD not sleep last night, and, tired
Of turning on my pillow and harder thoughts,
Went out at early morning, when the air
Is delicate with some last starry touch,
To wander through the Market-place of Flowers
(The prettiest haunt in Paris), and make sure
At worst, that there were roses in the world.

So, wandering, musing, with the artist's eye,
That keeps the shade side of the thing it loves,
Half-absent, whole observing, while the crowd
Of young vivacious and black-braided heads
Dipped, quick as finches in a blossomed tree,
Among the nosegays, cheapening this and that
In such a cheerful twitter of rapid speech,—
My heart leapt in me, startled by a voice
That, slowly, faintly, with long breaths that marked
The interval between the wish and word,
Inquired in stranger's French, 'Would *that* be much,
That branch of flowering mountain-gorse?'—'So much?
Too much for me, then!' turning the face round
So close upon me, that I felt the sigh
It turned with.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE STREETS OF PARIS

The Parisian common man has his share of the Champs Élysées and of the boulevards in his freedom of access to their fountains and promenades and their bordering alleys of tender green. . . . Whatever the gloom of the domestic prospect, his street helps him to feel good. The beauty of the statuary, of the public buildings, is a means to the same end. For nothing, the poorest of poor devils may see the glorious bronzes in the terrace garden of the Tuileries, the outdoor figures of the Luxembourg, the great horses of the Place de la Concorde, the magnificent compositions of the Arch. The very lamp-post that will light his way at nightfall serves the purpose of a thing of beauty all through the day. . . . The boulevard is all life, and well-nigh all beauty, in the stately frontages—beauty of high art at Barbédienne's and in the picture-shops, beauty of texture and dyes, of fine craftsmanship in a thousand articles of luxury, in the others. Especially is it all life. The appeal to the fancy and the imagination is not to be missed in its insistency.

RICHARD WHITEING.

The street! . . . We walked through the avenues which surround l'Arc de Triomphe; it was about half-past six—a summer's evening; porters, children, errand-boys, workmen, and women, all at their doors or on the public seats, or chatting in front of the wine-shops. Ah, what admirable pictures they were—really admirable! . . . I came in marvelling at the streets. . . . I think of all this, Paris of the Champs Élysées, and of the Bois, which lives.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

When a man can contest the point by dint of equipage, and carry on all floundering before him with half a dozen lacqueys and a couple of cooks—'tis very well in such a place as Paris,—he may drive in at which end of a street he will.

LAURENCE STERNE.

THE BOULEVARD

THE Boulevard is the source or the distributive centre of all the flitting fancies of France. You come here in the daytime for the sensation of the day. You get it of a surety, whatever else you may miss; and while you enjoy it, hot and hot, truth seems but a spoil-sport. The art of life is, after all, but an art of impressions; and this impression, while it lasts, is sure to be to your taste. The Boulevard asks no more. There will be something new to-morrow; and what you have is sufficient unto the day.

When the Boulevard ends, and the mere boulevards begin, the thing soon rights itself. At Poissonière, if you go so far, you take your sensation for little more than it is worth. By the time you have reached Bonne Nouvelle you are for crying, 'What's in a name?' Yet these thoroughfares, after all, are in the grand line, and for many of the humbler sort they have something of its subtle charm. The countless boulevards in other quarters have no such relations to the pulsing life of the city. There are boulevards of communication, boulevards of industry, boulevards of silence, meditation, and prayer. Be sure, therefore, to see that you get the right label when you make your choice. Without this, indeed, you may know the Boulevard by the composition of its crowds. The appointed hour is the hour of absinthe, within measurable distance of the time for dinner. They are sleek and stall-fed, and they look forward to their meal with a sure and certain hope.

With some, not with many, the whole day has been little more than a preparation for this great act of life. . . .

The Boulevard at night is a very different affair. The later the better. Paris, though the most northerly, is still one of the Latin cities, and the Latin cities sit up late. . . . The best of the night hours, for Paris, is the hour after the play. The audiences pour into the cafés to celebrate with mild refreshment their recovery of the atmosphere. It is the hour of high change for the affairs of the Boulevard. A haze of illuminating fire falls on a haze of dust rising from the vexed pavement, and—if one may put it so—on a haze of sound. The huge multitude has come out to see itself. That is the spectacle; just that, and nothing more. The settled swarm under the awnings of the cafés—twenty deep, if you carry your eye to the indoor recesses—seem to pass the moving swarm in review. The pavement, in like manner, surveys the cafés on one side, and on the other the busy road. It is a promenade of curiosity in which, no matter how often you have seen it, you are sure of your reward. Perhaps the seated crowd has the best of it. The others seem to glide like so many figures of the new-fashioned scheme for painless locomotion. In this, as you remember, a sidewalk on wheels does all the work, and the wayfarer has only to keep still to find himself at his journey's end. The whole scene is a good deal better than the play the spectators have just left. And there is nothing to grumble at in the price of the seats—a bock or a sherry-cobbler not more than three hundred per cent. above cost price.

Many old stagers come here night after night as though to stock their imagination with the stuff of which they hope to make their dreams. It at once

quickens and soothes, with a sense of Paris as the hub of the universe and the glory of the world. And glory of a kind it is, in good faith. The whole broad space between the two sides of the way is filled with life and movement. In the space between curb and curb you have hundreds of light ramshackle cabs rolling home with their freight of lovers from the Bois, or their heavier burden of 'blouses,' packed six deep, and vocal with the message of the music-halls. The 'victoria' is the gondola of Paris, with a better title, perhaps, than the hansom is the gondola of London. Its long nightly procession to the Cascade, thousands strong, is best seen in the Champs Élysées, all one side of the road alive with dancing light from the front lamps. As for the occupants, the vehicle is roofless, so they have nothing between them and the stars. The passing regiment is not wanting, even at this late hour, as the smart municipal guards return to barracks from their service of order at the places of public resort. More rarely, at this hour, you may see a stray dragoon passing from late duty at one of the ministries to the palace of the President. But this is only for emergencies. The daytime is the best for these huge military postmen, who fetch and carry as a regular thing between the public offices, and whose pouches are sometimes laden with nothing more important than a three-cornered note bidding an opera-dancer to lunch.

But the sidewalk is, after all, the distinctive sight of the Boulevard. It is much more than all Paris in its best-known types, and it might pass for all France, or, for that matter, all the world.

RICHARD WHITEING.

THE BOULEVARD: NOON

'Tis noon: the flags cling close on roof and spire,
The sun burns fierce, a ball of living fire;
The sky is blue—deep, beautifully blue:
Rises no smoke to shroud its lovely hue.
Now comes the idler's hour. The beggar-bard
Takes his old quarters on the Boulevard;
Beneath the trees the conjuror spreads his tools;
The quack harangues his group of graver fools
In lofty lies, unruffled by the jar
Thrummed from his neighbour Savoyard's guitar;
Veiled virgins beam like Dian in a mist;
Philosophers show mites; the tumblers twist;
Each the fix'd genius of some favourite tree,
Dryads and fauns of Gallic minstrelsy.
In double glories now, the broad Marchande,
Fire-eyed, her skin by Gascon summers tann'd,
Red as the kerchief round her coal-black hair,
Lays out her tempting treasures rich and rare.

. . . . .

The air grows furnace-hot; flag, awning, screen,
Peep endless from those lovely lines of green;
Yet Autumn has been there; the russet tinge,
Deep purples, pearly greys, the poplars fringe;
And ever in the distance some proud tower
Looks out in feudal beauty from its bower.
All a strange mirthful, melancholy show;
Stately decay above, wild life below!

GEORGE CROLY.

BOULEVARD AND BOULEVARDIER

In every great capital there is some corner, some spot—a something—a promenade, perhaps, where it

gathers and concentrates itself, as it were. . . . With us, that corner, that spot is the boulevard. I do not exactly mean that the boulevard is Paris ; but surely, without the boulevard we should not understand Paris.

I shall always remember one of the keenest emotions of my youth. I had been obliged, owing to my duties at the time, to banish myself to the provinces, where I had remained almost two years, confined within a small town. The hour came at last for me to return to Paris, and once more to enter into its possession. . . . I do not know, but it seemed to me that the very atmosphere was lighter, more luminous ; it sparkled with youth and life ; I felt subtle fumes of gaiety mounting to my brain, and I remember that I could not refrain from clapping my hands, to the great scandal of my neighbours, who thought that I was a little mad. 'Ah ! how beautiful it is—the boulevard !' I exclaimed, and I breathed deep draughts of that air charged with joyous and spiritual electricity. . . . I do not believe that strangers arriving in Paris are subject to such strong impressions. I have been able, however, to question some of them, and they confessed to me that the sight of a population who felt it a happiness to live in their gaiety, and who preserved an undefinable aspect of amiable elegance, had strongly affected them. This characteristic aspect of the Parisian boulevard had charmed them from the very first ; it was there that they had felt the heart of the great city beat.

The heart of the boulevard has changed its place little by little ; from the Gymnase to the Boulevard Montmartre, and then to the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard des Capucines. There it is to-day.

For the Parisian, the boulevard in general comprises, if you like, the space from the Madeleine to the Bastille ; but that is merely, so to speak, a geographical expression. The *real* boulevard, which is known in our slang as *the* boulevard, the boulevard *par excellence,* is the one that stretches from the Opera to the Rue Montmartre. . . .

The boulevard is the domain of the boulevardier, it is his salon ; he would like to drive away from it the intruders—those who do not belong to his set. When the boulevardier travels (he sometimes travels), he takes with him the dust of the boulevards on the soles of his shoes. He wanders about like a lost soul till he meets somebody, man or woman, who reminds him of his dear boulevard. Then he dilates and breathes more freely.

At bottom this fluttering creature that bears the name of boulevardier—a species, I must say, which is becoming rarer every day—is, notwithstanding his air of emancipation and scepticism, the veriest slave of routine. His life is ruled like music-paper. He saunters twice a day through his domain ; the first time before dinner, from four to six o'clock ; the second time from ten o'clock to midnight, or one in the morning, after the play. For nothing in the world would he fail in these habits. Besides, he has other obligations ; it is not permissible for him to miss a first night at the Variétés, the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, or the Ambigu.

ANON.

IN THE HEART OF PARIS

I KNEW nothing of Paris except the lights which I had seen beneath our window the evening before, far, far

downward, in the narrow Rue St. Honoré, and the rumble of the wheels, which continued later than I was awake to hear it, and began again before dawn. I could see, too, tall houses, that seemed to be occupied in every story, and that had windows on the steep roofs. One of these houses is six stories high. This Rue St. Honoré is one of the old streets in Paris, and is that in which Henry IV. was assassinated; but it has not, in this part of it, the aspect of antiquity.

After one o'clock we all went out and walked along the Rue de Rivoli. . . . We are here, right in the midst of Paris, and close to whatever is best known to those who hear or read about it—the Louvre being across the street, the Palais Royal but a little way off, the Tuileries joining to the Louvre, the Place de la Concorde just beyond, verging on which is the Champs Élysées. . . .

The splendour of Paris, so far as I have seen, takes me altogether by surprise: such stately edifices, prolonging themselves in unwearying magnificence and beauty, and, ever and anon, a long vista of a street, with a column rising at the end of it, or a triumphal arch, wrought in memory of some grand event. The light stone or stucco, wholly untarnished by smoke and soot, puts London to the blush, if a blush could be seen on its dingy face; but, indeed, London is not to be mentioned with, nor compared even with Paris. I never knew what a palace was till I had a glimpse of the Louvre and the Tuileries—never had my idea of a city been gratified till I trod those stately streets. The life of the scene, too, is infinitely more picturesque than that of London, with its monstrous throng of grim faces and black coats: whereas, here, you see

soldiers and priests, policemen in cocked hats, Zouaves with turbans, long mantles, and bronzed, half-Moorish faces; and a great many people whom you perceive to be outside of your experience, and know them ugly to look at, and fancy them villainous. Truly . . . the French people . . . do grand and beautiful things in the architectural way; and I am grateful for it. The Place de la Concorde is a most splendid square, large enough for a nation to erect trophies in of all its triumphs; and on one side of it is the Tuileries, on the opposite side the Champs Élysées, and, on the third, the Seine. . . .

We have spent to-day chiefly in sight-seeing—or glimpsing at—some of the galleries of the Louvre. I must confess that the vast and beautiful edifice struck me far more than the pictures, sculpture, and curiosities which it contains. . . . From the pictures we went into a suite of rooms where are preserved many relics of the ancient and later kings of France. . . . There were suits of armour and weapons that had been worn and handled by a great many of the French kings; and a religious book that had belonged to St. Louis; a dressing-glass, most richly set with precious stones, which formerly stood on the toilette-table of Catherine de Medici, and in which I saw my own face where hers had been. And there were a thousand other treasures, just as well worth mentioning as these. If each monarch could have been summoned from Hades to claim his own relics, we should have had the halls full of the old Childerics, Charleses, Bourbons, and Capets, Henrys and Louises, snatching with ghostly hands at sceptres, swords, armour, and mantles; and Napoleon would have seen, apparently, almost everything that personally belonged to him—

his coat, his cocked hats, his camp-desk, his field bed, his knives, forks, and plates, and even a lock of his hair.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE, PARIS

How dear the sky has been above this place!
Small treasures of this sky that we see here
Seen weak through prison-bars from year to year;
Eyed with a painful prayer upon God's grace
To save, and tears that stayed along the face
Lifted at sunset. Yea, how passing dear,
Those nights when through the bars a wind left clear
The heaven, and moonlight soothed the limpid space!

So was it, till one night the secret kept
Safe in low vault and stealthy corridor
Was blown abroad on gospel-tongues of flame.
O ways of God, mysterious evermore!
How many on this spot have cursed and wept
That all might stand here now and own Thy Name.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

IN THE RUE DE LA PAIX

THE Rue de la Paix. The poor dear old street, to me it is still, in many respects, the handsomest street in Paris. . . . Wandering there this morning, I could not help accepting its aspect as most convincing evidence of the Easter holidays being at an end. I have always looked on the Rue de la Paix as pre-eminently the most English street in Paris; and of

that fact the humorous French journalist was well aware when he informed his readers that there was at least one shop in the Rue de la Paix in the window of which appeared the inscription 'Ici on parle Français.' There are great numbers of our countrymen and countrywomen to be found in the Rue St. Honoré, but not further east than the church of St. Roch, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. . . . I maintain the Rue de la Paix to be unsurpassed as a resort for my compatriots in Paris. . . . In other localities they are absorbed in the great throng of *flâneurs* to the manner born, and have to take their chance with the native loungers; but in the Rue de la Paix they well-nigh monopolize the *trottoir*, and fill the first row, so to speak, in the stalls among the starers in at all the shop-windows.

At night the Rue de la Paix is not by any means a crowded thoroughfare. Although it has numerous and comfortable hotels, it does not boast a single restaurant or café. By nine o'clock business is suspended at the great millinery and dressmaking establishments which are carried on above the shops. Mesdames 'Théodoric,' 'Clorinde,' 'Hermione,' 'Naomi,' and so forth, whose lofty ensigns, denoting their commerce in 'robes,' 'fleurs,' 'dentelles,' and '*trousseaux de mariage*,' gleam in huge gilded letters from so many balconies, attract during the daytime a brilliant affluence of what simple-minded folk in England term 'carriage-people.' . . .

It is from ten to twelve in the morning—that is to say, between the hours of Mass and breakfast—and between three and five in the afternoon, between breakfast and the drive in the Bois, that the crowd of 'carriage-people' in the Rue de la Paix is at its

RUE DE LA PAIX

greatest. Then you may see the Duchesses and the Marchionesses, the Ambassadresses and the American 'millionnairesses' descending from their sparkling equipages at the portals of the mansions where 'Théodoric,' 'Clorinde,' and the rest ply their mysteries; and there you may institute, if you please, any number of comparisons between the British flunkey —calm, superb, impassible of mien, stately of figure, symmetrical of calf, undeniably stately, but slightly supercilious—and the French *valet de pied;* a stalwart fellow enough of his inches, but clean-shaven, shallow, somewhat cadaverous of countenance, apt to look too rigid, as though he were half-strangled in his high, stiff, white collar, and altogether wearing a half-military, half-clerical expression.

But, after five o'clock, the gay equipages, with their inmates and *valets de pied*, disappear. The *demoiselles de magasin*, I take it, are dismissed about nine, and hurry away to their beloved boulevards; and, altogether, the Rue de la Paix would be all but deserted but for the English, whose appearance after the dinner-hour—say from eight to close upon ten p.m. —can in general be confidently reckoned upon.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

IN THE STREETS OF PARIS

THERE is no season of the year when Paris is not gay and attractive out of doors; but in summer it is simply enchanting. No one lives in his interior, as the French call their homes, from May to October.

It is as much as the Frenchman can do to bring himself to pass a few hours of the burning noontide in his house, and to sleep away a little of the short summer

night there; for the rest of the time he is, if he is a man of leisure, out of doors.

He goes to the salon; he saunters along the shady sides of streets; he takes his midday breakfast at one open-air restaurant, and his late dinner at another; and at the fashionable hours, between four and seven, he drives in the Bois de Boulogne.

Between times he sips his coffee on the boulevards, and the evening finds him in some out-of-doors concert. He is as gay, and it seems to me as thoughtless, as the golden butterflies that flit by him in the sun. . . .

Above all things else, Paris is *clean*. We have always heard of it as the gayest, brightest, wickedest of cities; but people have usually forgotten to tell us how clean it is. They have disregarded this wonderful cleanliness, as if it were the commonest instead of the most uncommon thing in the world. . . .

It is an unending pleasure to walk these spacious streets. The art and beauty and glory of the world are all before your eyes. You see in one window wonderful pictures,—the works of modern French artists, a school in some respects outranking all others of our time. In another window are striking groups in terra-cotta; in others such furniture as suggests the Oriental splendour of the Arabian Nights.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

A RONDEAU OF THE BOULEVARDS

O LONG fair ways, in grey and shine,
Paris, what joy these streets of thine;
And, walking here, no one may feel
Time from his grasp the glad hours steal:
Nor for the coming hours repine.

Here 'neath the trees where lovers dine
Starlight and music intertwine,
Till from old towers a late hour peals.
O fair long ways!

Student, grisette, here all combine,
Paris, to sing a song divine
To thee,—thy love thou dost reveal
To them, on them dost set thy seal.
Paris, how many lovers thine!
O fair long ways!

JULES NODIER.

THE STREETS OF PARIS: THEIR INFINITE PAST

ALL the streets are noisy with an infinite past; the unexpected turnings of old streets, the reveries that hang round the last of the colleges and that haunt the wonderful Hill are but a little obvious increment to that inspiring crowd of the dead; the men of our blood and our experience, who built us up, and of whom we are but the last and momentary heirs, handing on to others a tradition to which we have added very little indeed. Paris rises around any man who knows her; her streets are changing things, her stones are like the clothes of a man; more real than any present aspect she may carry, the illimitable company of history peoples her, and it is in their ready speech and communion that the city takes on its dignity. This is the reading of that perplexity which all have felt, of that unquiet suggestion which hangs about the autumn trees and follows the fresh winds along the Seine; the riddle of her winter evenings and of the faces that come on one out of the dark in the lanes of the Latin quarter. She is ourselves; and we are only the film and

edge of an unnumbered past. There is nothing modern in those fresh streets. The common square of the Innocents is a dust of graves and a meeting-place for the dead; the Danse Macabre was too much of a creation to pass at the mere falling of the wall. The most recent of the ornaments make a kind of tabernacle for the memories of the town—Etienne Marcel before his Hôtel de Ville, Charlemagne before the Cathedral. The Place de la Concorde is not a crossing of roads for the rich, it is the death-scene of the Girondins; the vague space about the Madeleine is not only a foreground for the church, it is also the tomb of the Capetians. Wherever the town has kept a part of her older garment—in the Cathedral, in the Palais, in Ste. Chapelle—you may mix with all the centuries.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

FAUBOURG ST. GERMAIN

I LOVE that *quartier!* if ever I go to Paris again I shall reside there. It is a different world from the streets usually known to, and tenanted by, the English—*there*, indeed, you are among the French, the fossilized remains of the old régime—the very houses have an air of desolate, yet venerable grandeur—you never pass by the white and modern mansion of a *nouveau riche;* all, even to the ruggedness of the *pavé*, breathes a haughty disdain of innovation—you cross one of the numerous bridges, and you enter into another time—you are inhaling the atmosphere of a past century;* no flaunting *boutique*, French in its trumpery, English in its prices, stares you in the face; no stiff coats and unnatural gaits are seen *anglicizing* up the melancholy

* Written 1827.

streets. Vast hotels, with their gloomy frontals and magnificent contempt of comfort; shops, such as shops might have been in the aristocratic days of Louis Quatorze, ere British contamination made them insolent and dear; public edifices, still eloquent of the superb charities of *le grand monarque*—carriages with their huge bodies and ample decorations; horses, with their Norman dimensions and undocked honours; men, on whose more high though not less courteous demeanour the Revolution seems to have wrought no democratic plebeianism—all strike on the mind with a vague and nameless impression of antiquity; a something solemn even in gaiety, and faded in pomp, appears to linger over all you behold; there are the Great French People unadulterated by change, unsullied with the commerce of the vagrant and varied tribes that throng their mighty mart of enjoyments.

The strangers who fill the *quartiers* on this side the Seine pass not there; between them and *the* Faubourg there is a gulf; the very skies seem different—your own feelings, thoughts—nature itself—alter, when you have passed that Styx which divides the wanderers from the habitants; your spirits are not so much damped as tinged, refined, ennobled by a certain inexpressible awe—you are girt with the stateliness of old, and you tread the gloomy streets with the dignity of a man who is recalling the splendours of an ancient court where he once did homage.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

A WINE SHOP IN THE SUBURB OF ST. ANTOINE

A LARGE cask of wine had been dropped and broken in the street. The accident had happened in getting it

out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths; others made small mud-embankments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others devoted themselves to the sodden and lee-dyed pieces of the cask, licking and even champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There

was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter-hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. . . . The wine was red wine and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of St. Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. . . .

The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. 'It's not my affair,' said he, with a final shrug of the shoulders. 'The people from the market did it. Let them bring another.' . . .

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye

that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicated that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge, being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large ear-rings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

CHARLES DICKENS.

IN THE RUE DES BILLETTES

Of the mighty stream of Parisian holiday-makers one Sunday evening, only a tiny rill flowed in the direction of the Rue des Billettes. Few tourists ever find their way to the Lutheran church in this ancient street; few indeed were likely to be tempted thither on such a night. The allurements held out to pleasure-seekers were almost maddening. It was the close of a dazzling show, that unimaginable, indescribable jubilee of liberty, all the nations had flocked to see.

The Eiffel Tower, in itself a revolution, fittest emblem of revolution gone by, with its trembling lights,

near neighbours of the stars, its fairy gardens and rainbow-coloured fountains, its aerial voyages and banquets midway between earth and heaven, formed one of a thousand magnets attracting the stranger.

Who could turn aside in quest of the quiet, inconspicuous Rue des Billettes, when Molière could be heard at the Français, Racine at the Odéon? To understand, or rather feel, the French language, we must hear the masterpieces of these great brethren again and again. At a first hearing we are carried away by the passion of a piece, at a second, taken captive by the noble sentiment pervading every line; at a third, our ear becomes alive to the melody of the verse.

What is there in Paris, what indeed is there not, during these intoxicating Eiffel days? The quintessence of intellectual enjoyment for the sober, the acme of pantomime for grown-up children, for Epicureans the Eden Theatre, five hundred beautiful dancers with one smile, one pose, one airy come-and-go!

Would we amuse ourselves by finding out what amuses the workaday world, let us turn into the Montagnes Russes or Musée Grévin, to be sledged along artificial avalanches, or, like the prince of Arabian story, wander amid a petrified population.

So perfect the illusion that we end by asking ourselves who is living flesh and blood, who mere make-believe in this assemblage.

But the show of shows is Paris itself, no longer the metropolis of a nation, the capital of France, but of the universe. On every side is heard a jargon of outlandish speech; the sight of a French face in these motley crowds almost comes as a surprise to us. The curious and the ethnologist need no longer traverse or circumnavigate the globe in order to see what the re-

motest races of man are like. All are here, to be admired, wondered at, studied at leisure, their appearance new and strange to ourselves at this brilliant Paris in their own eyes. In this coming together of savage and polished humanity lies the real marvel of the centennial exhibition. And it is emblematic. Just as the Eiffel Tower looks down upon the entire population of the globe, each type being here represented, so did the Revolution it commemorates embrace in its grandest programme black race and white, civilized and wild, freeman and slave!

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE LIMBOS OF PARIS

To roam thoughtfully about, that is to say, to lounge, is a fine employment of time in the eyes of the philosopher; particularly in that rather illegitimate species of campaign which is tolerably ugly but odd, and composed of two natures, which surrounds certain great cities, notably Paris. To study the suburbs is to study the amphibious animal. End of the trees, beginning of the roofs; end of the grass, beginning of the pavements; end of the furrows, beginning of the shops; end of the wheel-ruts, beginning of the passions; end of the divine murmur, beginning of the human uproar; hence our extraordinary interest.

Hence, in these not very attractive places, indelibly stamped by the passing stroller with the epithet *melancholy*, the apparently objectless promenades of the dreamer.

He who writes these lines has long been a prowler about the barriers of Paris, and it is for him a source of profound souvenirs. That close-shaven turf, those

pebbly paths, that chalk, those pools, those harsh monotonies of waste and fallow lands, the plants of early market-garden suddenly springing into sight in a bottom, that mixture of the savage and the citizen, those vast desert nooks where the garrison drums practise noisily, and produce a sort of lisping of battle, those hermits by day and cut-throats by night; that clumsy mill which turns in the wind, the hoisting-wheels of the quarries, the tea-gardens at the corners of the cemeteries; the mysterious charm of great, sombre walls squarely intersecting immense, vague stretches of land inundated with sunshine and full of butterflies,—all this attracted him.

There is hardly anyone on earth who is not acquainted with those singular spots, the Glacière, the Cunette, the hideous wall of Grenelle all speckled with balls, Montparnasse, the Fosse-aux-Loups, Aubiers on the banks of the Marne, Mont-Souris, the Tombe Issoire, the Pierre-Plate de Châtillon, where there is an old, exhausted quarry which no longer serves any purpose except to raise mushrooms, and which is closed, on a level with the ground, by a trap-door of planks. The campagna of Rome is one idea, the *banlieue* of Paris is another; to behold nothing but fields, houses, or trees in what a stretch of country offers us, is to remain on the surface; all aspects of things are thoughts of God. The spot where a plain effects its junction with a city is always stamped with a certain piercing melancholy. Nature and humanity both appeal to you at the same time there. Local originalities there make their appearance.

Anyone who, like ourselves, has wandered about in these solitudes contiguous to our faubourgs, which may be designated as the limbos of Paris, has seen

here and there, in the most desert, at the most unexpected moment, behind a meagre hedge, or in the corner of a lugubrious wall, children grouped tumultuously . . . ragged, dishevelled, playing hide-and-seek, and crowned with corn-flowers. All of them are little ones who have made their escape from poor families. The outer boulevard is their breathing space; the suburbs belong to them. There they are eternally playing truant. . . . There they are, or rather, there they exist, far from every eye, in the sweet light of May or June, kneeling round a hole in the ground, snapping marbles with their thumbs, quarrelling over half-farthings, irresponsible, volatile, free, and happy; and no sooner do they catch sight of you than they recollect that they have an industry, and that they must earn their living, and they offer to sell you an old woollen stocking filled with cockchafers, or a bunch of lilac. These encounters with strange children are one of the charming and at the same time poignant graces of the environs of Paris.

Sometimes there are little girls among the throng of boys,—are they their sisters?—who are almost young maidens, thin, feverish, with sunburnt hands, covered with freckles, crowned with poppies and ears of rye, gay, haggard, barefooted. They can be seen devouring cherries among the wheat. In the evening they can be heard laughing. These groups, warmly illuminated by the full glow of midday, or indistinctly seen in the twilight, occupy the thoughtful man for a very long time, and these visions mingle with his dreams.

Paris, centre, *banlieue*, circumference; this constitutes all the earth to those children. They never venture beyond this. They can no more escape from the Parisian atmosphere than fish can escape from the

water. For them, nothing exists two leagues beyond the barriers : Ivry, Gentilly, Arcueil, Belleville, Aubervilliers, Menilmontant, Choisy-le-Roi, Billancourt, Meudon, Issy, Vanvre, Sèvres, Puteaux, Neuilly, Gennevilliers, Colombes, Romainville, Chatou, Asnières, Bougival, Nanterre, Enghien, Noisy-le-Sec, Nogent, Drancy, Gonesse ; the universe ends there.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE ONLY REAL PARIS

As to Paris, why, everything, or almost everything, which has been made by man and time, and not by machinery, possesses a grace, an amusing turn, a something telling of centuries and the weather, and telling above all of its own particular private ways and means, from the flying buttresses of Notre Dame to the long carts, with cranks and levers, on which the great blue-fleeced horses draw the barrels along from the Halle aux Vins.

That brings me back to my expedition of, so to speak, purification after too much Exhibition. I had an even better one, a pilgrimage to the spirit indwelling in the Left Bank, quite accidentally a few days later. We went first to an old house, Louis XIV., with great yard for coaches and garlanded portal, in the Rue Garancière, and then on. But I ought to explain that one of the charms of the Left Bank, one of the things which make it so particularly Paris, is its being a great alluvium and accretion of the in-streaming provinces, containing samples of every provincial town, of every sort of provincial life, even of the seclusion and silence thereof alongside of its own noisy thoroughfares. The particular house we went to see

. . . was a little old hotel in the Rue Vanneau, uninhabited for months, and seemingly years, full of dust and cobwebs, and yet quite dainty and decorously cheerful; behind it the big trees and half-wild bushes of a neglected garden. An old lady and gentleman (who? whence?) were taking the air on the steps of this utterly dismantled abode. The last inhabitants had been some Pères Bénédictins; and on the mantel-piece of the empty lodge lay an old newspaper address of Sa Grandeur, the Bishop of Hebron, or Antioch, or Tyre.

O Paris of the Left Bank, the only real Paris for me, with thy stately hotels and long convent walls overtopped with discreet green; thy frowzy little Balzac pensions, tenanted once by the nymphs of Farmers-General, and now by enthusiastic art students and warlike doctoresses, and widows from the provinces leading bowing sons in check cravats; Paris of Faisan d'Ors where we hoped in the *plat du jour* and hesitated between gratuitous blue wine and another, not gratuitous, *demie-cannette;* Paris of crêmeries, wherein we cheated the desire for afternoon tea, and many, doubtless, thought to cheat desire for dinner or lunch; Paris of history, of romance, Dumas and Balzac, of hope and effort and day-dreams also, Socialists, and scientific struggling girls of Rosny's novels, and ardent expatriated creatures fit for Henry James! I felt it was the only real Paris, as I stood (having left behind the civilized cosmopolitan boulevards), at the window of a certain fourth floor near the Invalides, overlooking clipped trees and Louis XIV. attics, with, in the smoky sunset distance, a faint babel of Exhibition towers and domes. And to think that I, even *I*, could have thought, even for a second, that I had come to Paris to see the Rue des Nations'

VERNON LEE.

SOME PARISIAN PHASES

Stately Paris . . . is in truth an ocean that no line can plumb. You may survey its surface and describe it; but no matter what pains you take with your investigations and recognisances, no matter how numerous and painstaking the toilers in this sea, there will be always lonely and unexplored regions in its depths, caverns unknown, flowers and pearls and monsters of the deep overlooked or forgotten by the divers of literature.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

At midnight I was on the platform of one of the towers of Notre Dame . . . in the society of four friends and a magnificent moon, with the accompaniment of a great owl flapping his wings. Paris at this hour, and by moonlight, is a superb spectacle, resembling a city of the Thousand and One Nights, the inhabitants of which have been enchanted during their sleep.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

The theatres of the boulevards . . . are the true resorts of the people. They begin at the Porte Saint-Martin and run in a line along the Boulevard du Temple, ever diminishing in importance and value. Indeed, this local rank and range is very correct. First of all we have the theatre which bears the name of the Porte Saint-Martin, and which is the best theatre for the drama in Paris. There the works of Victor Hugo and of Dumas are most admirably given. . . . Then comes the Ambigu-Comique, which is inferior as regards plays and actors, yet where the romantic drama is still given. . . . Then we have La Gaieté. . . . The romantic drama has here also rights of citizenship, and here, too, even in this pleasant place, tears flow and hearts beat with the most terrible emotions; but there is on the whole more singing and laughter, and here the vaudeville often comes lightly trilling forth.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Nous voilà !—We are at Paris ! . . . The postilion cracks his terrible whip, and screams shrilly. The conductor blows incessantly on his horn ; the bells of the harness, the bumping and ringing of the wheels and chains, and the clatter of the great hoofs of the heavy, snorting Norman stallions, have wondrously increased within this, the last ten minutes ; and the diligence, which has been proceeding hitherto at the rate of a league in an hour, now dashes gallantly forward, as if it would traverse at least six miles in the same space of time. . . . What a capital coach ! We will ride henceforth in it, and in no other !

But, behold us at Paris ! The diligence has reached a rude-looking gate, or *grille*, flanked by two lodges ; the French kings of old made their entry by this gate ; some of the hottest battles of the late Revolution were fought here. At present, it is blocked by carts and peasants, and a busy crowd of men, in green, examining the packages before they enter, probing the straw with long needles. It is the Barrier of St. Denis, and the green men are the customs men of the city of Paris. . . .

The street which we enter, that of the Faubourg St. Denis, presents a strange contrast to the dark uniformity of a London street, where everythi[ng], the dingy and smoky atmosphere, looks as t[hey] were painted in India-ink—black house[s], sengers, and black sky. Here, on the [con]trary, thousand times more life and colour[ing]

shining in the sun, is a long glistening line of *gutter*,—not a very pleasing object in a city, but in a picture invaluable. On each side are houses of all dimensions and hues; some but of one story; some as high as the Tower of Babel. From these the haberdashers (and this is their favourite street) flaunt long strips of gaudy calicoes, which give a strange air of rude gaiety to the street. Milk-women, with a little crowd of gossips round each, are, at this early hour of morning, selling the chief material of the Parisian *café-au-lait*. Gay wine-shops, painted red, and smartly decorated with vines and gilded railings, are filled with workmen taking their morning's draught. That gloomy-looking prison on your right is a prison for women; once it was a convent for Lazarists: a thousand unfortunate individuals of the softer sex now occupy that mansion: they bake, as we find in the guide-books, the bread of all the other prisons; they mend and wash the shirts and stockings of all the other prisoners; they make hooks-and-eyes and phosphorus-boxes, and they attend chapel every Sunday; —if occupation can help them, sure they have enough of it. Was it not a great stroke of the legislature to superintend the morals and linen at once, and thus keep these poor creatures continually mending?—But we have passed the prison long ago, and are at the Porte St. Denis itself.

There is only time to take a hasty glance as we pass: it commemorates some of the wonderful feats arms of Ludovicus Magnus, and abounds in ous allegories—nymphs, and river-gods, and crowned with fleurs-de-lis; Louis passing ne in triumph, and the Dutch Lion giving n the year of our Lord 1672. The Dutch

Lion revived, and overcame the man some years afterwards; but of this fact, singularly enough, the inscriptions make no mention. Passing, then, *round* the gate, and not under it (after the custom in respect of triumphal arches), you cross the Boulevard, which gives a glimpse of trees and sunshine, and gleaming white buildings; then, dashing down the Rue de Bourbon Villeneuve . . . and the Rue St. Eustace, the conductor gives a last blast on his horn, and the great vehicle clatters into the courtyard, where its journey is destined to conclude.

If there was a noise before of screaming postilions and cracked horns, it was nothing to the Babel-like clatter which greets us now. We are in a great court, which Hajji Baba would call the father of diligences. Half a dozen other coaches arrive at the same minute —no light affairs, like your English vehicles, but ponderous machines, containing fifteen passengers inside, more in the cabriolet, and vast towers of luggage on the roof: others are loading: the yard is filled with passengers coming or departing;—bustling porters and screaming *commissionaires*. These latter seize you as you descend from your place,—twenty cards are thrust into your hand, and as many voices, jabbering with inconceivable swiftness, shriek into your ear, 'Dis way, sare; are you for ze 'Otel of Rhin? *Hôtel de l'Amirauté!*—Hôtel Bristol, sare!—*Monsieur, l'Hôtel de Lille? Sacr-rrré nom de Dieu, laissez passer ce petit, Monsieur!* 'Ow mush loggish 'ave you, sare?'

And now, if you are a stranger in Paris, listen to the words of Titmarsh.—If you cannot speak a syllable of French, and love English comfort, clean rooms, breakfasts, and waiters: if you would have plentiful dinners, and are not particular (as how

should you be ?) concerning wine ; if, in this foreign country, you *will* have your English companions, your porter, your friend, and your brandy-and-water —do not listen to any of these commissioner fellows, but with your best English accent, shout out boldly, 'MEURICE !' and straightway a man will step forward to conduct you to the Rue de Rivoli. Here you will find apartments at any price : . . . an English breakfast of eternal boiled eggs, or grilled ham ; a nondescript dinner, profuse but cold ; and a society which will rejoice your heart. Here are the young gentlemen from the Universities ; young merchants on a lark ; large families of nine daughters, with fat father and mother ; officers of Dragoons, and lawyers' clerks. The last time we dined at ' Meurice's ' we hobbed and nobbed with no less a person than Mr. Moses, the celebrated bailiff of Chancery Lane ; Lord Brougham was on his right, and a clergyman's lady, with a train of white-haired girls, sat on his left, wonderfully taken with the diamond rings of the fascinating stranger !

It is, as you will perceive, an admirable way to see Paris, especially if you spend your days reading the English papers at Galignani's, as many of our foreign tourists do.

But all this is promiscuous, and not to the purpose. If,—to continue the subject of hotel choosing,—if you love quiet, heavy bills, and the best *table-d'hôte* in the city, go, O stranger, to the Hôtel des Princes ; it is close to the Boulevard, and convenient for Frascati's. . . .

If you are a poor student come to study the humanities, or the pleasant art of amputation, cross the water forthwith, and proceed to the Hôtel Corneille, near the Odéon, or others of its species ; there are many where you can live royally (until you

economize by going into lodgings) on four francs a day; and where, if by any strange chance you are desirous for a while to get rid of your countrymen, you will find that they scarcely ever penetrate.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

ARRIVING AT MAGNIFICENT PARIS

By Lyons and the Saone (where we saw the lady of Lyons and thought little of her comeliness); by Villa Franca, Tonnere, venerable Sens, Melun, Fontainebleau, and scores of other beautiful cities, we swept. . . . We bowled along, hour after hour, that brilliant summer day, and as nightfall approached we entered a wilderness of odorous flowers and shrubbery, sped through it, and then, excited, delighted, and half persuaded that we were only the sport of a beautiful dream, lo, we stood in magnificent Paris! . . .

In a little while we were speeding through the streets of Paris, and delightfully recognizing certain names and places with which books had long ago made us familiar. It was like meeting an old friend when we read '*Rue de Rivoli*' on the street corner; we knew the genuine vast palace of the Louvre as well as we knew its picture; when we passed by the Column of July we needed no one to tell us what it was, or to remind us that on its site once stood the grim Bastille, that grave of human hopes and happiness, that dismal prison-house within whose dungeons so many young faces put on the wrinkles of age, so many proud spirits grew humble, so many brave hearts broke. . . .

We went out to a restaurant, just after lamplighting, and ate a comfortable, satisfactory, lingering

dinner. It was a pleasure to eat where everything was so tidy, the food so well cooked, the waiters so polite, and the coming and departing company so moustached, so frisky, so affable, so fearfully and wonderfully Frenchy! All the surroundings were gay and enlivening. Two hundred people sat at little tables on the sidewalk, sipping wine and coffee; the streets were thronged with light vehicles and with joyous pleasure-seekers; there was music in the air, life and action all about us, and a conflagration of gaslight everywhere!

After dinner we felt like seeing such Parisian specialities as we might see without distressing exertion, and so we sauntered through the brilliant streets and looked at the dainty trifles in variety stores and jewellery shops. Occasionally, merely for the pleasure of being cruel, we put unoffending Frenchmen on the rack with questions framed in the incomprehensible jargon of their native language, and while they writhed, we impaled them, we peppered them, we sacrificed them with their own vile verbs and participles. . . .

At eleven o'clock we alighted upon a sign which manifestly referred to billiards. Joy! We had played billiards in the Azores with balls that were not round, and on an ancient table that was very little smoother than a brick pavement—one of those wretched old things with dead cushions, and with patches in the faded cloth and invisible obstructions that made the balls describe the most astonishing and unsuspected angles and perform feats in the way of unlooked-for and almost impossible 'scratches,' that were perfectly bewildering. We had played at Gibraltar with balls the size of a walnut, on a table like a public square—and in both instances we achieved far more aggrava-

tion than amusement. We expected to fare better here, but we were mistaken. The cushions were a good deal higher than the balls, and as the balls had a fashion of always stopping under the cushions, we accomplished very little in the way of cannon. The cushions were hard and unelastic, and the cues were so crooked that in making a shot you had to allow for the curve, or you would infallibly put the 'English' on the wrong side of the ball. Dan was to mark while the doctor and I played. At the end of an hour neither of us had made a count, and so Dan was tired of keeping tally with nothing to tally, and we were heated and angry and disgusted. We paid the heavy bill—about six cents—and promised ourselves that we would call around some time when we had a week to spend, and finish the game.

We adjourned to one of those pretty cafés and took supper and tested the wines of the country, as we had been instructed to do, and found them harmless and unexciting. They might have been exciting, however, if we had chosen to drink a sufficiency of them.

To close our first day in Paris cheerfully and pleasantly, we now sought our grand room in the Grand Hôtel du Louvre and climbed into our sumptuous bed, . . . then feebly wondered if we were really and truly in renowned Paris, and drifted drowsily away into that vast mysterious void which men call sleep.

MARK TWAIN.

A FIRST JOURNEY TO PARIS

I COULD never forget my first journey to Paris in a third-class carriage.

It was near the end of February, and the cold was

still very great. Outside was the grey sky, wind, frost, bare hills, long rows of leafless vines; inside were sailors singing, great rough peasants snoring away with their mouths wide open. . . . The journey lasted two days. All that time I never stirred. I sat with clenched teeth, jammed between two torments, without room to turn my head. As I had neither money nor provisions, I was fasting the whole time. Two days without food seemed very long. I had indeed a two-franc piece, but I knew I should want it worse when I got to Paris, if I did not find Jack at the station, and I manfully resisted the temptation to spend any of it. . . .

On the second night, about three o'clock I was suddenly awakened. The train had stopped, the carriage was all alive. I heard the warder say to his wife, 'Here we are!'

'Where?' said I, rubbing my eyes.

'Bless your soul, at Paris!'

I got to the door; I could see no houses, nothing but a bare place with some gas-lights, some heaps of coal, and a great red light a little way off. There was a confused rumbling—something like the noise of the sea, and a man with a lantern was going along calling out, 'Paris! All tickets ready! Paris!'

I felt a thrill of fear. I had good reason for that thrill, if I had only known it. Five minutes later we were in the station.

There was Jack! He had been there for the last hour. I saw his tall figure in the distance, behind the barrier, with his long arms going like a semaphore. I forgot how cramped I was, and sprang to him.

'Jack! My dear old fellow!'

How we hugged each other! Unluckily, railway-

stations are not meant for such effusions. There are waiting-rooms and luggage-rooms, but there is no room for sentiment—no place for anything but bodies. So we were jostled and trampled on, and the officials kept crying, 'Get on, get on!'

'Come along,' said Jack; 'I'll get your trunk to-morrow.'

And arm in arm, with hearts as light as our purses, we set off for the Quartier Latin.

I have tried since to recall the fireside impression that Paris made on me that night; but I have often found that places, like men, have a special physiognomy the first time we see them, which we never catch again. Paris has never looked to me again as it did that night. In vain I try to find it: it is like the recollection one has of a town which one has passed through in a fog long ago.

I remember a bridge over a black river, quays all deserted, and an immense garden on the other side of the quay. I could dimly see, through the railings, buildings like huts, trees shining with frost, and pieces of water; and I heard strange sounds in the gloom. My arm trembled, but Jack said:

'That's the Zoological Gardens; it is full of lions and tigers and hippopotamuses.'

In fact, we could smell the wild beasts, and now and then a shrill cry or a hoarse roar reached our ears. I was fascinated; I could not help stopping and trying to penetrate the gloom with my eyes. The mysterious garden seemed to mingle with the species of awe which I felt of Paris that first night, and I seemed to have just landed in some gruesome cavern full of ferocious animals ready to spring upon me. Happily for me I was not alone, Jack's arm was round me.

On we went, ever so far, through interminable black streets. At length we halted in a little square where there was a church.

'We are just at home now,' said Jack. 'That is St. Germain des Prés. Our room is up there.'

'What! in the steeple?'

'Very nearly; it is convenient for knowing the hour.'

He was not exaggerating. His little garret was in the sixth story of the house adjoining the church, and his window opened on the steeple just opposite the dial. Wearily I toiled up the stairs; but when he opened the door, I gave a cry of joy. A fire! Oh, how heavenly! and I ran to the fireplace to hold my feet to the blaze, at the risk of melting my goloshes. Then for the first time Jack perceived how I was shod; he laughed heartily.

'Well!' said he, 'many celebrated men have reached Paris in wooden shoes, and are proud of it, but you may boast of being the only one who has ever arrived in goloshes—it is original.'

. . . . .

The great clock of St. Germain boomed out its twelve heavy strokes, followed by the Angelus, almost in my ears. The sonorous tones fell in triplets, and seemed to fill the room with floating sound. All the other steeples of Paris took up the Angelus in their various keys, and, as if attracted by the chimes, a ray of sun broke through the dusky clouds and made the wet roofs glisten. Far beneath me Paris was growling and rumbling. I stood for a little while watching the domes, the spires, the towers, as they caught the sunshine, and then, as the roar of the great city came surging up, I felt a wild longing to

go and mingle in the crowd of life below, and I said, with a sort of intoxication, 'I will go and see Paris.'

ALPHONSE DAUDET.
Translated by L. Ford.

AUX ITALIENS

At Paris it was, at the Opera there;—
And she looked like a queen in a book, that night.
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow:
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
'Non ti scordar di me'?

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye.
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain. . . .

OWEN MEREDITH (LORD LYTTON).

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER IN PARIS

We journeyed on again, and I welcomed every new assurance that France stood where I had left it. There were . . . posting-houses . . . and clean post-masters' wives, bright women of business looking on at the putting-to of the horses; there were the postilions counting what money they got, into their hats, and never making enough of it; there were the standard population of grey horses of Flanders descent, invariably biting one another when they got a chance; there were the fleecy sheepskins, looped on over their uniforms by the postilions, like bibbed aprons, when it blew and rained; there were their jack-boots, and their cracking whips; there were the cathedrals that I got out to see, as under some cruel bondage, in nowise desiring to see them; there were the little towns that appeared to have no reason for being towns, since most of their houses were to let and nobody could be induced to look at them, except the people who couldn't let them and had nothing else to do but look at them all day. . . . At last I was rattled, like a single pill in a box, over leagues of stones, until—madly cracking, plunging, and flourishing two grey tails about—I made my triumphal entry into Paris.

At Paris, I took an upper apartment for a few days in one of the hotels of the Rue de Rivoli; my front windows looking into the garden of the Tuileries (where the principal difference between the nurse-maids and the flowers seemed to be that the former were locomotive and the latter not): my back windows looking at all the other back windows in the hotel, and deep down into a paved yard, where my German chariot had retired under a tight-fitting arch-

way, to all appearances for life, and where bells rang all day without anybody's minding them but certain chamberlains with feather brooms and green baize caps, who here and there leaned out of some high window placidly looking down, and where neat waiters with trays on their left shoulders passed and repassed from morning to night.

Whenever I am at Paris, I am dragged by invisible force into the Morgue. I never want to go there, but am always pulled there. . . . One New Year's Morning (by the same token, the sun was shining outside and there was a mountebank balancing a feather on his nose, within a yard of the gate), I was pulled in again to look at a flaxen-haired boy of eighteen, with a heart hanging on his breast—' from his mother,' was engraven on it—who had come into the net across the river, with a bullet wound in his fair forehead and his hands cut with a knife, but whence or how was a blank mystery. . . .

On a bright morning I rattled away from Paris. . . . Welcome again, the long, long spell of France, with the queer country inns, full of vases of flowers and clocks, in the dull little towns, and with the little population not at all dull on the little Boulevard in the evening, under the little trees ! Welcome, Monsieur the Curé, walking along in the early morning a short way out of the town, reading that eternal Breviary of yours which surely might be almost read, without book, by this time ! Welcome, Monsieur the Curé, later in the day, jolting through the highway dust (as if you had already ascended to the cloudy region), in a very big-headed cabriolet, with the dried mud of a dozen winters on it. Welcome again, Monsieur the Curé, as we exchange salutations ; you, straightening your back

to look at the German chariot, while picking in your little village garden a vegetable or two for the day's soup; I looking out of the German chariot window in that delicious traveller's trance which knows no cares, no yesterdays, no to-morrows, nothing but the passing objects and the passing scents and sounds!

CHARLES DICKENS.

IN THE CROWD

Ah yes; Alphonse had seen in that hotel
So many lovers on their honeymoon;
But never such a pair as this. Monsieur
Seemed so well-formed, so sunny and so young;
And ah, how bright, how *piquante* was Madame.

Monsieur was quite her slave, too; you could see
Love was completely new to him: he flushed
With pride and pleasure if he had to stoop
A thousand times a day to tie the lace
Of that provoking little shoe of hers;
And ah, no doubt, she loved Monsieur so well;
For they went out together every night
As happily as children going to spend
A penny at a fair. These Englishmen
In love are wonderful sweet simpletons!
We French are masters of a compliment;
We dice for hearts and roses, dreams and tears,
And smiling quite impartially admire
The dainty frills around a woman's feet
Much the same way as we admire her soul. . . .

Well, in this room—they were not very rich,
And so they took the smallest room we had—
Monsieur would sit and watch her sweet bright eyes,

Or hold her hand and wonder if it all
Would vanish like a dream ; it was too good,
Too beautiful a story to be true.

He had not won her easily : he seemed
Hardly to understand she was his own.
He used to sit and watch her when she read
Or played at painting in the sunlight here ;
Ah, heaven ! Lamplight and water-colours, eh ?
But he, he thought, even when the daylight came,
They were the loveliest pictures in the world.

And every day they went to see the sights,
St. Cloud, Versailles, and Notre Dame ; and all
For him at least was consecrated ground ;
She brought a halo with her, and when they heard
The choirs in Catholic churches, why, her face
Made him forget he was a Protestant,
Made him afraid almost to feel his heart
Uplift to God like this, by alien prayers.
Was it not simple ? Yes, like little children,
They hardly understood the wickedness
That passed them in the streets : they did not know
How dark a place this Paris is at best. . . .

ALFRED NOYES.

REVISITING PARIS

THE Café Procope (in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain) has been much altered and improved, and bears an inscription telling the date of its establishment, which was in the year 1689. I entered the café, which was nearly or quite empty, the usual breakfast hour being past.

Garçon ! Une tasse de café.

If there is a river of *mnēmē* as a counterpart of the river *lēthē*, my cup of coffee must have got its water from that stream of memory. If I could borrow that eloquence of Jouffroy which made his hearers turn pale, I might bring up before my readers a long array of pallid ghosts, whom these walls knew well in their earthly habiliments. Only a single one of those I met here still survives. The rest are mostly well-nigh forgotten by all but a few friends, or remembered chiefly in their children and grandchildren. 'How much?' I said to the garçon in his native tongue, or what I supposed to be that language. 'Cinq sous,' was his answer. By the laws of sentiment, I ought to have made the ignoble sum five francs, at least. But if I had done so, the waiter would undoubtedly have thought I had just come from Charenton. Besides, why should I violate the simple habits and traditions of the place, where generation after generation of poor students and threadbare Bohemians had taken their morning coffee and pocketed their two lumps of sugar? It was with a feeling of virile sanity and Roman self-conquest that I paid my five sous, with the small additional fraction which I supposed the waiter to expect, and no more.

So I passed for the last time over the threshold of the Café Procope, where Voltaire had matured his plays and Piron sharpened his epigrams; where Jouffroy had battled with his doubts and fears, where, since their time—since my days of Parisian life—the terrible storming youth, afterwards renowned as Léon Michel Gambetta, had startled the quiet guests with his noisy eloquence, till the old *habitués* spilled their coffee, and the red-capped students said to each other, '*Il ira loin, ce gaillard-là!*'

But what to me were these shadowy figures by the side of the group of my early friends and companions, that came up before me in all the freshness of their young manhood? The memory of them recalls my own youthful days, and I need not go to Florida to bathe in the fountain of Ponce de Leon. . . .

I looked forward with the greatest interest to revisiting the Gallery of the Louvre, accompanied by my long-treasured recollections. . . . The pictures greeted me, so I fancied, like old acquaintances. The meek-looking 'Belle Jardinière' was as lamblike as ever; the pearly nymph of Correggio invited the stranger's eye as frankly as of old; Titian's young man with the glove was the calm, self-contained gentleman I used to admire; the splashy Rubenses, the pallid Guidos, the sunlit Claudes, the shadowy Poussins, the moonlit Girardets, Géricault's terrible shipwreck of the Medusa, the exquisite home pictures of Gerard Douw and Terburg,—all these and many more have always been on exhibition in my ideal gallery. . . .

Paris as seen by the morning sun of three or four and twenty and Paris in the twilight of the superfluous decade cannot be expected to look exactly alike. I well remember my first breakfast at a Parisian café in the spring of 1833. It was in the Place de la Bourse, on a beautiful sunshiny morning. The coffee was nectar, the *flute* was ambrosia, the *brioche* was more than good enough for the Olympians. Such an experience could not repeat itself fifty years later. . . . Nothing looked more nearly the same as of old than the bridges. The Pont Neuf did not seem to me altered. Though we had read in the papers that it was in ruins or seriously injured in consequence of a great flood. The statues had been removed from the Pont Royal,

one or two new bridges had been built, but all was natural enough, and I was tempted to look for the old woman, at the end of the Pont des Arts, who used to sell me a bunch of violets for two or three sous—such as would cost me a quarter of a dollar in Boston. I did not see the three objects which a popular saying alleges are always to be met on the Pont Neuf : a priest, a soldier, and a white horse.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TO A REPUBLICAN FRIEND

GOD knows it, I am with you. If to prize
Those virtues, priz'd and practis'd by too few,
But priz'd, but lov'd, but eminent in you,
Man's fundamental life : if to despise
The barren optimistic sophistries
Of comfortable moles, whom what they do
Teaches the limit of the just and true—
And for such doing have no need of eyes :
If sadness at the long heart-wasting show
Wherein earth's great ones are disquieted :
If thoughts, not idle, while before me flow
The armies of the homeless and unfed :—
If these are yours, if this is what you are,
Then am I yours, and what you feel, I share.

Yet, when I muse on what life is, I seem
Rather to patience prompted, than that proud
Prospect of hope which France proclaims so loud,
France, fam'd in all great arts, in none supreme.
Seeing this Vale, this Earth, whereon we dream,
Is on all sides o'ershadowed by the high
Uno'erleap'd Mountains of Necessity,
Sparing us narrower margin than we deem.

Nor will that day dawn at a human nod,
When, bursting through the network superpos'd
By selfish occupation—plot and plan,
Lust, avarice, envy—liberated man,
All difference with his fellow-man compos'd,
Shall be left standing face to face with God.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BALLADE OF THE WOMEN OF PARIS

I

THOUGH folk deem women young and old
Of Venice and Genoa well eno'
Favoured with speech, both glib and bold,
On lovers' messages for to go,
I, at my peril, I say no.
Though Lombards and Romans patter well,
Savoyards, Florentines, less or mo'—
The women of Paris bear the bell.

II

The Naples women (so we are told)
Are pleasant enough of speech, and so
Are Prussians and Austrians. Some folk hold
Greeks and Egyptians sweet of show:
But hail they from Athens or Grand Cairo,
Castille or Hungary, heaven or hell,
For dulcet speech, over friend and foe,
The women of Paris bear the bell.

III

Switzers nor Bretons know how to scold,
Nor Provence nor Gascony women: lo!
Two fishfags in Paris the bridge that hold
Would slang them dumb in a minute, I trow.

Picardy, England, Lorraine, St. Lô
(Is that enough places for one spell ?),
Valenciennes, Calais, search high and low,
The women of Paris bear the bell.

Envoi.

Prince, to the Paris ladies we owe
The prize of sweet speech ; for they excel :
They may talk of Italians ; but this I know,
The women of Paris bear the bell.

FRANÇOIS VILLON.
Done into English by John Payne.

PARIS : HER LIMITLESS AMUSEMENTS

The Dwarf

I HAD never heard the remark made by anyone in my life, except by one ; and who that was will probably come out in this chapter ; so that, being pretty much unprepossessed, there must have been grounds for what struck me the moment I cast my eyes over the *parterre*,—and that was the unaccountable sport of Nature in forming such numbers of dwarfs.—No doubt, she sports at certain times in almost every corner of the world : but in Paris there is no end to her amusements.—The goddess seems almost as merry as she is wise.

As I carried my idea out of the *Opera Comique* with me, I measured everybody I saw walking in the streets by it. Melancholy application ! especially where the size was extremely little,—the face extremely dark,—the eyes quick,—the nose long,—the teeth white,—the jaw prominent,—to see so many miserables, by force of accidents, driven out of their own proper class

into the very verge of another, which it gives me pain to write down :—every third man a pigmy ;—some by rickety heads and hump-backs ;—others by bandy legs ;—a third set arrested by the hand of Nature in the sixth and seventh years of their growth ;—a fourth, in their perfect and natural state, like dwarf apple-trees ; from the first rudiments and stamina of their existence, never meant to grow higher.

A Medical Traveller might say 'tis owing to undue bandages ;—a Splenetic one, to want of air ;—and an Inquisitive Traveller, to fortify the system, may measure the height of their houses,—the narrowness of their streets, and in how few feet square in the sixth and seventh stories such numbers of the *Bourgeoisie* eat and sleep together. But I remember, Mr. Shandy the Elder, who accounted for nothing like anybody else, in speaking one evening of these matters, averred that children, like other animals, might be increased almost to any size, provided they came right into the world ; but the misery was, the citizens of Paris were so coop'd up that they had not actually room enough to get them.—I do not call it getting anything, said he ;—'tis getting nothing.—Nay, continued he, rising in his argument, 'tis getting worse than nothing, when all you have got, after twenty or five-and-twenty years of the tenderest care and most nutritious aliment bestowed upon it, shall not at last be as high as my leg. Now, Mr. Shandy being very short, there could be nothing more said of it.

As this is not a work of reasoning, I leave the solution as I found it, and content myself with the truth only of the remark, which is verified in every lane and by-lane of Paris. I was walking down that which leads from the Carrousel to the Palais Royal, and observing

a little boy in some distress at the side of the gutter which ran down the middle of it, I took hold of his hand, and helped him over. Upon turning up his face to look at him after, I perceived he was about forty.—Never mind, said I, some good body will do as much for me when I am ninety.

I feel some little principles within me, which incline me to be merciful towards this poor blighted part of my species, who have neither size nor strength to get on in the world.—I cannot bear to see one of them trod upon ; and had scarce got seated beside my old French officer ere the disgust was exercised by seeing the very thing happen under the box we sat in.

At the end of the orchestra, and betwixt that and the first side-box, there is a small esplanade left, where, when the house is full, numbers of all ranks take sanctuary. Though you stand, as in the *parterre*, you pay the same price as in the orchestra. A poor, defenceless being of this order had got thrust, somehow or other, into this luckless place ;—the night was hot, and he was surrounded by beings two feet and a half higher than himself. The dwarf suffered inexpressibly on all sides ; but the thing which incommoded him most was a tall, corpulent German, near seven feet high, who stood directly betwixt him and all possibility of his seeing either the stage or the actors. The poor dwarf did all he could to get a peep at what was going forwards, by seeking for some little opening betwixt the German's arm and his body, trying first on one side then on the other ; but the German stood square in the most unaccommodating posture that can be imagined :—the dwarf might as well have been placed at the bottom of the deepest draw-well in Paris ; so he civilly reached up his hand to the German's sleeve, and

told him his distress.—The German turned his head back, looked down upon him as Goliath did upon David,—and unfeelingly resumed his posture.

I was just then taking a pinch of snuff out of my monk's little horn-box.—And how would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear monk, so tempered to *bear and forbear !*—how sweetly would it have lent an ear to this poor soul's complaint !

The old French officer seeing me lift up my eyes with emotion, as I made the apostrophe, took the liberty to ask me what was the matter ?—I told him the story in three words, and added, how inhuman it was.

By this time the dwarf was driven to extremes, and in his first transports, which are generally unreasonable, had told the German he would cut off his long queue with his knife.—The German looked back coolly, and told him he was welcome, if he could reach it.

An injury sharpened by an insult, be it to whom it will, makes every man of sentiment a party : I could have leaped out of the box to have redressed it.—The old French officer did it with much less confusion ; for, leaning a little over, and nodding to a sentinel, and pointing at the same time, with his finger, at the distress,—the sentinel made his way to it.—There was no occasion to tell the grievance, the thing told itself ; so, thrusting back the German instantly with his musket,—he took the poor dwarf by the hand, and placed him before him.—This is noble ! said I, clapping my hands together.—And yet you would not permit this, said the old officer, in England.

—In England, dear Sir, said I, *we sit all at our ease.*

The old French officer would have set me at unity

with myself, in case I had been at variance,—by saying it was a *bon mot*;—and, as a *bon mot* is always worth something in Paris, he offered me a pinch of snuff.

LAURENCE STERNE.

AT THE AMBASSADEURS

To Yvette Guilbert

That was Yvette. The blithe Ambassadeurs
Glitters, this Sunday of the Fête des Fleurs;
Here are the flowers, too, living flowers that blow
A night or two before the odours go;
And all the flowers of all the city ways
Are laughing, with Yvette, this day of days.
Laugh, with Yvette? But I must first forget,
Before I laugh, that I have heard Yvette.
For the flowers fade before her; see, the light
Dies out of that poor cheek, and leaves it white;
She sings of life, and mirth, and all that moves
Man's fancy in the carnival of loves;
And a chill shiver takes me as she sings
The pity of unpitied human things.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

PARISIANS AT TABLE

In my eyes nothing is more edifying than to see these toilers set off on Sundays, with their wives and children, for Meudon, Bellevue, Asnières, or other pretty environs of Paris, to breathe the fresh air in the woods or by the river. Here there are restaurants in plenty. Those who can afford it patronize their tables; and at every turn you see a merry company sitting under the shade of some tree, enjoying the contents of a basket brought from home for economy's sake.

The day passes gaily, and there are plenty of summer-houses to shelter from dew or cold. Here, with the aid of a bottle of inexpensive native wine, these happy folk awaken the Gallic fun that sleeps under the vest of the humblest Frenchman. No riot, no rowdyism, no drunkenness to be seen. Everybody has spent a happy day in the open air, and laid in good provision of health and spirits for the coming six days of uninterrupted work. Not only the human members of the family circle have benefited either. The family pets are often of the party, and I remember even to have seen a canary forming one of a happy group on the grass at the Vincennes Wood. 'Poor little thing,' said the bright-eyed girl who had brought her caged warbler from its home in a fifth-floor flat, 'it would have been so sad all day without us!'

For the upper and well-to-do classes there are in Paris a few dozen restaurants, perfect temples of Epicurus. Now see the faithful at work. They will tell you that animals feed, man eats. 'But,' they will add, 'the man of intellect alone knows how to eat.'

A little walk is taken first, to get up the appetite. Some will have their glass of absinthe or vermouth, and will tell you with the most serious air in the world that without it their appetite would never come. Punctual as the clock, when their dinner-hour arrives, behold them turn into Bignon's, the Maison-Dorée, or some other well-known house, and take their seat with the solemnity of an Academician who is going to take part in the official reception of a newly-elected member of the celebrated Academy! The waiter presents the bill of fare, and discreetly retires. He knows that the study of the *menu* is a momentous affair, and that *ces messieurs* are not going to lightly choose their

dishes. They must have ample time for reflection. He leaves them in sweet meditation, savoring in advance the long list of dainties for the day. This preliminary is one of the pleasantest features of the performance, something akin to the packing up for a holiday trip. Each article on the bill of fare is discussed with endless commentaries, accompanied with knowing glance or smack of the tongue.

By-and-by the choice is made. . . . The wine question is very soon settled. The Frenchman is familiar with the names of all his favourite friends. Beaune, Leoville, Château Lafitte, Château Margaux will help the chosen *menu* to go down. He will sometimes order a bottle of Rhenish wine, but not without previously satisfying his patriotism by adding, 'These rascally Prussians, what beautifully coloured wines they grow!' Two hours, at least, are spent at table, for the whole time of the meal conversation goes on unflagging. When dinner is over, our friends repair to Tortoni, the Café Riche, or the Café Napolitain, and there sip a cup of fragrant coffee while quietly enjoying a cigar; after which, not unfrequently, a tiny glass of *fine champagne* or *chartreuse* is brought in requisition 'to push down the coffee.' Then they rise, and arm in arm, smiling, gesticulating, they stroll on the Boulevards or the Champs Élysées, delighted with the world at large and with themselves in particular.

MAX O'RELL.

THE CAFÉ

GENTLEFOLKS, pray, what must be
In this world a bachelor's lot,
Who, like me, no family,
Fortune, place, or wife has got?

Through the squares to stray, no doubt,
On the quays to roam about.
Pardon me—by such a trade
None but shoeblacks rich are made.

Now upon a plan I've hit
  Which far better suits my taste,
Asks not too much time or wit,
  And prevents all sorts of waste.
Hospitable roofs abound
On the Boulevards, where are found
Folks who nothing have to do,
Folks who take their leisure too.

There, when weary, I obtain
  Sometimes pastime, sometimes sleep;
Me they shelter from the rain,
  Me from sunbeams safely keep.
Ah! I fancy you have guessed
What must be those regions blest.
Well, for thirty years have I—
Through all weathers, wet and dry—

Just at seven left my bed,
  On my sixth floor every day,
Washed and shaved and curled my head,
  And dropped down to the Café.
There the waiter in a trice
Brings of bread a wholesome slice,
Which I think a breakfast rare,
With a glass of capillaire.

Being the first-comer—then,
  Early reading to ensure,
I snatch up the *Quotidienne*,
  And the *Courier* I secure.

With the *Globe* beneath an arm,
With the other keeping warm
The *Débats*, I'm on the watch
Soon the *Moniteur* to catch.

Hunting meanwhile the *Pilote*,
Which, though gouty, I obtain;
Busy with my limping foot
The *Diable Boiteux* I gain.
'Hollo! neighbour, *quid novi?*'
Thus I hear a Picard cry,
Who is mighty pleased to show
Latin in his parts they know. . . .

Dinner-time its warning gives,—
All the mandate must obey;
E'en the hottest wrangler leaves
The dispute and the Café.
I've just eaten something—so
I am not obliged to go;
I can wait, and here, meanwhile,
Read at leisure the *Etoile*.

'Twill be long though, I suppose,
Ere it comes: what can I do?
Fidget with the dominoes,
Having read the papers through.
Here the *Etoile* comes—oh, joy!
First to read the news am I,
With my glasses on my nose,—
With an air that must impose,

Information do I draw
Of whate'er occurred to-day
At the Bourse or courts of law;
Likewise know to-morrow's play.

All at once a noise I hear,—
Now the diners reappear;
While the new-lit gas is gleaming,
In they come with faces beaming.

Various things they chat about,
On the seats their bodies throw;
Waiters pour their coffee out;
I approach *incognito*.
Near a banker now I sit,—
Choose my station near a wit,—
Brokers now my neighbours make,—
Every sort of hue I take.

Not one customer in all
Could, I'm sure, with me compete,
If for coffee I would call
Often as I change my seat.
'Tis eleven: from the play
Guests pour into the Café,
Twenty, thirty, I dare say,
Who with heat all melt away.

Politics of the *coulisse*
Like *habitués* they handle;
Censure actors and the piece;
Of the actresses tell scandal.
Now the counter's awful queen
Gliding off to rest is seen,
And her movement, as 'tis late,
Everyone should imitate.

The Café is cleared at last;
I, the first who entered it,
In my principle am fast,
And I am the last to quit.

Sometimes while I'm on the watch
Interesting facts to catch,
I'm o'erpowered by slumber soft,—
'Tis a lucky chance ; for oft
While asleep they lock me in ;
So all ready I remain,
On the morrow to begin
My old favourite game again.

M. DÉSAUGIERS.

SOME FAMOUS CAFÉS OF PARIS

Not only does cookery advance and vary upon the same principle, but its professors are subject to changes from which the professors of other sciences are happily exempt. The fame of a restaurateur is always, in some sort, dependent upon fashion,—for a *plat's* prosperity lies in the mouth of him who eats it ; and the merit of a restaurateur is always in some sort dependent upon his fame.

The Rocher de Cancale first grew into reputation by its oysters, which about the year 1804, M. Balaine, the founder of the establishment, contrived the means of bringing to Paris fresh and in the best possible order at all seasons alike, thus giving a direct practical refutation of the prejudice, that oysters are good in those months only which include the canine letter. He next applied himself with equal and well-merited success to fish and game, and at length taking courage to generalize his exertions, he aspired to and attained the eminence which the Rocher has ever since enjoyed without dispute. His fulness of reputation dates from November 28th, 1809, when he served a dinner of twenty-four covers in a style which made it the sole topic of conversation to gastronomic Paris

for a month. To dine, indeed, in perfection at the Rocher, the student should order a dinner of ten covers, a week or ten days beforehand, at not less than forty francs a head, exclusive of wine; nor is this price by any means excessive, for three or four louis a head were ordinarily given at Tailleur's. If you have not been able to make a party, or are compelled to improvise a dinner, you had better ask the *garçon* to specify the luxuries of the day, provided always you can converse with him with *connoissance de cause*, for otherwise he will hardly condescend to communicativeness. When he does condescend, it is really delightful to witness the quiet self-possessed manner, the *con amore* intelligent air, with which he dictates his instructions, invariably concluding with the same phrase, uttered in an exulting self-gratulatory tone—'Bien, Monsieur, vous avez-là un excellent dîner!' Never, too, shall we forget the dignity with which he once corrected a blunder made in our *menu* by a tyro of the party, who had interpolated a *salmi* between the *potage à la bisque* and the *turbot à la crême et au gratin*. 'Messieurs,' said he as he brought in the turbot according to the pre-ordained order of things, 'le poisson est *naturellement* le relevé du potage.' Another instance of the zeal with which the whole establishment seems instinct: A report had got about that the celebrated *chef* was dead, and a scientific friend of ours took the liberty to mention it to the *garçon*, avowing at the same time his own total incredulity. He left the room without a word, but within five minutes he hurriedly threw open the door, exclaiming, 'Messieurs, il vient se montrer'; and sure enough the great artist in his own proper person presented himself.

We shall run counter to a great many judgments, by taking Grignon's next. . . . The time has been when Grignon's was the most popular house in Paris, though it must be owned, we fear, that its popularity was in some sort owing to an attraction a little alien from the proper purpose of a restaurant : two damsels of surpassing beauty presided at the *comptoir*. But it had and has other merits, of a kind that will be most particularly appreciated by an Englishman. All the simple dishes are exquisite, and the fish (the rarest of all things at Paris) is really fresh. . . . Grignon's sherry (sherry being only taken as a *vin de liqueur* in France) will probably last our time, and we therefore do not hesitate to say that it is excellent. Another delicacy peculiar to the place, is *britsauce* (not *sauce de pain*), which, though no doubt imitated from the English composition, will be found to bear no greater resemblance than one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of an old woman to the original ; all the harsher points being mellowed down, and an indescribable shading of seductive softness infused.

The early fame of the Vérys was gained by their judicious application of the *truffe*. Their *entrées truffées* were universally allowed to be inimitable from the first, and they gradually extended their reputation, till it embraced the whole known world of cookery. So long as the establishment on the Tuileries was left standing, the name of Véry retained its talismanic power of attraction, the delight and pride of gastronomy. But when the house in question was removed to make way for the public buildings which now rest upon its site, the presiding genius of the family deserted it, and we seek in vain in their establishment in the Palais Royal, the charm which

hung about its predecessor of the Tuileries. Death, too, had intervened, and carried off the most distinguished of the brothers. A magnificent monument has been erected to his memory in Père Lachaise, with an inscription concluding thus: 'Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles.'

The Café de Paris is a delightful place to dine in during fine weather, by daylight; the rooms are the most splendid in Paris; the tables are almost always full; so we need hardly add that it is completely *à la mode.*

If you pass in front of Perigord's, a few doors from Véry's, in the Palais Royal, about seven, you will see a succession of small tables, occupied each by a single gastronome eating with all the gravity and precision becoming one of the most arduous duties of life—an unequivocal symptom of a *cuisine recherchée.*

The Café Anglais, on the Italian Boulevards, [is] the nearest good house to the Variétés, Gymnase, and Porte St. Martin; our own attention was first attracted to it by seeing a party, of which M. Thiers was the centre, in the constant habit of dining there. Now, M. Thiers is an hereditary judge of such matters; at least, he was once described to us by another member of Louis Philippe's Cabinet, as 'le fils âine d'une *très-mauvaise* cuisinière,' and we are willing to reject the invidious part of the description as a pleasantry or a bit of malice most peculiarly and particularly French.

Les Trois Frères Provençaux gained their fame by *brandales de merluche, morue à l'ail,* and Provençal *ragoûts,* but the best thing now to be tasted there is a *vol-au-vent.*

Hardy and Riche have been condemned to a very

critical kind of notoriety by a pun—'Pour dîner chez Hardy, il faut être riche ; et pour dîner chez Riche, il faut être hardi.'

Tortoni, however, the Gunter of Paris, is the favourite for a *déjeûner ;* and *parfait-amour* is obsolete. Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes, was the decision of Johnson, and there can be no doubt that brandy is your true *chasse* for the heroes of gastronomy. If tempted to indulge in a liqueur, they generally confine themselves to *curaçoa.* Even with ladies, *parfait-amour*, notwithstanding the attraction of its name, is no longer in repute ; they have adopted Maraschino in its place, and sip it with such evident symptoms of enjoyment, that once upon a time, when a certain eminent diplomatist was asked by his *voisine*, at a *petit-souper*, for a toast, to parallel with 'Women and Wine,' his excellency ventured to suggest 'Men and Maraschino,' and the suggestion received the compliment of very general applause.

The Quarterly Review.

RESTAURANT AND RESTAURATEUR

MR. BOB FUDGE WRITES TO HIS FRIEND RICHARD ——, ESQ.

PARIS.

OH, DICK ! you may talk of your writing and reading,
Your Logic and Greek, but there's nothing like feeding ;
And *this* is the place for it, Dicky, you dog,
Of all places on earth—the headquarters of Prog !
Talk of England—her famed Magna Charta, I swear, is
A humbug, a flam, to the Carte at old Véry's ;
And as for your Juries—*who* would not set o'er 'em
A Jury of Tasters, with woodcocks before 'em ?

Give Cartwright his Parliaments, fresh every year—
But those friends of *short Commons* would never do here;
And, let Romilly speak as he will on the question,
No Digest of Law's like the laws of digestion! . . .

Dick, Dick, what a place is this Paris!—but stay—
As my raptures may bore you, I'll just sketch a Day,
As we pass it, myself and some comrades I've got,
All thorough-bred *Gnostics*, who know what is what.

After dreaming some hours of the land of Cocaigne,
That Elysium of all that is *friand* and nice,
Where for hail they have *bon-bons*, and claret for rain,
And the skaters in winter show off on *cream*-ice;
Where so ready all nature its cookery yields,
Macaroni au parmesan grows in the fields;
Little birds fly about with the true pheasant taint,
And the geese are all born with a liver complaint!
I rise—put on neck-cloth—stiff, tight, as can be—
For a lad who *goes into the world*, Dick, like me,
Should have his neck tied up, you know—there's no doubt of it—
Almost as tight as *some* lads who *go out of it.*
With whiskers well oiled, and with boots that 'hold up
The mirror to nature'—so bright you could sup
Off the leather like china; with coat, too, that draws
On the tailor, who suffers, a martyr's applause!—
With head bridled up, like a four-in-hand leader,
And stays—devil's in them—too tight for a feeder,
I strut to the old Café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeûner à la fourchette.*
There, Dick, what a breakfast!—oh, not like your ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast;

But a side-board, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
Like a Turk's in the Haram, and thence singles out
One's *pâté* of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chickens, done *en papillote*,
One's erudite cutlets, drest all ways but plain,
Or one's kidneys—imagine, Dick—done with champagne!
Then, some glasses of *Beaune*, to dilute—or, mayhap,
Chambertin, which you know's the pet tipple of Nap,
And which Dad, by-the-by, that legitimate stickler,
Much scruples to taste, but *I*'m not so partic'lar.—
Your coffee comes next, by prescription; and then, Dick, 's
The coffee's ne'er-failing and glorious appendix,
(If books had but such, my old Grecian, depend on't,
I'd swallow even W—tk—ns', for sake of the end on't);
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet tipped over one's lips!

This repast being ended, and *paid for*—(how odd!
Till a man's used to paying, there's something so queer in't!)—
The sun now well out, and the girls all abroad,
And the world enough aired for us, Nobs, to appear in't,
We lounge up the Boulevards, where—oh, Dick, the phyzzes,
The turn-outs, we meet—what a nation of quizzes!
Here toddles along some old figure of fun,
With a coat you might date Anno Domini 1;
A laced hat, worsted stockings, and—noble old soul!
A fine ribbon and cross in his best button-hole;

Just such as our Pr——e, who nor reason nor fun
dreads,
Inflicts, without even a court-martial, on hundreds.
Here trips a *grisette*, with a fond, roguish eye,
(Rather eatable things these *grisettes* by-the-by) ;
And there an old *demoiselle*, almost as fond,
In a silk that has stood since the time of the
Fronde. . . .

From the Boulevards—but hearken !—yes—as I'm a
sinner,
The clock is just striking the half-hour to dinner :
So *no* more at present—short time for adorning—
My Day must be finished some other fine morning.
Now, hey for old Beauvilliers' larder, my boy !
And, once *there*, if the Goddess of Beauty and Joy
Were to write ' Come and kiss me, dear Bob !' I'd not
budge—
Not a step, Dick, as sure as my name is R. Fudge.

THOMAS MOORE.

A PLEASURE-TRIP TO SAINT CLOUD

It is hard nowadays to picture to one's self what a pleasure-trip of students and grisettes was like, forty-five years ago. The suburbs of Paris are no longer the same ; the physiognomy of what may be called circum-Parisian life has changed completely in the last half-century ; where there was the cuckoo, there is the railway-car ; where there was a tender-boat, there is now the steamboat ; people speak of Fécamp nowadays as they spoke of Saint Cloud in those days. The Paris of 1862 is a city which has France for its outskirts.

Four couples conscientiously went through with all the country follies possible at that time. The vacation was beginning, and it was a warm, bright summer day. On the preceding day, Favourite, the only one who knew how to write, had written the following to Tholomyès in the name of the four: 'It is a good hour to emerge from happiness.' That is why they rose at five o'clock in the morning. Then they went to Saint Cloud by the coach, looked at the dry cascade and exclaimed, 'This must be very beautiful when there is water!' They breakfasted at the *Tête-Noire*; . . . they treated themselves to a game of ring-throwing under the quincunx of trees of the grand fountain; they ascended Diogenes' lantern, they gambled for macaroons at the roulette establishment of the Pont de Sèvres, picked bouquets at Puteaux, bought reed-pipes at Neuilly, ate apple-tarts everywhere, and were perfectly happy. . . .

All four grisettes were madly pretty. A good old classic poet, then famous, a good fellow who had an Éléonore, M. le Chevalier de Labouisse, as he strolled that day beneath the chestnut-trees of Saint Cloud, saw them pass about ten o'clock in the morning, and exclaimed, 'There is one too many of them,' as he thought of the Graces. Favourite, Blanchevelle's friend, . . . ran on in front under the great green boughs, jumped the ditches, and presided over this merry-making with the spirit of a young female faun. Zéphine and Dahlia, whom chance had made beautiful in such a way that they set each off when they were together, and completed each other, never left each other, more from an instinct of coquetry than from friendship, and, clinging to each other, they assumed English poses. . . . As for Fantine, she was a joy to

TERRACES AT SAINT CLOUD

behold. Her splendid teeth had evidently received an office from God,—laughter. She preferred to carry her little hat of sewed straw, with its long white strings, in her hand rather than on her head. Her thick blonde hair, which was inclined to wave and which easily uncoiled, and which it was necessary to fasten up incessantly, seemed made for the flight of Galatea under the willows. Her rosy lips babbled enchantingly. The corners of her mouth, voluptuously turned up, as in the antique masks of Erigone, had an air of encouraging the audacious; but her long, shadowy lashes drooped discreetly over the jollity of the lower part of the face as though to call a halt. . . . Fantine was beautiful, without being too conscious of it. Those rare dreamers, mysterious priests of the beautiful who silently confront everything with perfection, would have caught a glimpse in this little working-woman, through the transparency of her Parisian grace, of the ancient sacred euphony. This daughter of the shadows was thorough-bred. She was beautiful in the two ways—style and rhythm. Style is the form of the ideal; rhythm is its movement. . . .

That day was composed of dawn, from one end to the other. All nature seemed to be having a holiday, and to be laughing. The flower-beds of Saint Cloud perfumed the air; the breath of the Seine rustled the leaves vaguely; the branches gesticulated in the wind, bees pillaged the jasmines; a whole Bohemia of butterflies swooped down upon the yarrow, the clover, and the oats; in the august park of the King of France there was a pack of vagabonds, the birds. The four merry couples, mingled with the sun, the fields, the flowers, the trees, were resplendent. . . .

Such things are joys. These passages of happy

couples are a profound appeal to life and nature, and make a caress and light spring forth from everything. There was once a fairy who created the fields and forests expressly for those in love,—in that eternal hedge-school of lovers, which is for ever beginning anew, and which will last as long as there are hedges and scholars. Hence the popularity of spring among thinkers. The patrician and the knife-grinder, the duke and the peer, the limb of the law, the courtiers and townspeople, as they used to say in olden times, all are subjects of this fairy. They laugh and hunt, and there is in the air the brilliance of an apotheosis —what a transfiguration effected by love! Notaries' clerks are gods. . . .

After breakfast the four couples went to what was then called the King's Square to see a newly arrived plant from India, whose name escapes the memory at this moment, and which, at that epoch, was attracting all Paris to Saint Cloud. . . . There was a fresh delight: they crossed the Seine in a boat, and proceeding from Passy on foot they reached the barrier of l'Étoile. They had been up since five o'clock that morning . . . but *bah! there is no such thing as fatigue on Sunday,* said Favourite; *on Sunday fatigue does not work.*

VICTOR HUGO.

BARTY JOSSELIN IS INTRODUCED

'De Paris à Versailles, lou, là,
De Paris à Versailles—
Il y a de belles allées,
Vive le Roi de France!
Il y a de belles allées,
Vivent les écoliers!'

ONE sultry Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1847, I sat at my desk in the junior school-room, or

salle d'études des petits, of the Institution F. Brossard, Rond-point de l'Avenue de St.-Cloud ; or, as it is called now, Avenue du Bois de Boulogne—or, as it was called during the Second Empire, Avenue du Prince Impérial, or else de l'Impératrice ; I'm not sure.

There is not much stability in such French names, I fancy ; but their sound is charming, and always gives me the nostalgia of Paris—Royal Paris, Imperial Paris, Republican Paris ! . . . whatever they may call it ten or twelve years hence. Paris is always Paris, and always will be, in spite of the immortal Haussmann, both for those who love it and for those who don't.

All the four windows were open—two of them, freely and frankly, on to the now-deserted playground, admitting the fragrance of lime and syringa and lilac, and other odours of a mixed quality.

Two other windows, defended by an elaborate network of iron wire and a formidable array of spiked iron rails beyond, opened on to the Rond-point, or meeting of the cross-roads—one of which led north-east to Paris through the Arc de Triomphe ; the other three through woods and fields and country lanes to such quarters of the globe as still remain. The world is wide. . . .

Monsieur Bonzig—or ' le grand Bonzig,' as he was called behind his back—sat at his table on the estrade, correcting the exercises of the eighth class (huitième), which he coached in Latin and French. It was the lowest class in the school ; yet one learnt much in it that was of consequence. . . . He (Monsieur Bonzig) seemed hot and weary, as well he might, and sighed, and looked up every now and then to mop his brow and think. And as he gazed into the green and azure

depths beyond the north window, his dark-brown eyes quivered and vibrated from side to side through his spectacles with a queer quick tremolo, such as I have never seen in any eyes but his.

About five-and-twenty boys sat at their desks; boys of all ages between seven and fourteen—many with closely cropped hair, 'à la malcontent,' like nice little innocent convicts; and nearly all in blouses, mostly blue; some with their garments loosely flowing; others confined at the waist by a tricoloured ceinture de gymnastique. . . . As for the boys themselves, some were energetic and industrious—some listless and lazy and lolling, and quite languid with the heat—some fidgety and restless, on the lookout for excitement: a cab or carriage raising the dust on its way to the Bois—a water-cart laying it (there were no hydrants then); a courier bearing royal despatches, or a mounted orderly; the Passy omnibus, to or fro every ten minutes; the marchand de coco with his bell; a regiment of the line with its band; a chorus of peripatetic Orphéonistes—a swallow, a butterfly, a humblebee; a far-off balloon, oh, joy! any sight or sound to relieve the tedium of those two mortal school-hours that dragged their weary lengths from half-past one till half-past three—every day but Sunday and Thursday. . . .

'Maurice!' said M. Bonzig.

'Oui, m'sieur!' said I. I will translate—

'You shall conjugate and copy out for me forty times the compound verb, "I cough without necessity to distract the attention of my comrade Rapaud from his Latin exercise!"'

'Moi, m'sieur?' I asked innocently.

'Oui, vous!'

'Bien, m'sieur!'

Just then there was a clatter by the fountain, the shrill small pipe of D'Aurigny, the youngest boy in the school, exclaimed—

'Hé! Hé! Oh là là! Le Roi qui passe!'

And we all jumped up, and stood on forms, and craned our necks to see Louis Philippe I. and the Queen drive quickly by in their big blue carriage and four, with their two blue-and-silver liveried outriders trotting in front, on their way from St. Cloud to the Tuileries. . . .

Suddenly the door of the school-room flew open, and the tall, portly figure of Monsieur Brossard appeared, leading by the wrist a very fair-haired boy of thirteen or so, dressed in an Eton jacket, in light blue trousers, with a white chimney-pot silk hat, which he carried in his hand—an English boy, evidently; but of an aspect so singularly agreeable one didn't need to be English one's self to warm towards him at once.

'Monsieur Bonzig, and gentlemen!' said the head-master (in French, of course). 'Here is the new boy; he calls himself Bartholomiou Josselin. He is English, but he knows French as well as you. I hope you will find in him a good comrade, honourable and frank and brave, and that he will find the same in you—Maurice!' (that was me).

'Oui, m'sieur!'

'I specially recommend Josselin to you.'

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

PARIS: LE DIMANCHE

It was Sunday: and when La Fleur came in, in the morning, with my coffee and roll and butter, he had got himself so gallantly arrayed I scarcely knew him.

I had covenanted at Montreuil to give him a new hat with a silver button and loop, and four Louis d'ors *pour s'adoniser*, when we got to Paris ; and the poor fellow, to do him justice, had done wonders with it.

He had bought a bright, clean, good scarlet coat, and a pair of breeches of the same.—They were not a crown worse, he said, for the wearing.—I wished him hanged for telling me.—They looked so fresh that though I knew the thing could not be done, yet I would rather have imposed upon my fancy with thinking I had bought them new for the fellow than that they had come out of the Rue de Friperie.

This is a nicety which makes not the heart sore at Paris.

He had purchased, moreover, a handsome blue satin waistcoat, fancifully enough embroidered ;—this was indeed something the worse for the service it had done, but 'twas clean scoured, the gold had been touched up, and, upon the whole, was rather showy than otherwise ;—and as the blue was not violent, it suited the coat and breeches very well : he had squeezed out of the money, moreover, a new bag and a *solitaire*, and had insisted with the *fripier* upon a gold pair of garters to his breeches' knees.—He had purchased muslin ruffles *bien brodées*, with four livres of his own money ; and a pair of white silk stockings for five more ;—and, to top all, Nature had given him a handsome figure, without costing him a sou.

He entered the room thus set off, with his hair drest in the first style, and with a handsome *bouquet* in his breast. In a word, there was that look of festivity in everything about him, which at once put me in mind it was Sunday—and, by combining both

together, it instantly struck me that the favour he wished to ask of me, the night before, was to spend the day as everybody in Paris spent it besides. I had scarce made the conjecture, when La Fleur, with infinite humility, but with a look of trust, as if I should not refuse him, begged I would grant him the day, *pour faire le galant vis-à-vis de sa maîtresse. . . .*

Thou shalt go, La Fleur, said I.

And what Mistress, La Fleur, said I, canst thou have picked up in so little a time at Paris ?—La Fleur laid his hand upon his breast, and said, 'twas a *petite demoiselle*, at Monsieur le Count de B****'s.—La Fleur had a heart made for society ; and, to speak the truth of him, let as few occasions slip him as his master,—so that, somehow or other,—but how, Heaven knows,—he had connected himself with the *demoiselle*, upon the landing of the staircase, during the time I was taken up with my passport ; and, as there was time enough for me to win the Count to my interest, La Fleur had contrived to make it do to win the maid to his. The family, it seems, was to be at Paris that day, and he had made a party with her, and two or three more of the Count's household, upon the *boulevards*.

Happy people ! that, once a week at least, are sure to lay down all your cares together, and dance and sing, and sport away the weights of grievance, which bow down the spirit of other nations to the earth.

LAURENCE STERNE.

EARLY MORNING IN THE MARKETS OF PARIS

CARTS were still arriving, and the shouts of the waggoners, the cracking of their whips, and the grinding

of the paving-stones beneath the iron-bound wheels and the horses' shoes sounded with an increasing din. The carts could now only advance by a series of spasmodic jolts, and stretched in a long line, one behind another, till they were lost to sight in the distant darkness, whence a confused roar ascended.

Unloading was in progress all along the Rue du Pont Neuf, the vehicles being drawn up close to the edge of the footways, while their teams stood motionless in close order as at a horse-fair. . . . One enormous tumbrel was piled up with magnificent cabbages, and had only been backed to the kerb with the greatest difficulty. Its load towered above a lofty gas-lamp whose bright light fell full upon the broad leaves, which looked like pieces of dark green velvet, scalloped and goffered. A young peasant-girl, some sixteen years old, in a blue linen jacket and cap, had climbed on to the tumbrel, where, buried in the cabbages to her shoulders, she took them one by one and threw them to somebody concealed in the shade below. Every now and then the girl would slip and vanish, overwhelmed by an avalanche of the vegetables, but her rosy nose soon reappeared amidst the teeming greenery, and she broke into a laugh while the cabbages again flew down. . . .

The piles of vegetables on the pavement now extended to the verge of the roadway. Between the heaps, the market-gardeners left narrow paths to enable people to pass along. The whole of the wide footway was covered from end to end with dark mounds. As yet, in the sudden dancing gleams of light from the lanterns, you only just espied the luxuriant fulness of the bundles of artichokes, the delicate green of the lettuces, the rosy coral of the

carrots, and dull ivory of the turnips. And these gleams of rich colour flitted along the heaps, according as the lanterns came and went. The footway was now becoming populated: a crowd of people had awakened, and was moving hither and thither amidst the vegetables, stopping at times, and chattering and shouting. In the distance a loud voice could be heard crying, 'Endive! who's got endive?' The gates of the pavilion devoted to the sale of ordinary vegetables had just been opened; and the retail dealers who had stalls there, with white caps on their heads, fichus knotted over their black jackets, and skirts pinned up to keep them from getting soiled, now began to secure their stock for the day, depositing their purchases in some huge porters' baskets placed upon the ground. Between the roadway and the pavilion these baskets were to be seen coming and going on all sides, knocking against the crowded heads of the bystanders, who resented the pushing. . . .

A bright glow at the far end of the Rue Rambuteau announced the break of day. The far-spreading voice of the markets was becoming more sonorous, and every now and then the peals of a bell ringing in some distant pavilion mingled with the swelling, rising clamour. . . . The deep gloom brooding in the hollows of the roofs multiplied, as it were, the forest of pillars, and infinitely increased the number of the delicate ribs, railed galleries, and transparent shutters, and over the phantom city and far away into the depths of the shade, a teeming, flowering vegetation of luxuriant metal-work, with spindle-shaped stems and twining knotted branches, covered the vast expanse as with the foliage of some ancient forest. Several departments of the markets still slumbered

behind their closed iron gates. . . . Among the vegetables and fruit and flowers the noise and bustle gradually increased. The whole place was by degrees waking up, from the popular quarter where the cabbages are piled at four o'clock in the morning, to the lazy and wealthy district which only hangs up its pullets and pheasants when the hands of the clock point to eight.

The great covered alleys were now teeming with life. All along the footways on both sides of the road there were still many market-gardeners, with other small growers from the environs of Paris, who displayed baskets containing their 'gatherings' of the previous evening—bundles of vegetables and clusters of fruit. Whilst the crowd incessantly paced hither and thither, vehicles of divers kinds entered the covered ways, where their drivers checked the trot of the bell-jingling horses. . . . In the cut-flower market, all over the footways, to the right and left, women were seated in front of large rectangular baskets full of bunches of roses, violets, dahlias, and marguerites. At times the clumps darkened and looked like splotches of blood, at others they brightened into silvery greys of the softest tones. A lighted candle, standing near one basket, set amidst the general blackness quite a melody of colour—the bright variegations of marguerites, the blood-red crimson of dahlias, the bluey purple of violets, and the warm flesh tints of roses. And nothing could have been sweeter or more suggestive of springtide than this soft breath of perfume encountered on the footway.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly.

A PICTURE OF PARIS

'At Five in the Morning

Now the darkness breaks,
Flight it slowly takes ;
Now the morning wakes,
  Roofs around to gild.
Lamps give paler light,
Houses grow more white ;
Now the day's in sight,
  Markets all are filled.

From La Vilette
Comes young Susette,
Her flowers to set
  Upon the quay.
His donkey, Pierre
Is driving near,
From Vincennes here
  His fruit brings he.

Florists ope their eyes,
Oyster-women rise,
Grocers, who are wise,
  Start from bed at dawn ;
Artisans now toil,
Poets paper soil,
Pedants eyesight spoil,
  Idlers only yawn.

I see Javotte
Who cries ' Carotte !'
And sells a lot
  Of parsnips cheap.

Her voice so shrill
The air can fill
And drown it will
  The chimney-sweep. . . .

Love's pilgrims creep
With purpose deep,
And measured step
  Where none can see ;
The *diligence*
Is leaving France
To seek Mayence
  Or Italy.

'Father, adieu !
Good-bye, mother, too,
And the same to you,
  Each little one.'
Now horses neigh,
And the whip's in play,
Windows ring away—
  From sight they're gone !

In every place
New things I trace—
No empty place
  Can now be found ;
But great and small,
And short and tall,
Beggars and all
  In crowds abound.

Ne'er the like has been ;
Now they all begin
Such a grievous din,
  They split my head ;

How I feel it ache
With the noise they make !—
Paris is awake,
So I'll go to bed !

M. DÉSAUGIERS.

PARIS AWAKENING FROM SLEEP

PARIS awoke from sleep with a smiling indolence. A mass of vapour, following the valley of the Seine, shrouded the two banks from view. This mist was light and milky, and the sun, gathering strength, was slowly tinging it with radiance. Nothing of the city was distinguishable through this floating muslin. In the hollows the haze thickened and assumed a bluish tint; while over certain broad expanses delicate transparencies appeared, a golden dust, beneath which you could divine the depths of the streets; and up above domes and steeples rent the mist, rearing grey outlines to which clung shreds of the haze which they had pierced. At times cloudlets of yellow smoke would, like giant birds, heavy of wing, slowly soar on high, and then mingle with the atmosphere which seemed to absorb them. And above all this immensity, this mass of cloud, hanging in slumber over Paris, a sky of extreme purity, of a faint and whitening blue, spread out its mighty vault. The sun was climbing the heavens, scattering a spray of soft rays; a pale golden light, akin in hue to the flaxen tresses of a child, was streaming down like rain, filling the atmosphere with the warm quiver of its sparkle. It was like a festival of the infinite, instinct with sovereign peacefulness and gentle gaiety, whilst the city, chequered with golden beams, still remained lazy

and sleepy, unwilling to reveal itself by casting off its coverlet of lace. . . . At last . . . Paris came slowly into view. Not a breath of wind stirred ; it was as if a magician had slowly waved his wand. The last gauzy film detached itself, soared and vanished in the air ; and the city spread out without a shadow, under the conquering sun.

A far-stretching valley appeared, with a myriad buildings huddled together. Over the distant range of hills were scattered close-set roofs, and you could divine that the sea of houses rolled afar off behind the undulating ground, into the fields hidden from sight. It was as the ocean, with all the infinity and mystery of its waves. Paris spread out as vast as the heavens on high. Burnished with the sunshine that lovely morning, the city looked like a field of yellow corn ; and the huge picture was all simplicity, compounded of two colours only, the pale blue of the sky, and the golden reflections of the housetops. The stream of light from the spring sun invested everything with the beauty of a new birth. So pure was the light that the minutest objects became visible. Paris, with its chaotic maze of stonework, shone as though under glass. From time to time, however, a breath of wind passed athwart this bright, quiescent serenity ; and then the outlines of some districts grew faint, and quivered as if they were being viewed through an invisible flame.

Hélène took interest at first in gazing on the large expanse spread under her windows, the slope of the Trocadéro, and the far-stretching quays. . . . In the centre of the picture, the Seine spread out and reigned between its grey banks, to which rows of casks, steam cranes, and carts drawn up in line, gave a seaport

kind of aspect. Hélène's eyes were always turning towards this shining river, on which boats passed to and fro like birds with inky plumage. Her looks involuntarily followed the water's stately course, which, like a silver band, cut Paris atwain. . . . Bridge followed bridge, they appeared to get closer, to rise one above the other like viaducts forming a flight of steps, and pierced with all kinds of arches; while the river, wending its way beneath these airy structures, showed here and there small patches of its blue robe, patches which became narrower and narrower, more and more indistinct. . . . The bridges on either side of the island of La Cité were like mere films stretching from one bank to the other; while the golden towers of Notre-Dame sprang up like boundary-marks of the horizon, beyond which river, buildings, and clumps of trees became naught but sparkling sunshine. Then Hélène, dazzled, withdrew her gaze from this the triumphant heart of Paris, where the whole glory of the city appeared to blaze.

On the right bank, amongst the clustering trees of the Champs-Élysées she saw the crystal buildings of the Palace of Industry glittering with a snowy sheen; farther away, behind the roof of the Madeleine, which looked like a tombstone, towered the vast mass of the Opera House; then there were other edifices, cupolas and towers, the Vendôme Column, the church of Saint-Vincent de Paul, the tower of Saint-Jacques; and nearer in, the massive cube-like pavilions of the new Louvre and the Tuileries, half hidden by a wood of chestnut-trees. On the left bank the dome of the Invalides shone with gilding; beyond it the two irregular towers of Saint-Sulpice paled in the bright light; and yet farther in the rear, to the right of the

new spires of Sainte-Clotilde, the bluey Panthéon, erect on a height, its fine colonnade showing against the sky, overlooked the city, poised in the air, as it were, motionless, with the silken hues of a captive balloon. . . .

At this early hour the oblique sun did not light up the house-fronts looking towards the Trocadéro ; not a window-pane of these threw back its rays. The skylights on some roofs alone sparkled with the glittering reflex of mica amidst the red of the adjacent chimney-pots. The houses were mostly of a sombre grey, warmed by reflected beams ; still rays of light were transpiercing certain districts, and long streets, stretching in front of Hélène, set streaks of sunshine amidst the shade. It was only on the left that the far-spreading horizon, almost perfect in its circular sweep, was broken by the heights of Montmartre and Père-Lachaise. The details so clearly defined in the foreground, the innumerable denticles of the chimneys, the little black specks of the thousands of windows, grew less and less distinct as you gazed farther and farther away, till everything became mingled in confusion—the pell-mell of an endless city, whose faubourgs, afar off, looked like shingly beaches, steeped in a violet haze under the bright, streaming, vibrating light that fell from the heavens.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly.

PARIS AT DAWN

If you would receive from the old city an impression which the modern one is quite incapable of giving you, ascend, on the morning of some great holiday, at sunrise, on Easter or Whit Sunday, to some elevated point from which your eye can command

the whole capital—and attend the awakening of the chimes. Behold, at a signal from heaven—for it is the sun that gives it—those thousand churches starting from their sleep. At first you hear only scattered tinklings, going from church to church, as when musicians are giving one another notice to begin. Then, all on a sudden, behold—for there are moments when the ear itself seems to see—behold, ascending at the same moment, from every steeple, a column of sound, as it were, a cloud of harmony. At first the vibration of each bell mounts up direct, clear, and, as it were, isolated from the rest, into the splendid morning sky ; then, by degrees, as they expand, they mingle, unite, are lost in each other, and confounded in one magnificent concert.

Then it is all one mass of sonorous vibrations, incessantly sent forth from the innumerable steeples—floating, undulating, bounding, and eddying, over the town, and extending far beyond the horizon the deafening circle of its oscillations. Yet that sea of harmony is not a chaos. Wide and deep as it is, it has not lost its transparency ; you perceive the winding of each group of notes that escapes from the several rings ; you can follow the dialogue, by turns grave and clamorous, of the crecelle and the bourdon —you perceive the octaves leaping from one steeple to another ; you observe them springing aloft, winged, light, and whistling, from the bell of silver—falling broken and limping from the bell of wood. . . .

Then, again, from time to time, that mass of sublime sounds half opens, and gives passage to the stretto of the *Ave Marie,* which glitters like an aigrette of stars. Below, in the deepest of the concert, you distinguish confusedly the internal music of the churches,

exhaled through the vibrating pores of their vaulted roof. Here, certainly, is an opera worth hearing—ordinarily, the murmur that escapes from Paris in the day-time is the city talking; in the night, it is the city breathing; but here, it is the city singing.

Listen, then, to this tutti of the steeples—diffuse over the whole the murmur of half a million of people—the everlasting plaint of the river—the boundless breathings of the wind—the grave and far quartet of the four forests placed upon the hills, in the distance, like so many vast organs, immersing in them, as in a demi-tint, all the central concert that would otherwise be too rugged or too sharp; and then say, whether you know of anything in the world more rich, more joyous, more golden, more dazzling, than this tumult of bells and chimes—this furnace of music—these thousand voices of brass, all singing together in flutes of stone three hundred feet high—this city which is all one orchestra—this symphony as loud as a tempest.

Author Unknown.

PARIS : A SUNSET PICTURE

PARIS was brightening in the sunshine. After the first ray had fallen on Notre-Dame, others had followed, streaming across the city. The luminary, dipping in the west, rent the clouds asunder, and the various districts spread out, motley with ever-changing lights and shadows. For a time the whole of the left bank was of a leaden hue, while the right was speckled with spots of light which made the verge of the river resemble the skin of some huge beast of prey. Then these resemblances varied and vanished at the mercy

of the wind, which drove the clouds before it. Above the burnished gold of the housetops dark patches floated, all in the same direction and with the same gentle and silent motion. Some of them were very large, sailing along with all the majestic grace of an admiral's ship ; and surrounded by smaller ones, preserving the regular order of a squadron in line of battle. Then one vast shadow, with a gap yawning like a serpent's mouth, trailed along, and for a while hid Paris, which it seemed ready to devour. And when it had reached the far-off horizon, looking no larger than a worm, a gush of light streamed from a rift in a cloud, and fell into the void which it had left. The golden cascade could be seen descending first like a thread of fine sand, then swelling into a huge cone, and raining in a continuous shower on the Champs-Élysées district, which it inundated with a splashing, dancing radiance. For a long time did this shower of sparks descend, spraying continuously like a fusee.

But a change had come over the sky. The sun, in its descent towards the slopes of Meudon, had just burst through the last clouds in all its splendour. The azure vault was illuminated with glory ; deep on the horizon the crumbling ridge of chalk clouds, blotting out the distant suburbs of Charenton and Choisy-le-Roi, now reared rocks of a tender pink, outlined with brilliant crimson ; the flotilla of cloudlets, drifting slowly through the blue above Paris, was decked with purple sails ; while the delicate network, seemingly fashioned of white silk thread, above Montmartre, was suddenly transformed into golden cord, whose meshes would snare the stars as soon as they should rise.

Beneath the flaming vault of heaven lay Paris, a

mass of yellow, striped with huge shadows. . . . In an orange-tinted haze, cabs and omnibuses crossed in all directions, amidst a crowd of pedestrians, whose swarming blackness was softened and irradiated by splashes of light. The students of a seminary were hurrying in serried ranks along the Quai de Billy, and the trail of cassocks acquired an ochraceous hue in the diffuse light. Farther away, vehicles and foot-passengers faded from view; it was only by their gleaming lamps that you were made aware of the vehicles which, one behind the other, were crossing some distant bridge. On the left the straight, lofty, pink chimneys of the Army Bakehouse were belching forth whirling clouds of flesh-tinted smoke; whilst, across the river, the beautiful elms of the Quai d'Orsay rose up in a dark mass transpierced by shafts of light.

The Seine, whose banks the oblique rays were enfilading, was rolling dancing wavelets, streaked with scattered splashes of blue, green, and yellow; but farther up the river, in lieu of this blotchy colouring, suggestive of an Eastern sea, the waters assumed a uniform golden hue, which became more and more dazzling. You might have thought that some ingots were pouring forth from an invisible crucible on the horizon, broadening out with a coruscation of bright colours as it gradually grew colder. And at intervals over this brilliant stream, the bridges, with curves growing ever more slender and delicate, threw, as it were, grey bars, till there came at last a fiery jumble of houses, above which rose the towers of Notre-Dame, flaring red like torches. Right and left alike the edifices were all aflame. The glass roof of the Palais de l'Industrie appeared like a bed of glowing embers amidst the Champs-Élysées groves. Farther on,

behind the roof of the Madeleine, the huge pile of the Opera House shone out like a mass of burnished copper ; and the summits of other buildings, cupolas, and towers, the Vendôme column, the church of Saint-Vincent de Paul, the tower of Saint-Jacques, and, nearer in, the pavilions of the new Louvre and the Tuileries, were crowned by a blaze, which lent them the aspect of sacrificial pyres. The dome of the Invalides was flaring with such brilliancy that you instinctively feared lest it should suddenly topple down and scatter burning flakes over the neighbourhood. Beyond the irregular towers of Saint-Sulpice, the Panthéon stood out against the sky in dull splendour, like some royal palace of conflagration reduced to embers. Then, as the sun declined, the pyre-like edifices gradually set the whole of Paris on fire. Flashes sped over the housetops, while black smoke lingered in the valleys. Every frontage turned toward the Trocadéro seemed to be red-hot, the glass of the windows glittering and emitting a shower of sparks, which darted upwards as though some invisible bellows were ever urging the huge conflagration into greater activity. Sheaves of flame were also ever rising afresh from the adjacent districts, where the streets opened, now dark, and now all ablaze. Even far over the plain, from a ruddy, ember-like glow suffusing the destroyed faubourgs, occasional flashes of flame shot up as from some fire struggling again into life. Ere long a furnace seemed raging, all Paris burned, the heavens became yet more empurpled, and the clouds hung like so much blood over the vast city, coloured red and gold.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly.

PARIS AT FIVE IN THE AFTERNOON

Now the motley throng,
As it rolls along
With its torrents strong
  Seems to ebb away.
Business-time has past,
Dinner comes at last,
Cloths are spreading fast,—
  Night succeeds to day.

Here woodcock fine
I can divine,—
On fowl some dine,
  And turkey too;
While here a lot
Of cabbage hot
All in a pot
  With beef they stew. . . .

Dinner's over, so
To cafés they go,
While their faces glow;
  Then elate with wine,
Yon *gourmand* so great
Who long dining sate,
Passes one whom fate
  Allowed not to dine.

The mocha steams,
The punch-bowl gleams,
And perfume seems
  To fill the air.
'Ice, ice!' they call
And 'Coffee!' bawl;
'Could you at all
  The paper spare?'

Journals read o'er,
Wine down they pour,
Or sit before
  Tables for play.
With watchful eyes,
And aspect wise,
Stands to criticize
  The *habitué.*

There tragedy
They go to see,
Here comedy
  Asserts her reign ;
A juggler here,
A drama there,
Your purse would clear,—
  Nor sues in vain.

Now the lamps are bright,
Chandeliers alight,
Shops are quite a sight,
  While with wicked eye
Stands the little queen
Of the magazine,
And with roguish mien
  Tempts the folk to buy. . . .

Her labours done,
Her dress put on,
To dance has gone
  The gay *grisette.*
Her grandma dear
And neighbours near
Their souls will cheer
  With cool picquet. . . .

Carriages with pride
Take their lords inside,
Then away they glide
  In a solemn row.
Cabs retreat, of course,
While the drivers hoarse
Call with all their force,
  As they backwards go.

Trade begins to drop,
Finding custom stop,
Tradesmen shut up shop ;
  Here's a contrast strange !
Noisy thoroughfare,
Crowd-encumbered square,
To a desert bare
  Now is doomed to change. . . .

Now there's nought in sight
Save the lamp's pale light,—
Scattered through the night,
  Timidly they peep ;
These, too, disappear,
Nothing far or near
But the breeze I hear,—
  All are fast asleep.

M. DÉSAUGIERS.

DUSK FALLING OVER PARIS

A Vista of Sovereign Grandeur

For a moment Pierre paused under the porticus of the Madeleine, on the summit of the great flight of steps which, rising above the railings, dominates the Place. Before him was the Rue Royale dipping down to the

expanse of the Place de la Concorde, where rose the obelisk and the pair of plashing fountains. And, farther yet, the paling colonnade of the Chamber of Deputies bounded the horizon. It was a vista of sovereign grandeur under that pale sky over which twilight was slowly stealing. The thoroughfares seemed to expand, the edifices receded, and assumed a quivering, soaring aspect like that of the palaces of dreamland. No other capital in the world could boast a scene of such airy pomp, such grandiose magnificence, at that hour of vagueness, when falling night imparts to cities a dreamy semblance, the infinite of human immensity. . . .

He descended the steps and, yielding to some obstinate impulse, began to walk through the flower-market, a late winter market where the first azaleas were opening with a little shiver. Some women were purchasing Nice roses and violets ; and Pierre looked at them as if he were interested in all that soft, delicate, perfumed luxury. But suddenly he . . . went off, starting along the Boulevards.

He walked straight before him without knowing why or whither. The falling darkness surprised him as if it were an unexpected phenomenon. Raising his eyes to the sky, he felt astonished at seeing its azure gently pale between the slender black streaks of the chimneys. And the huge golden letters by which names or trades were advertised on every balcony also seemed to him singular in the last gleams of the daylight. Never before had he paid attention to the motley tints seen on the house-fronts, the painted mirrors, the blinds, the coats of arms, the posters of violent hues, the magnificent shops, like drawing-rooms and boudoirs open to the full light. And then, both in the

roadway and along the foot-pavements between the blue, red, or yellow columns and kiosks, what mighty traffic there was, what an extraordinary crowd! The vehicles rolled along in a thundering stream: upon all sides billows of cabs were parted by the ponderous tacking of huge omnibuses, which suggested lofty, bright-hued battle-ships. And on either hand, and farther and farther, and even among the wheels, the flood of passengers rushed on incessantly, with the conquering haste of ants in a state of revolution. Whence came all those people, and whither were all those vehicles going? How stupefying and torturing it all was. . . . Night was approaching, the first gas-burners were being lighted; it was the dusk of Paris, the hour when real darkness has not yet come, when the electric lights flame in the dying day. Lamps shone forth upon all sides, the shop-fronts were fast being illumined. Soon, moreover, right along the Boulevards the vehicles would carry their vivid starry lights, like a Milky Way on the march betwixt the foot pavements all glowing with lanterns and cordons and girandoles, a dazzling profusion of radiance akin to sunlight. . . . The hard day was over, and now the Paris of Pleasure was lighting up, for its night of *fête*. The cafés, the wine shops, the restaurants flared and displayed their bright metal bars and their little white tables behind their clear and lofty windows. . . . Paris which was thus awaking with the first flashes of the gas was already full of the gaiety of enjoyment.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly.

YOUTH SEEKING FORTUNE IN PARIS

A Picture of Paris by Night

Ishmael . . . stood in the midst of the great city, where the river flows between the old Palace of the Medicis and the new Palace of the Legislature, spanned by historic bridges, darkened by the shadows of historic towers—a river whose waters, lapping against the granite quay with a little babbling sound like the prattle of a child, could tell of tragedy and comedy . . . hate, love, mirth, woe, were it a little more articulate —a river which, to the mind of the man who knows Paris, *does* recall a world of strange and terrible memories—a river which has run red with blood in the days that are gone. . . .

To the young man from the green hillside across the quiet Couësnon, Paris to-night seemed altogether a strange city. He had never taken kindly to the long narrow streets of tall houses, or even to the glittering boulevard with its formal avenue of young trees. But he had come to Paris for a purpose—come to win his independence, to earn freedom, fearlessness, and the right to hope. He had fed for the last year or so upon stories of men who had entered Paris shoeless, shirtless, carrying a few rags in an old cotton handkerchief, a few sous for total reserve fund against starvation, and who, years afterwards, had become men of mark, or power in the city. He came filled to the brim with ambition; believing in himself, without conceit or arrogance, but with that unquestionable faith in his own force and his own capacity which cannot be plucked from the breast of the conqueror-elect in the world's strife. . . .

And now night was closing in, and the traveller had

to find himself a shelter. . . . He remembered the names of two spots in Paris—the theatre at which his mother acted, and the Rue de Shelas, the dreary street of tall, stone, barrack-like houses, a new street beyond the Rue Poissonière, where his mother had died. He had hated the street with a deadly hatred ; and yet to-night, friendless and alone, he turned his face automatically towards the last home he had known in Paris.

The Rue de Shelas seemed at the other end of the world to this tired wanderer, who had tramped so many weary miles under good and evil weather within the last week. He had made this last day's march longer than that of any previous day, and he was thoroughly beaten. He had bought himself a blouse and a coloured shirt at Caen, and his coat and fine linen were tied in a little bundle slung across his shoulder. He was clad as workmen are clad, yet he did not look a workman ; and the blouses he met on his way glanced at him suspiciously as at a wolf in sheep's clothing. He left the glitter and dazzle of the lighted boulevard as soon as he could, and plunged into the labyrinth of murky streets, through which the interminable Rue de Lafayette now pierces, a mighty artery leading from wealth to poverty, from idleness to labour, from daintiness and delight to hard fare and anxious hearts, from the *gommeux* to the blouse. It was long before he turned into the well-remembered street, which stood upon the verge of civilization in those days—dreary waste places and houses newly begun surrounding it on all sides. . . .

Lamps glimmered here and there in the darkness below. He saw the external boulevard yonder—a long grey line—and beyond that dreary border-land of waste and squalor which in those days stretched

between the outskirts of the town and the fortifications—that master-work of the Citizen King's reign—master-work which had cost the King his popularity. It was a dismal quarter of the town. Yonder, folded in the shadows of night, lay the cemetery of Montmartre, the field of rest.

M. E. BRADDON.

NIGHT FALLING OVER PARIS

ALL Paris was now illumined. The tiny dancing flames had speckled the sea of shadows from one end of the horizon to the other, and now, as in a summer night, millions of fixed stars seemed to be serenely gleaming there. Not a puff of air, not a quiver of the atmosphere stirred these lights, to all appearance suspended in space. Paris, now invisible, had fallen into the depths of an abyss as vast as a firmament. At times, at the base of the Trocadéro, a light—the lamp of a passing cab or omnibus—would dart across the gloom, sparkling like a shooting star ; and here amidst the radiance of the gas-jets, from which streamed a yellow haze, a confused jumble of house-fronts and clustering trees—green like the trees in stage scenery—could be vaguely discerned. To and fro, across the Pont des Invalides, gleaming lights flashed without ceasing ; far below, across a band of denser gloom, appeared a marvellous train of comet-like coruscations, from whose lustrous tails fell a rain of gold. These were the reflections in the Seine's black waters of the lamps on the bridge. From this point, however, the unknown began. The long curve of the river was merely described by a double line of lights, which ever and anon were coupled to other transverse lines, so that the whole looked like some glittering ladder, thrown across

Paris, with its ends on the verge of the heavens among the stars.

To the left there was another trench excavated athwart the gloom ; an unbroken chain of stars shone forth down the Champs Élysées from the Arc-de-Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde, where a new cluster of Pleiades was flashing ; next came the gloomy stretches of the Tuileries and the Louvre, the blocks of houses on the brink of the water, and the Hotel-de-Ville away at the extreme end—all these masses of darkness being parted here and there by bursts of light from some large square or other ; and farther and farther away, amidst the endless confusion of roofs, appeared scattered gleams, affording faint glimpses of the hollow of a street below, the corner of some boulevard, or the brilliantly illuminated meeting-place of several thoroughfares. On the opposite bank, on the right, the Esplanade alone could be discerned with any distinctness, its rectangle marked out in flame, like an Orion of a winter's night bereft of his baldrick. The long streets of the Saint-Germain district seemed gloomy with their fringe of infrequent lamps ; but the thickly populated quarters beyond were speckled with a multitude of tiny flames, clustering like nebulæ. Away towards the outskirts, girdling the whole of the horizon, swarmed street-lamps and lighted windows, filling these distant parts with a dust, as it were, of those myriads of suns, those planetary atoms which the naked eye cannot discover. The public edifices had vanished into the depths of the darkness ; not a lamp marked out their spires and towers. At times you might have imagined you were gazing on some gigantic festival, some illuminated cyclopean monument, with staircases, balusters, win-

dows, pediments, and terraces—a veritable cosmos of stone, whose wondrous architecture was outlined by the gleaming lights of a myriad lamps. But there was always a speedy return of the one feeling that new constellations were springing into being, and that the heavens were spreading both above and below. . . . Meanwhile over the gleaming expanse of Paris a rosy cloud was ascending higher and higher. It might have been thought the fiery breath of a furnace. At first it was shadowy-pale in the darkness—a reflected glow scarcely seen. Then slowly, as the evening progressed, it assumed a ruddier hue ; and, hanging in the air, motionless above the city, deriving its being from all the lights and noisy life which breathed from below, it seemed like one of those clouds, charged with flame and lightning, which crown the craters of volcanoes.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly.

PARISIAN NOCTURNE

Roll, roll thy slow wave, melancholy Seine :
Beneath each bridge round which the dark mists twine,
So many dead have past, vile, horrible ;
Dead, but their souls 'twas Paris sent to hell.
But not for them thou haltest thy cold tide,
Thou, whose strange aspect makes my thoughts run
wide !

There stand great ruins on the Tiber's bound,
Leading the traveller to a past profound ;
They, 'mid black ivy and dense lichens seen
Appear grey heaps against a ground of green.
The gay Guadalquivir to orchards throws
His smiles, reflects the dusks, and ' boleros.'

Pactole has gold, his bank the Bosphorus,
Where the ' Kief ' turns his slave lascivious.
A town-ward is the Rhine, a troubadour
The Lignon, and a ruffian the Adour.
The Nile lulls plaintively with restful waves
By dreams so sweet the mummies in their graves.
Proud of his holy craft, Meschascébé
Driveth his amber waters regally,
And sudden firmaments of lights, high fast
And floating battle drift in cataracts vast.
Eurotas, where the swans' free companies
Fill with white grace dark grounds of laurel-trees,
While the clear heaven doth rain a shower of wings
Rhythmic and soft, like to a poet sings.
Last, Ganges, by the high and trembling palm
And the red ' padma,' flows now fierce, now calm,
In royal guise, the while, far off, the crowd,
Through the long shrines, pours living surges loud,
With the great wooden cymbals' awful din.
While, near thee, also, drawing reed-breaths in,
The striped, gold tiger waits with moistened eyes,
Stretched forth, the agile antelope's surprise.

Thou, Seine, hast nothing more than thy quays twain,
Two mouldered quays ; from end to end in vain
One spies, for aught but stalls of musty books,
And idlers making ripples with their hooks.
But when the evening doth with mystery steep
The passers-by heavy with want or sleep,
And when the dying sun stains Heaven red,
'Tis well for dreamers from their lairs o'erhead
To steal, and nigh Notre-Dame, with arms inclin'd
O'er Paris bridge, muse, hearts and locks to th' wind !
Behold,—the clouds, driv'n by the breeze of night,
Fly copper-red on the sky's quiet blue light.

See how the sun, e'en on the brink of rest,
Kisses with scarlet that carved monarch's crest:
The swallow disappears as dark draws nigh,
And now one marks the sombre bat flit by.
And the day's din is hush'd. But faint and far
A murmur tells that Paris sings o'er there,
Who slays her victims, ends her tyrannies.
And now dawn robberies, loves, and villainies.

Sudden, as a wild tenor hurls in air,
E'en at the dusk, his voice that rings despair,
His cry sad and prolonged, hear now reply,
Sharp from some nook the Viol of Barbary:
An air it twangs, polka, romance, you'd call,
In youth we'd play on glasses musical:
An air which, slow or fast, merry or sad,
Outcasts, grisettes, and actresses makes glad.
'Tis bald, and flat, and harsh, most horrible,
'Twould give Rossini fever, I know well,
These wails cut short, those trills indefinite wrung,
In an absurd fifth-score together strung.
The notes are nasal, 'c' must stand for 'a,'
Who cares! We weep the same to hear them play.
For now the spirit borne to lands of dream
Feels these old chords his strength turn chill in him.
Pity to hearts, and tears to eyes are driv'n,
Till we would fain partake the joys of heav'n,
And, in a harmony so strange and wild,
Where music with much chaff is reconciled,
The soul, through lamps which flash, airs sung and played,
Sends organ-notes adown the twilight red!
And now the music ends, and dies all noise,
The night is ripe; and see Queen Venus poise

On one bare limb, beneath the dark clouds set;
While the long street reflects the flaring jet.
Each star, each torch grotesque on the tide throws,
The tide more black than velvet dominoes;
And he who from the high bridge-railing sees
Space and time whirling like a farthing-piece,
A prey to ominous winds that rise below,
Thought, hope serene, ambition wild lets go;
All things e'en memory rush from him in flight,
And he is left with Paris, Seine, and Night.

Weird Trinity, hard portals of the Shades
'Mĕnē, Tĕkēl, Phărēs,' of all that fades.
You are all three, O ghouls of wickedness,
So terrible that man drunk with distress,
With which your ghostly fingers pierce him through,
(Orestes when Electra proves untrue,)
Before your hollow, fatal glances quails,
And helpless seeks the depth where the heart fails.
Yet all you three such jealousies do have
In sacrificing husbands of the Grave,
That one scarce knows which of three deaths to take,
Or if he fears end more or less to make
In the dull water's gloom of depth unseen,
Than Paris' painted arms, the world's Queen.
But on thou runnest, Seine, with mightier force,
Through her thou drag'st thine ancient serpent course,
Thy miry course, bearing to refuges
Cargoes of wood, and oil, and carcases.

PAUL VERLAINE.

Translated by Ashmore Wingate.

BOHEMIAN PARIS

Artists, authors, and other persons of more or less Bohemian tastes, many of them men of great renown and genius, have ever found their home on the commanding heights of the Montmartre cliff. . . . From her lofty perch Montmartre can survey at leisure, and if needs be point the pencil of derision at the world of Paris surging at her feet; but it must not be forgotten that if she be light-hearted she is also ever warm-hearted. Her interest in the follies of life is even surpassed by her deep sympathy with those who are struggling against its miseries.

FRANK L. EMANUEL.

SPRING IN THE STUDENTS' QUARTER

WINTER is passing, and the bells
  For ever with their silver lay
Murmur a melody that tells
  Of April and of Easter Day.
High in sweet air the light vane sets,
  The weathercocks all southward twirl;
A sou will buy her violets
  And make Nini a happy girl.

The winter to the poor was sore,
  Counting the weary winter days,
Watching his little fire-wood store,
  The bitter snow-flakes fell always;
And now his last log dimly gleamed,
  Lighting the room with feeble glare,
Half cinder and half smoke it seemed
  That the wind wafted into air.

Pilgrims from ocean and far isles
  See where the east is reddening,
The flocks that fly a thousand miles
  From sunsetting to sunsetting;
Look up, look up, behold the swallows,
  The throats that twitter, the wings that beat;
And on their song the summer follows,
  And in the summer life is sweet.

. . . . .

With the green tender buds that know
  The shoot and sap of lusty spring
My neighbour of a year ago
  Her casement, see, is opening;

Through all the bitter months that were,
Forth from her nest she dared not flee,
She was a study for Boucher,
She now might sit to Gavarni.

ANDREW LANG.

From the French of Henri Murger.

OF THE QUARTIER LATIN

SITUATED on the unfashionable side of the Seine, in the same relation to Paris as the Borough is to London, is a dense congeries of narrow, dirty, tortuous streets, that cling and twist round the Sorbonne and Panthéon like mudworms round a pebble at low water, and form in their *ensemble* the venerable Quartier Latin. It is a part of the city little known to the mere weekly visitor from England, and yet withal a most interesting locality. The flaunting Chaussée d'Antin and aristocratic Rue de Rivoli swarm with too many of our own countrymen. . . . The frigid respectability and dilapidated grandeur of the Faubourg St. Germain reminds us only of a French translation of Fitzroy Square ; the Quartier St. Antoine is a mass of rags and revolution ; and the Champs Élysées a conglomeration of conjurers, girls' schools, Punch's shows, cafés, and boarding-houses.

But the Quartier Latin has claims upon our attention and respect of another description, for there is no division of Paris more rich in historical associations. Independently of the interest attached to the Sorbonne and the gloomy crypts of St. Geneviève, nearly every street is connected with some romance of the *moyen-âge* of French history. In the monastery of the

QUARTIER PLACE ST. MICHEL

Cordeliers, which formerly stood on the site of the fountain near the spot where the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine debouches into the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, we are told that in 1522 a lovely girl was discovered in the garb of a page, who had long waited upon the holy fathers in that capacity—they being, of course, perfectly unconscious of her sex ; and that the authorities were ungallant enough to whip her from the convent. Here the club of the Cordeliers received the Marséillois auxiliaries previously to the slaughter in the Tuileries on the terrific 10th of August ; and here also the following summer Marat lived, and was assassinated by the heroic Charlotte Corday. Within a radius of two hundred yards from this spot we arrive at the Place St. Michel, where a statue was raised in the reign of the 'mad king,' Charles VI., to the memory of Perinet Leclerc, the son of the gate-keeper of the Port St. Germaine, who stole the keys from beneath his father's pillow to admit the troops of the Duke of Burgundy, which led to the downfall of the partisans of Armagnac.

In the Rue St. Jacques, on the dreadful eve of St. Bartholomew, Bethune, the young brother of Sully, narrowly escaped assassination by showing a breviary to a soldier, which he had fortunately caught up in the confusion of the massacre. In the adjacent Rue de la Harpe and Cloistres de St. Benoist, this book again saved him ; and, after lying concealed for three days in the College de Bourgogne . . . he was liberated and pardoned, upon consenting to go to mass. The valiant Phillip de Mornay at the same time escaped from his house in the Rue St. Jacques, whilst it was actually in possession of the mob, who were pillaging it, although the landlord was a Catholic. Nor should we omit to

mention that at a later date, in the Carmelite convent which stood formerly in the Rue d'Enfer, the beautiful and penitent Louise de la Vallière retired in 1680, where also, after thirty years of pious seclusion and regret, she died.

But there is little now left to recall those bygone events ; for the buildings have been razed, and streets of tall, dirty houses erected on the spots they occupied, if we except the time-hallowed walls of the Hôtel de Cluny in the Rue des Mathurins, which alone enclose tangible memorials of the Quartier Latin in the olden time. And although the majority of sight-seekers at Paris know as little about the venerable edifice as a West-End exquisite does of Ratcliff Highway, yet it is well worthy of inspection : with its fine Gothic architecture, its fluted and embossed armour, its curiously-fashioned windows breaking the sunbeams into a hundred fantastic forms upon the polished oaken boards, for daring to intrude where all should be dim and mysterious ; and its domestic relics of other days, which call up with mute and affecting eloquence indistinct imaginings of those who made a home of that old mansion, whose very names have now passed away even from the ancient chronicles.

But we will not farther rout up the mouldering archives. . . . The Quartier Latin derives its interest from other sources. One-half of the promoters of the real fun and gaiety of Paris reside within its limits. In a word, it is the abode—*hive* would be a better term, were it not for the ideas of industry connected with that straw tenement—of nearly all the students of law and medicine in Paris ; and very fortunate indeed is it that they have a *quartier* to themselves, or

the walls of the city would not contain them, to say nothing of the iron gates at the barriers. They are all joyousness and hilarity ; and their hearts are as light as the summer breeze that sweeps over the pleasant foliage of the Luxembourg gardens, endeared to their memory by so many flirtations on the stone benches. And the French students are not exclusive in their love-making, for they pay their court alike to all. The rosy Cauchoise in her high lace cap—the sprightly Lyonnaise—the *belle petite Belge*—with the laughing, pouting, constant, coquetting *grisette*—THE *grisette*—each in turn receives their protestations of an eternal love for the winter course of lectures, and equally each in turn jilts them. But they feel no very bitter pang when their professions are laughed at. Their love is as light as their hearts ; and when they lose the affectionate glance of one pair of soft eyes, they endeavour, without loss of time, to rekindle the flame, which is subdued and transient as the ignition of a pneumatic lamp, or a German tinder *allumette*, in another.

ALBERT SMITH.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A STREET there is in Paris famous
For which no rhyme our language yields.
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case ;
The which in youth oft I attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked écaillère is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is TERRÉ still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace:
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
'How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?'
The waiter stares, and shrugs his shoulder—
'Monsieur is dead this many a day.'
'It is the lot of saint and sinner,
So honest Terré's run his race.'
'What will Monsieur require for dinner?'
'Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?'

'Oh, oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer;
'Quel vin monsieur désire-t-il?'
'Tell me a good one.'—'That I can, Sir:
The Chambertin with yellow seal.'
'So TERRÉ's gone,' I say, and sink in
My old accustom'd corner place;
'He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

My old accustom'd corner here is,
The table still is in the nook;
Ah! vanish'd many a busy year is
This well-known chair since last I took.
When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,
I'd scarce a beard upon my face,
And now a grizzled, grim old fogey,
I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early day here met to dine?
Come, waiter! quick, a flagon crusty,—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette*;
On James's head the grass is growing:
Good Lord! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There's no one now to share my cup.

. . . . .

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes:
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A BOHEMIAN CAFÉ

GUSTAVE COLLINE, the great philosopher; Marcel, the great painter; Schaunard, the great musician; and Rodolphe, the great poet (as they called one another), regularly frequented the Momus *Café*, where they were surnamed 'the Four Musqueteers,' because they were always seen together. In fact, they came together, went away together, played together, and sometimes didn't pay their shot together, with a unison worthy of the best orchestra.

They chose to meet in a room where forty people might have been accommodated, but they were usually there alone, inasmuch as they had rendered the place uninhabitable by its ordinary frequenters.

The chance customer who risked himself in this den became, from the moment of his entrance, the victim of the terrible four, and in most cases made his escape without finishing his newspaper and cup of coffee, seasoned as they were by unheard-of maxims on art, sentiment, and political economy. The conversation of the four comrades was of such a nature that the waiter who served them had become an idiot in the prime of his life. . . .

It was Christmas Eve. The four friends came to the *café*, accompanied by their friends of the other sex. There was Marcel's Musette ; Rodolphe's new flame, Mimi, a lovely creature with a voice like a pair of cymbals ; and Schaunard's idol, Phémie Teinturière. . . . After the coffee, which was on this great occasion escorted by a regiment of small glasses of brandy, they called for punch. The waiter was so little accustomed to the order, that they had to repeat it twice. Phémie, who had never been to such a place before, seemed in a state of ecstasy at drinking out of glasses with feet. Marcel was quarrelling with Musette about a new bonnet. . . . Mimi and Rodolphe, who were in their honeymoon, carried on a silent conversation. . . . As to Colline, he went about from one to the other, distributing among them all the polite and ornamental phrases which he had picked up in the ' Muses' Almanack.'

While this joyous company was thus abandoning itself to sport and laughter, a stranger at the bottom of the room, who occupied a table by himself, was observing with extraordinary attention the animated scene before him. For a fortnight or thereabout, he had come thus every night, being the only customer who could stand the terrible row which the club made. The boldest pleasantries had failed to move him ; he

would remain all the evening, smoking his pipe with mathematical regularity, his eyes fixed as if watching a treasure, and his ears open to all that was said around him. As to his other qualities, he seemed quiet and well-off, for he possessed a watch with a gold chain; and one day, Marcel, meeting him at the bar, caught him in the act of changing a louis to pay his score. From that moment, the four friends designated him by the name of 'The Capitalist.'

Suddenly Schaunard, who had very good eyes, remarked that the glasses were empty.

'Yes,' exclaimed Rodolphe; 'and this is Christmas Eve! We are good Christians, and ought to have something extra.'

'Yes, indeed,' added Marcel; 'let's call for something supernatural."

'Colline,' continued Rodolphe, 'ring a little for the waiter. . . .'

'Waiter!' quoth Colline gravely, 'bring us all that is requisite for a good supper.'

The waiter turned all the colours of the rainbow. He descended slowly to the bar, and informed his master of the extraordinary orders he had received.

The landlord took it for a joke; but on a new summons from the bell, he ascended himself and addressed Colline, for whom he had a certain respect. Colline explained to him that they wished to see Christmas in at his house, and that he would oblige them by serving what they had asked for. Momus made no answer, backed out, twisting his napkin. For a quarter of an hour he held a consultation with his wife, who, thanks to her liberal education at the St. Denis Convent, fortunately had a weakness for arts and letters, and advised him to serve the supper.

'To be sure,' said the landlord, 'they *may* have money for once, by chance.'

So he told the waiter to take up whatever they asked for, and then plunged into a game of piquet with an old customer. Fatal imprudence!

From ten to twelve the waiter did nothing but run up and down stairs. Every moment he was asked for something more. Musette would eat English-fashion, and change her fork at every mouthful. Mimi drank all sorts of wines in all sort of glasses. Schaunard had a quenchless Sahara in his throat. . . .

The stranger regarded the scene with grave curiosity; from time to time he opened his mouth as if for a smile. . . .

At a quarter before twelve the bill was sent up. It amounted to the enormous sum of twenty-five francs and three-quarters.

'Come,' said Marcel, 'we will draw lots for who shall go and diplomatize with our host. It is getting serious.' They took a set of dominoes; the highest was to go.

Unluckily, the lot fell upon Schaunard, who was an excellent virtuoso, but a very bad ambassador. He arrived, too, at the bar just as the landlord had lost his third game. Momus was in a fearful bad humour, and at Schaunard's first words, broke out into a violent rage. Schaunard was a good musician, but he had an indifferent temper, and he replied by a double discharge of slang. . . .

At this point, the stranger abandoned his impassible attitude; gradually he rose, made a step forward, then another, and walked as an ordinary man might do; he approached the landlord, took him aside, and spoke to him in a low tone. Rodolphe and Marcel followed him

with their eyes. At length, the host went out saying to the stranger :

' Certainly, I consent, Monsieur Barbemuche—certainly. Arrange it with them yourself.'

Monsieur Barbemuche returned to his table to take his hat ; put it on, turned round to the right, and in three steps came close to Rodolphe and Marcel ; took off his hat, bowed. . . .

' Gentlemen, excuse the liberty I am about to take. For a long time I have been burning with desire to make your acquaintance, but have never, till now, found a favourable opportunity. Will you allow me to seize the present one ? . . . I am a disciple of the fine arts like yourselves. So far as I have been able to judge from what I have heard of your conversation, our tastes are the same. I have a most eager desire to be a friend of yours, and to be able to find you here every night. The landlord is a brute ; but I said a word to him, and you are quite free to go. I trust you will not refuse me the opportunity of finding you here again, by accepting this slight service.'

A blush of indignation mounted to Schaunard's face. ' He is speculating on our condition,' said he ; ' we cannot accept. He has paid our bill ; I will play him at billiards for the twenty-five francs, and give him points.'

Barbemuche accepted the proposition, and had the good sense to lose. This gained him the esteem of the party. They broke up with the understanding that they were to meet next day.

' Now,' said Schaunard, ' our dignity is saved ; we owe him nothing.'

' We can almost ask him for another supper,' said Colline.

HENRI MURGER.

Translated by W. E. Goulden.

THE ARTIST OF THE PAYS LATIN

In a Letter to Mr. Macgilp, of London

The life of the young artist here is the easiest, merriest, dirtiest existence possible. He comes to Paris, probably at sixteen, from his province ; his parents settle forty pounds a year on him, and pay his master ; he establishes himself in the Pays Latin, or in the new quarter of Notre Dame de Lorette (which is peopled with painters) ; he arrives at his *atelier* at a tolerably early hour, and labours among a score of companions as merry and poor as himself. Each gentleman has his favourite tobacco-pipe ; and the pictures are painted in the midst of a cloud of smoke, and a din of puns and choice French slang, and a roar of choruses, of which no one can form an idea who has not been present at such an assembly.

You see here every variety of *coiffure* that has ever been known. Some young men of genius have ringlets hanging over their shoulders—you may smell the tobacco with which they are scented across the street ; some have straight locks, black, oily, and redundant ; some have *toupets* in the famous Louis-Philippe fashion ; some are cropped close ; some have adopted the present [1840] mode—which he who would follow must, in order to do so, part his hair in the middle, grease it with grease, and gum it with gum, and iron it flat down over his ears ; when arrived at the ears, you take the tongs and make a couple of ranges of curls close round the whole head,—such curls as you may see under a gilt three-cornered hat, and in her Britannic Majesty's coachman's state wig.

This is the last fashion. As for the beards there is no

end to them; all my friends the artists have beards who can raise them; and Nature, though she has rather stinted the bodies and limbs of the French nation, has been very liberal to them of hair. Fancy these heads and beards under all sorts of caps—Chinese caps, Mandarin caps, Greek skull-caps, English jockey-caps, Russian or Kuzzilbash caps, Middle-Age caps (such as are called, in heraldry, caps of maintenance), Spanish nets, and striped worsted nightcaps. Fancy all the jackets you have ever seen, and you have before you, as well as pen can describe, the costumes of these indescribable Frenchmen.

In this company and costume the French student of art passes his days and acquires knowledge; how he passes his evenings, at what theatres, at what *guinguettes* . . . there is no need to say; but I knew one who pawned his coat to go to a carnival ball and walked abroad cheerfully in his blouse for six weeks, until he could redeem the absent garment.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

'LITTLE BILLEE' IN PARIS

It was a fine, sunny, showery day in April.

The big studio window was open at the top, and let in a pleasant breeze from the north-west. Things were beginning to look shipshape at last. The big piano, a semi-grand by Broadwood . . . lay, freshly tuned, alongside the eastern wall; on the wall opposite was a panoply of foils, masks, and boxing-gloves.

A trapeze, a knotted rope, and two parallel cords, supporting each a ring, depended from a huge beam in the ceiling. The walls were of the usual dull red, relieved by plaster casts of arms and legs and hands and

feet ; and Dante's mask, and Michael Angelo's alto-relievo of Leda and the swan, and a centaur and Lapith from the Elgin Marbles—on none of these had the dust as yet had time to settle.

There were also studies in oil from the nude ; copies of Titian, Rembrandt, Velasquez, Rubens, Tintoret, Leonardo da Vinci—none of the school of Botticelli, Mantegna, and Co.—a firm whose merits had not as yet been revealed to the many.

Along the walls, at a great height, ran a broad shelf, on which were other casts in plaster, terra-cotta, imitation bronze : a little Theseus, a little Venus of Milo, a little Discobolus ; a little flayed man threatening high heaven (an act that seemed almost pardonable under the circumstances !) ; a lion and a boar by Barye ; an anatomical figure of a horse, with only one leg left and no ears ; a horse's head from the pediment of the Parthenon, earless also ; and the bust of Clytie, with her beautiful low brow, her sweet wan gaze, and the ineffable forward shrug of her dear shoulders that makes her bosom as a nest, a rest, a pillow, a refuge—the likeness of a thing to be loved and desired for ever, and sought for and wrought for and fought for by generation after generation of the sons of men. . . .

On the floor, which had been stained and waxed at considerable cost, lay two cheetah-skins and a large Persian praying rug. One half of it, however (under the trapeze and at the end farthest from the window, beyond the model throne), was covered with coarse matting, that one might fence or box without slipping down and splitting one's self in two, or fall without breaking any bones.

Two other windows of the usual French size and pattern, with shutters to them and heavy curtains of

baize, opened east and west, to let in dawn or sunset, as the case might be, or haply keep them out. And there were alcoves, recesses, irregularities, odd little nooks and corners, to be filled up as time wore on with endless personal nick-nacks, bibelots, private properties and acquisitions—things that make a place genial, homelike, and good to remember, and sweet to muse upon (with fond regret) in after years. . . .

Kneeling on the divan, with his elbow on the window-sill, was . . . ' Little Billee.' . . . He had pulled down the green baize blind, and was looking over the roofs and chimney-pots of Paris and all about with all his eyes, munching the while. . . . As Little Billee munched he also gazed at the busy place below—the Place St. Anatole des Arts—at the old houses opposite, some of which were being pulled down, no doubt lest they should fall of their own sweet will. In the gaps between he would see discoloured, old, cracked, dingy walls, with mysterious windows and rusty iron balconies of great antiquity—sights that set him dreaming dreams of mediæval French love and wickedness and crime, bygone mysteries of Paris !

One gap went right through the block, and gave him a glimpse of the river, the ' Cité,' and the ominous old Morgue ; a little to the right rose the grey towers of Notre Dame de Paris into the chequered April sky. Indeed, the top of nearly all Paris lay before him with a little stretch of the imagination on his part ; and he gazed with a sense of novelty, an interest and a pleasure for which he could not have found any expression in mere language.

Paris ! Paris !! Paris !!!

The very name had always been one to conjure with, whether he thought of it as a mere sound on the lips

and in the ear, or as a magical written or printed word for the eye. And here was the thing itself at last, and he, he himself, *ipsissimus*, in the very heart of it, to live there and learn there as long as he liked, and make himself the great artist he longed to be. . . .

He looked a great deal out of the Louvre windows, where there was much to be seen : more Paris, for instance—Paris, of which he could never have enough.

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LATIN QUARTER

PARIS,
October, 1906.

WE are surprised ourselves at feeling so much at home in Paris. We move about easily, and have had no trouble in mastering the general 'hang' or lie of the city. I attribute this in a great measure to the good sense of the river Seine in flowing westward to the sea. . . . We have visited London ten times for every sojourn in Paris, and yet London has always been, and still remains a labyrinth, a maze. It is the Thames that confuses us ; it persists in flowing in the wrong direction, disturbing every point of our compass. Here in Paris, there is no such muddle. . . .

We live on the south side of the river, in the homely district known as *The Quarter*. There be many quarters in Paris—more than fractions allow—but this one alone is *The Quarter*, the Latin Quarter of song and story. Here are the Universities and the Art Schools ; and here, from all the quarters of the globe, young men and maidens gather ; to sit at the feet of all sorts of masters, and 'to follow the gleam.' The *Sorbonne* Lectures and Classes do not begin for a week or two

yet; but most of the Art students are back to their work—and to their play. A group of these boys in their working overalls swooped down our street yesterday, with their faces decorated as for the war path in traditional Red Indian style. Their appearance would have blocked the traffic at home, but no serious attention was paid to them here. It was just their fun; and probably considered less eccentric than it would be in Scotland for a divinity student to dispense with his waistcoat, and sport a cummerbund. Jules by way of a joke decorated the face of Alphonse and dared him to go forth to *déjeûner* with this embellishment. Alphonse has no objections, he thinks the colour scheme is charming; and immediately, the *Tom Sawyer* law is in operation, and all the boys are ashamed of their colourless cheeks, and decline to appear conspicuous beside Alphonse. The thing is done; and in a day or two they will invent, and indulge in some other mild pleasantry.

These little follies of the students of the Latin Quarter are characteristic of the temperament of the Latin nations. The students are frequently at this game; but several times in the course of the year, not only the boys, but their parents as well—all Paris in fact—give the reins to innocent frivolity, and enjoy the merriest, maddest days.

'THE ROWLEY LETTERS.'

A FEW PARISIAN PORTRAITS

There is the spirit of towns ; each town has a certain individuality, each has a spirit of its own derived from its historic past, and from its occupations in the present. . . . Paris has maintained the light of art in France. Without Paris contemporary France would have a very small place in artistic Europe; with Paris it still maintains, though against powerful rivals, a leadership. London has not any comparable influence. . . . The Parisian nation has not the same characteristics as the nation of Londoners. The distinguishing character of London is to be, not local, but world-wide ; the character of Paris is to be as local as ancient Athens, and as contemptuous of all that lies outside.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

THE GRISETTE

RIGOLETTE, the *grisette*, or work-girl, is a true child of Paris—preferring noise to solitude, movement to repose, the harsh and resounding harmony of the orchestra at the balls of the Chartreuse, or of the Colysée, to the soft murmur of the winds, the waters, and the foliage; the deafening noise of the streets of Paris, to the solitude of the country; the glare of fireworks, the glitter of a ball, the noise of rockets, to the serenity of a fine night, with stars, and darkness, and silence.

Alas, yes—the good girl frankly prefers the streets of the capital, to the verdure of the flowery meadows; its scorching pavements to the fresh and velvet moss of the wood-paths perfumed with violets; the suffocating dust of the Barriers or the Boulevards to the waving of golden corn, enamelled with the scarlet flowers of the wild poppy and azure of the bluebells.

Rigolette only leaves her room on Sundays; and each morning to lay in her provision of chickweed, bread, milk, and hempseed, for herself and her two birds. But she lives in Paris.

She had been in despair to have lived elsewhere than in the capital.

Another anomaly: notwithstanding this taste for Parisian pleasures—notwithstanding the liberty, or rather, the state of abandonment in which she finds herself, being alone in the world—notwithstanding the rigid economy which she is obliged to use in her

smallest expenses, in order to live on thirty sous a day; notwithstanding the most piquant, the most mischievous, the most adorable little face in the world, never does Rigolette choose a sweetheart—we will not say lover.

The *grisette*, let us say, only chooses her sweethearts in her own class; that is to say, only chooses her neighbours.

Rigolette is hardly eighteen, perhaps rather small, but so gracefully shaped, so finely modelled, so well turned, that her size responds well to her bearing, at once bold and modest; one inch more in height would have caused her to lose much of the gracious *ensemble;* the movement of her small feet, always encased in high boots of black cloth, with rather thick soles, recalls to mind the coquettish light and discreet step of the quail.

She does not appear to walk, she merely touches the pavement; she slides rapidly on its surface.

This walk, peculiar to the *grisette*, ought to be attributed, without doubt, to three causes. To her desire to be thought handsome; to her fear of admiration; to the desire that she always has to lose as little time as possible in her peregrinations. During the summer she works near the open window, half veiled by a verdant curtain of sweet peas and orange nasturtiums; in the winter at the corner of her little stove, at the soft light of her lamp.

Then each Sunday she varies this laborious life with a day of innocent pleasures, partaken with a neighbour as young, gay, thoughtless as herself. On Monday she resumes her labours, thinking on pleasures past and to come.

EUGENE SUE.

JEAN DE PARIS

Laugh and sing, dance and bound,
Take thy gloves, the world run round;
But, whate'er thy purse contain,
To thy Paris come again!
Paris Jean, Paris Jean,
To thy Paris haste again!

As ancient chronicles record,
His sabre Jean at once would bare,
Should thoughtless fools, with hardy word,
Their towns with Paris town compare.
He would swear by the Powers,
In prose or in verse,
Old Notre Dame's towers
Beat the whole universe!

If Jean the wall of China clear'd,
Or kiss'd some mandarin's fair dame;
At monkey-like celestials jeer'd,
Or home to France, rich nabob came;
How delightful the glory,
Oft dream'd of with pride,
To relate each long story
By a Paris fireside!

'I must have gold, and quickly too!'
Landing in far Peru, Jean said.
They wished to keep him in Peru:—
'What! think ye I shall stoop to trade?
Away with your pelf!
Ten fair sweethearts I own;
I prefer to your wealth
An almshouse at home!'

A strapping soldier, Jean by turns
For Saladin and Christian fights ;
Attacks, storms, pillages, and burns ;
Then home to darling Paris writes :
' My glory from the Louvre
To the Boulevards tell,
Let them six sous apiece
There the busts of me sell !'

A Persian queen, as Jean maintains,
Once said, ' Dear youth, my spouse wilt be ?'
' Agreed,' said Jean, ' but for my pains,
Thou'lt come, love, to Pont-Neuf with me !
During eight days of fête,
With a true kingly show,
All crown'd and in state,
To the opera we'll go !' . . .

Laugh and sing, dance and bound,
Take thy gloves, the world run round ;
But, whate'er thy purse contain,
To thy Paris come again !
Paris Jean, Paris Jean,
To thy Paris haste again !

PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

THE NOTARY

VERGING towards forty, plump, short, hale, and dressed in black, the notary is apparently full of confidence in himself, rather stiff, and decidedly pedantic and affected. Upon his features you observe a mask of bland silliness, which, feigned at first, has become by practice the confirmed expression of his countenance —showing the passive calmness of the diplomatist,

without his acuteness. The yellowish tint of his bald forehead is indicative of long toil, internal struggles, many cares, and a stormy youth, but bears no trace of actual passion.

The tall, thin notary is an exception. Physiologically speaking, notarial avocations are incompatible with some constitutions. An irritable and nervous disposition which may occasionally be observed in attorneys would be fatal to the notary. His profession requires extreme patience; he must obtain such control over himself as to be able to listen with apparently unaffected resignation to the interminable communications of his clients, each of whom thinks that his business is the only one in the world worthy of attention. . . . Dull and heavy as the notary now appears, he was once blithe and merry; he may have been witty, and was perhaps once in love. Mysterious being! deserving of pity, as much when you are fond of your profession, as when you hold it in abhorrence. Simple-minded, yet cunning, you are at once an Œdipus and a Sphinx; you resemble the one in your obscure phraseology, while you possess also the shrewdness of the other.

Sometimes the notary begins as an errand boy, as a lad, ambitious of dying a general, would enlist as a soldier. He goes through all the stages of the profession. A young man who has spent five or six years in one or more offices cannot be expected to retain much of his simplicity: he has seen the underwork of many fortunes; witnessed the selfish quarrels of heirs and legatees; he has often observed human avarice arrested only in its schemes by the penal enactments of the law. There is a public office at the courts of justice in Paris, where the signatures of notaries have to be

certified; it is crowded every morning with junior clerks, sportive as goldfish, and mischievous as monkeys, who so pester the crabbed old clerk in attendance, that he scarcely considers himself safe behind his iron railings. A policeman or two are required to keep this small fry in order, and it is said that an application has been made to the Prefect of Police; but he, doubtless, dreads a contamination of his agents by this swarm of disorderly imps, at whose actions Lucifer would shudder. They know everything, say everything, and laugh at everything. They have originated a sort of telegraph amongst themselves, by means of which all notarial news is simultaneously circulated through every office in Paris.

Formerly great intimacy subsisted between the Parisian notaries; it is even said that, in the time of the Empire, they used to console themselves for their reserve in public by getting up private convivial parties of the most festive nature.

Two ways are open to the notary: he may either wait for clients and business at his office, or go abroad to seek them. The married notary who retains a certain respect for the tenets of the old school is always to be found at his office; there he will, with the utmost patience and attention, listen to a client's circumlocutory statement, and endeavour to enlighten him to his own interest. His bows to his clients are discriminately regulated according to their rank and station, and the nature of their business. Before the nobleman, he bows to the ground; rich clients he greets with a very respectful and cordial nod, confining himself to returning the bow of those who are in difficulties; while he shows his poor client to the door without answering his good morning.

The little notary who may so frequently be seen in a cabriolet in business hours is not yet married. He is still thin, goes a great deal into society, and at all balls and parties seeks to distinguish himself by his elegant manners. His office is situated in a fashionable street, and he treats all his clients with equal courtesy: he would bow to the column of the Place Vendôme if he could turn the acquaintanceship to any account. His obsequiousness may be laughed at, but what does he care? His business is prosperous, and to keep it flourishing is his object.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

THE CONCIERGE

'CORDON, s'il vous plaît!' Be polite to the *concierge* under all circumstances. You are in his hands. He keeps watch over you. He receives all your letters, sees all your friends, your tradesmen, and your creditors. He marks the hours at which you come and go. He knows when you have a new coat, and what you do with the old one. Observe, that he has nothing to do in the world (if he be in a good house) except to make notes from that little window, whence he surveys the world that passes to and fro. It is he who answers all questions that may be addressed to him by your friends, or enemies, concerning you. You are only the first-floor lodger, but he is the *concierge*; and he will have you mark the difference in your relative positions. You may fret, but you cannot escape him. When he pulls the cord, you must accept the act as a favour which he has been gracious enough to pay you. There is not a man with whom you are acquainted whose name is not familiar to him. All your little ailments

are at his fingers' ends. If he had a good memory, a fair notion of style and orthography, he might write romances that would pale the star of the author of 'La Femme de Trente Ans.' His malicious eye marks who comes when Monsieur is out. He knows when to put a pecuniary expression into his slavish countenance. Monsieur de Vandenesse is understood by the *concierge*, when the Marquis is all confidence. The Marquise d'Aiglemont could not have defied the vengeance of the man in the little dark room, by the gateway of her hotel. Irreproachable himself, he sits in his sombre little cabin—as judge in a court of justice. He knows that those scandalous romancists of the Boulevards write severe things about him. They call him *mouchard ;* but he smiles, and counts his hundred-sous pieces ; and as he drops them in his leather bag, he grins—thinking of the time when some of these gentlemen will be lying in the hospital—ay, possibly lapping the soup of Bicêtre ; and he will be *rentier*, and will follow his daughter in her wedding-dress to the Bois de Boulogne, having given her a pretty *dot*. . . . His prying habits apart, the *concierge* is what we call a respectable man. He is always at his post. He is bountifully civil. He is ever faithful to his trust. . . . The extent of his dissipation is an occasional *coup* at the nearest wine-shop, with a neighbour. On fine evenings he sits under the gateway, with his wife and her friend, lazily watching the passers-by. In the winter he is shut, with his wife and the friend (a neighbouring cook or housemaid), in his steamy den. . . . The wife and her friend knit and talk scandal ; and the *concierge*, with the cordon at hand, reads the evening paper, and gives forth the news—when he is in an amiable mood. He is a philosopher, whom nothing

moves. He has seen every phase of life. Weddings and funerals by the hundred; domestic quarrels, executions, ruin, extraordinary strokes of luck, love, jealousy, despair—all pass by that little square window of his. . . . The privileges of the *concierge* are bearable. Let him take the biggest log when you are supplied with half a load of wood. You pay him the expected gratification when you return home after midnight. You cannot help the fast friendship that sprung up between him and your cook. He must know when the price of peaches are low enough for your pocket; and that you quarrelled with the cobbler over his charge for mending your shoes. Every detail of your contract with the *traiteur* is his property. You drink Bordeaux at twenty-five sous the *litre*, and he knows it; and it is only when you have friends, you go even as far as Beaune. The fowls are too dear in the market to-day for Madame; the cook has told him so with a toss of the head; and he holds that you are *bien peu de chose*. A friend out at elbows has paid you a visit; and went out arm in arm with you, and *tu-toied* you. The landlord has called three times for his rent. It is the privilege of the *concierge* to be posted up in the doings of the back staircase, and of the front staircase, of your establishment. You furnish Sunday afternoon conversation to him and his friends. . . .

It has long been agreed on all hands, that it is prudent to be on excellent terms with the man who guards the gate of your house, who receives your letters, and who knows many of your secrets. He is laughed at, but he remains strong. His tyranny is felt every hour in the day, but Paris must be rebuilt before it can be shaken off. He can be punished if he betrays a trust; a lodger can compel the landlord to dismiss

him, if he misbehaves himself; but while he is merely a reckless gossip, a malicious brewer of mischief, or an eccentric who is crushed by an overweening estimate of the importance of his duties, he must be tolerated, and not only be tolerated, he must be petted.

A Parisian's house is not his castle—it is that of the *concierge!*

W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

LE PETIT HOMME GRIS

In Paris lives a little man
Who's always dressed in grey:
His chubby cheeks like apples glow;
His pockets can't a penny show;
Yet happy as the day,
'Ho!' quoth the little man in grey,
'I laugh at all things—that's my way!'
And sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in grey!

He falls in love with pretty girls,—
They sum up quite a score,—
Hobnobbing, singing, into debt
He runs head over heels; and yet
When bailiffs press him sore,
'Ho!' quoth the little man in grey,
'I laugh at all things—that's my way!'
And sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in grey!

Let rain into his garret leak;
Let him, unconscious soul,
Sleep in it; 'mid December's snow
Let him his freezing fingers blow,
For lack of wood or coal;

'Ho!' quoth the little man in grey,
'I laugh at all things—that's my way!'
And sure, the gayest of the gay
Is he, the little man in grey!

PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

PARIS STUDIED IN ITS ATOM

The Gamin of Paris

Paris has a child, and the forest has a bird; the bird is called the sparrow; the child is called the gamin. Couple these two ideas which contain, the one all the furnace, the other all the dawn; strike these two sparks together, Paris, childhood; there leaps out from them a little being—*homuncio*, Plautus would say. . . . The gamin—the street Arab—of Paris is the dwarf of the giant.

Let us not exaggerate, this cherub of the gutter sometimes has a shirt, but, in this case, he owns but one; he sometimes has shoes, but then they have no soles; he sometimes has a lodging, and he loves it, for he finds his mother there; but he prefers the street, because there he finds liberty. He has his own games his own bits of mischief, whose foundation consists of hatred for the bourgeois; his peculiar metaphors: to be dead is *to eat dandelions by the root;* his own occupations, calling hackney-coaches, letting down carriage-steps, establishing means of transit between the two sides of a street in heavy rains, which he calls *making the bridge of arts*, crying discourses pronounced by authorities in favour of the French people. . . . In the evening, thanks to a few sous, which he always finds means to procure, the *homuncio* enters a theatre. On crossing that magic threshold, he becomes trans-

figured ; he was the street Arab, he becomes the titi (chicken). Theatres are a sort of ship turned upside down with the keel in the air. It is in that keel that the titi huddle together. The titi is to the gamin what the moth is to the larva ; the same being endowed with wings and soaring. It suffices for him to be there, with his radiance of happiness, with his power of enthusiasm and joy, with his hand-clapping, which resembles a clapping of wings, to confer on that narrow, dark, fetid, sordid, unhealthy, hideous, abominable keel, the name of Paradise.

Bestow on an individual the useless and deprive him of the necessary, and you have the gamin.

The gamin is not devoid of literary intuition. His tendency, and we say it with the proper amount of regret, would not constitute classic taste. He is not very academic by nature. Thus, to give an example, the popularity of Mademoiselle Mars among that little audience of stormy children was seasoned with a touch of irony. The gamin called her Mademoiselle Muche—'hide yourself.'

This being bawls and scoffs and ridicules and fights, has rags like a baby and tatters like a philosopher, fishes in the sewer . . . extracts mirth from foulness, whips up the squares with his wit, grins and bites, whistles and sings, shouts and shrieks, tempers Alleluia with Matanturlurette, chants every rhyme from the *De Profundis* to the Jack-pudding, finds without seeking, knows what he is ignorant of, is a Spartan to the point of thieving, is mad to wisdom. . . . The gamin of Paris is Rabelais in his youth.

Paris begins with the lounger and ends with the street Arab, two beings of which no other city is capable ; the passive acceptance, which contents itself

with gazing, and the inexhaustible initiative; Prudhomme and Fouillon. Paris alone has this in its natural history. The whole of the monarchy is contained in the lounger; the whole of anarchy in the gamin.

This pale child of the Parisian faubourgs lives and develops, makes connections, 'grows supple' in suffering, in the presence of social realities and of human things, a thoughtful witness. He thinks himself heedless; and he is not. He looks and is on the verge of laughter; he is on the verge of something else also. . . .

The little fellow will grow up.

Of what clay is he made? Of the first mud that comes to hand. A handful of dirt, a breath, and behold Adam. It suffices for a God to pass by. A God has always passed over the street Arab. Fortune labours at this tiny being. By the word 'fortune' we mean chance, to some extent. That pigmy kneaded out of common earth, ignorant, unlettered, giddy, vulgar, low. Will that become an Ionian or a Bœotian? Wait, *currit rota*, the spirit of Paris, that demon which creates the children of chance and the men of destiny, reversing the process of the Latin potter, makes of a jug an amphora.

The gamin loves the city, he also loves solitude, since he has something of the sage in him. *Urbis amator*, like Fuscus; *ruris amator*, like Flaccus. . . .

While in any other great city the vagabond child is a lost man, while nearly everywhere the child left to itself is, in some sort, sacrificed and abandoned to a kind of fatal immersion in the public vices which devour in him honesty and conscience, the street boy of Paris, we insist on this point, however defaced and

injured on the surface, is almost intact in the interior. It is a magnificent thing to put on record, and one which shines forth in the probity of our popular revolutions, that a certain incorruptibility results from the idea which exists in the air of Paris, as salt exists in the water of the ocean. To breathe Paris preserves the soul. . . .

In summer, the gamin metamorphoses himself into a frog ; and in the evening, when night is falling in front of the bridges of Austerlitz and Jena, from the tops of coal-waggons, and the washerwomen's boats, he hurls himself headlong into the Seine. . . .

There was something of that boy in Poquelin, the son of the fish-market ; Beaumarchais had something of it. Gaminerie is a shade of the Gallic spirit. Mingled with good sense, it sometimes adds force to the latter, as alcohol does to wine. Sometimes it is a defect. Homer repeats himself eternally, granted ; one may say that Voltaire plays the gamin. Camille Desmoulins was a native of the faubourgs. Championnet, who treated miracles brutally, rose from the pavements of Paris. . . .

The gamin of Paris is respectful, ironical, and insolent. He has villainous teeth, because he is badly fed and his stomach suffers, and handsome eyes because he has wit. . . . He is strong on boxing. All beliefs are possible to him. He plays in the gutter, and straightens himself up with a revolt ; his effrontery persists even in the presence of grapeshot ; he was a scapegrace, he is a hero ; like the little Theban, he shakes the skin from the lion ; Barra the drummer-boy was a gamin of Paris ; he shouts : ' Forward !' as the horse of Scripture says ' Vah !' and in a moment he has passed from the small brat to the giant.

This child of the puddle is also the child of the ideal. Measure that spread of wings which reaches from Molière to Barra. . . . In one word, the gamin is a being who amuses himself because he is unhappy.

To sum it all up once more, the Paris gamin of to-day, like the græculus of Rome in days gone by, is the infant populace with the wrinkle of the old world on his brow.

The gamin is a grace to the nation, and at the same time a disease; a disease which must be cured, how? By light. . . . The gamin expresses Paris, and Paris expresses the world.

VICTOR HUGO.

ON SOME WAITERS AT CERTAIN PARISIAN CAFÉS

UNIVERSALLY his shirt is of the finest linen; his patent-leather shoes have been made to order by a bootmaker in the Rue Vivienne; he uses only the most perfumed soap, the smoothest almond paste; his dentist is Desirabode; his hairdresser, Michalon: he has taken lessons in the art of perpetual smiling from a retired opera mimic; he is patient, polite, obliging.

This profession generally descends from father to son. The man who serves the ices at the Café de Foi or the brandy cherries at La Mère Soguet's at the Barrière du Maine, had a great-great-grandfather who exercised functions before him, as a Séguier, a Molé, a Crillon; had ancestors in the magistracy or the army. The art of pouring out coffee and liqueurs, of gliding adroitly through the labyrinth of tables and stools, carrying in the right hand a tray of glasses, a complete tea-service, a phalanx of decanters of *orgeat*, requires long practice.

There may be found in this interesting class some

practitioners who were not brought up to the profession, and who at fifteen could not have washed a glass without breaking it. This is a variety of the species in whom genius has shone forth all at once. The events of their early life could be traced only in the chronicles of Chaumière and the Courtille, or have been buried in the smoky atmosphere of a hundred taverns. . . .

The manners, habits, and even the dress of the café waiter vary according to the neighbourhood in which he is located. In the Palais Royal, on the Boulevards, from the Madeleine to the Faubourg du Temple, and in some parts of the Faubourg St. Germain, he is ever nice, ever attentive. Shirts of fine linen no longer content him ; he must have cambric fronts. He changes his aprons as often as kings change their ministers. His hair, always dressed in the latest fashion, is redolent of the sweetest perfume ; his jacket cannot be more than a jacket, but it is remarkable for the fineness of its texture and its graceful form. His hands are white and taper. He expresses himself in the most refined language, and condescends to read only in books elegantly bound. When anybody complains of the coffee that he has just poured out, he raises his eye to heaven, sighs, and handing another cup, fills it from the same coffee-pot, saying, ' This time, sir, I know you will be satisfied !' Does a regular customer enter yawning or complaining of headache or rheumatism, ' What can we expect, sir ? The weather is so changeable !' Endowed with a lively imagination, a large portion of vanity, and with much flexibility of mind, he with great facility assumes the manners, the tempers, and the language of those on whom he habitually waits.

The waiter in the neighbourhood of the Boulevard St. Martin, notwithstanding an affectation of steadiness, is rather rakish in consequence of being so near the Courtille ; he is also extremely literary, being daily in the habit of waiting on the authors who write for the minor theatres, the Ambigu, the Gaietié, and the Porte St. Martin. He knows at his fingers' ends how many times the plays of *Gaspardo* and *Le Sonneur de St. Paul* have been represented ; he can repeat the witticisms of M. Harel ; has spoken twice to Mdlle. Georges, and often lends his snuff-box to Bocage.

At the Café de Paris the waiter is learned in all the details, all the science of the steeplechase. He abominates boiled beef ; he begins to be tired of Duprez ; he calls a cab a vehicle, and when out for a holiday smokes only the best cigars.

Formerly the waiter at the Café Desmares was prodigiously military. He knew all the superior officers in the royal guard, all the on dits at the barrack of the Gardes du Corps. He is no longer martial, but he is still aristocratical ; he is ever sighing and lamenting, and like the great people in the Faubourg St. Germain, he waits for brighter days.

The waiters in the cafés in the Quartier Latin have also their peculiar physiognomy. The influence of the schools, the scientific societies, the Chamber of Peers may easily be discerned in their opinions and their tastes. They are first-rate domino players.

The Café de Foy is the establishment where the waiter makes the most rapid fortune ; at least that is the received opinion. It must be generally allowed that in no other café is his training so perfect. He unites the several advantages of the other waiters with a certain air of dignity and a diplomatic polite-

ness, which indicate a more frequent contact with really good company. The waiters at the Café de Foy resemble no others ; they may be said to form a class by themselves. The first thing remarkable is their height. It is commonly said in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, ' as tall as a waiter at the Café de Foy.' In military phrase one may say that they are the grenadiers of the army of waiters. Of all public places of the same kind this is the most simple in its decorations. Here the sight is not dazzled by any profusion of gilding, paintings, and looking-glasses of extraordinary dimensions. The Café de Foy has lived quietly for some years on the reputation of a quail painted on the ceiling by Carle Vernet, where it may be seen to this hour.

AUGUSTE RICARD.

DANTON

THE huge brawny figure, through whose black brows and rude flattened face (figure *écrasée*) there looks a waste energy as of Hercules not yet furibund,—he is an esurient unprovided advocate, Danton by name, him mark. . . . The black brows clouded, the colossus figure tramping heavy ; grim energy looking from all features of the rugged man ! Strong is that grim Son of France and Son of Earth ; a Reality and not a Formula he too : and surely now if ever, being hurled *low* enough, it is on the Earth and on Realities that he rests. . . . The man Danton was not prone to show himself ; to act, or uproar for his own safety. A man of careless, large, hoping nature ; a large nature that could rest : he would sit whole hours, they say, hearing Camille talk, and liked nothing so well. . . . No hollow

Formalist, deceptive and self-deceptive, *ghastly* to the natural sense, was this ; but a very Man : with all his dross he was a Man ; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of Nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick ; he walked straight his own wild road, whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of man.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

SHE is of stately Norman figure ; in her twenty-fifth year ; of beautiful still countenance : her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while nobility still was. . . . Apparently she will to Paris on some errand ? 'She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy.' A completeness, a decision is in this fair female figure : 'by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.' What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a star ; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-dæmonic splendour ; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished : to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries !—Quitting Cimmerian coalitions without, and the dim-simmering twenty-five millions within, history will look fixedly at this one fair apparition of a Charlotte Corday ; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes swallowed of the night.

With Barbaroux's note of introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday, the ninth of July, seated in the Caen diligence, with a place for

Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her good-journey: her father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her and forget her. The drowsy diligence lumbers along, amid drowsy talk of politics and praise of the mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her note to Duperret. It relates to certain family papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand; which a nun at Caen, an old convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday; yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: 'To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44.' It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat! — The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost west, from Neu-

châtel in the utmost east, they two are drawing nigh each other ; they two have, very strangely, business together.—Charlotte, returning to her inn, despatches a short note to Marat, signifying that she is from Caen the seat of rebellion ; that she desires earnestly to see him, and will ' put it in his power to do France a great service.' No answer. Charlotte writes another note, still more pressing ; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their week ; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont : this one fair figure has decision in it ; drives straight,—towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month ; eve of the Bastille day,—when ' M. Marat,' four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, ' to dismount and give up their arms, then ;' and became notable among Patriot men. Four years : what a road he has travelled ;—and sits now about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath ; sore afflicted ; ill of Revolution fever,—of what other malady this history had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man : with precisely elevenpence-halfpenny of ready-money in paper ; with slipper-bath ; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while ; and a squalid—washerwoman, one may call her : that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street ; thither and not elsewhither has his road led him. Not to the reign of brotherhood and perfect felicity ; yet surely on the way towards that ?—Hark, a rap again : A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected : it is the citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat,

recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the traitors doing at Caen? What deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some deputies. 'Their heads shall fall within a fortnight,' croaks the eager people's-friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux, Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion*, and *Louvet* and —Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. '*À moi, chère amie*, help, dear!' no more could the death-choked say or shriek. The helpful washerwoman running in, there is no friend of the people, or friend of the washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

ROBESPIERRE

SHALL we say, that anxious, slight, ineffectual-looking man, under thirty, in spectacles; his eyes (were the glasses off) troubled, careful; with upturned face, snuffing dimly the uncertain future times; complexion of a multiplex atrabiliar colour, the final shade of which may be the pale sea-green. That greenish coloured (*verdâtre*) individual is an advocate of Arras; his name is *Maximilien Robespierre*. The son of an advocate, his father founded mason-lodges under Charles Edward, the English Prince or Pretender. Maximilien the first-born was thriftily educated; he

had brisk Camille Desmoulins for schoolmate in the College of Louis le Grand, at Paris. . . . A strict-minded, strait-laced man! A man unfit for Revolutions? Whose small soul, transparent, wholesome-looking as small-ale, could by no chance ferment into virulent *alegar*,—the mother of ever new alegar, till all France were grown acetous virulent? . . .

Sea-green Robespierre; throwing in his light weight, with decision, not yet with effect. A thin lean Puritan and Presician, he would make away with formulas; yet lives, moves and has his being wholly in formulas, of another sort. . . . More insupportable individual, one would say, seldom opened his mouth in any Tribune. Acrid, implacable-impotent; dull-drawling, barren as the Harmattan wind. He pleads, in endless earnest-shallow speech, against immediate war, against woollen caps or *bonnets rouges*, against many things; and is the Trismegistus and Dalai-Lama of Patriot men. . . . In a stealthy way the sea-green man sits there, his feline eyes excellent in the twilight. . . . Does not a feline Maximilien stalk there; voiceless as yet; his green eyes red-spotted; back bent, and hair up? . . . A poor sea-geen (*verdâtre*) atrabiliar formula of a man; without head, without heart, or any grace, gift, or even vice beyond common, if it were not vanity, astucity, diseased rigour (which some count strength) as of a cramp: really a most poor sea-green individual in spectacles; meant by Nature for a Methodist parson of the stricter sort, to doom men who departed from the written confession; to chop fruitless shrill logic; to contend, and suspect, and ineffectually wrestle and wriggle; and, on the whole, to love, or to know, or to be (properly speaking) nothing:—this was he who, the sport of wracking winds, saw himself whirled aloft to

command *la première nation de l'univers*, and all men shouting long life to him : one of the most lamentable, tragic, sea-green objects ever whirled aloft in that manner, in any country, to his own swift destruction, and the world's long wonder !

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE SEASONS IN PARIS

L'Été de St. Martin made the Bois look very lovely indeed. Ascending the Champs Élysées and crossing the Place de l'Étoile, I found the coquettish little houses built *à l'Anglaise* in the Avenue de l'Impératrice wearing their most smiling aspect; and the eight thousand trees and shrubs which the *massifs* of the Avenue are said to contain showed in the afternoon sunshine but very few signs of the sere, the yellow leaf. Far off in the blue distance loomed the fortress of Mont Valérien and the hills of St. Cloud, of Bellevue, and of Meudon.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

HOW SPRING COMES TO PARIS

THE next day was the first of May. The Easter bells had rung in the resurrection of spring a few days before, and she had come eager and joyful. She came, as the German ballad says, light-hearted as the young lover who is going to plant a maypole before the window of his betrothed. She painted the sky blue, the trees green, and all things in bright colours. She aroused the torpid sun, who was sleeping in his bed of mists, his head resting on the snow-laden clouds that served him as a pillow, and cried to him, 'Hi! hi! my friend; time is up, and I am here; quick to work. Put on your fine dress of fresh rays without further delay and show yourself at once on your balcony to announce my arrival.'

Upon which the sun had indeed set out, and was marching along as proud and haughty as some great lord of the court. The swallows, returned from their Eastern pilgrimage, filled the air with their flight, the may whitened the bushes, the violets scented the woods, in which the birds were leaving their nests, each with a roll of music under its wings. It was spring indeed, the true spring of poets and lovers, and not the spring of the almanac maker—an ugly spring with a red nose and frozen fingers, which still keeps poor folk shivering at the chimney-corner when the last ashes of the last log have long since burnt out. The balmy breeze swept through the transparent atmosphere and scattered throughout the city the first scent of the sur-

rounding country. The rays of the sun, bright and warm, tapped at the windows. To the invalid they cried, 'Open, we are health,' and at the garret of the young girl bending towards her mirror, innocent first love of the most innocent, they said, 'Open, darling, that we may light up your beauty. We are the messengers of fine weather. You can now put on your cotton frock and your straw hat and lace your smart boots; the groves in which folk foot it are decked with bright new flowers, and the violins are tuning for the Sunday dance. Good-morning, my dear!'

When the *angelus* rang out from the neighbouring church, the three hard-working coquettes, who had had scarcely time to sleep a few hours, were already before their looking-glasses, giving their final glance at their new attire.

They were all three charming, dressed alike, and wearing on their faces the same glow of satisfaction imparted by the realization of a long-cherished wish.

Musette was, above all, dazzlingly beautiful.

'I have never felt so happy,' said she to Marcel. 'It seems to me that God has put into this hour all the happiness of my life, and I am afraid there will be no more left me. Ah! bah! when there is no more left, there will still be some more. We have the receipt for making it,' she added, gaily kissing him.

As to Phémie, one thing vexed her.

'I am very fond of the green grass and the little birds,' said she; 'but in the country one never meets anyone, and there will be no one to see my pretty bonnet and my nice dress. Suppose we went into the country on the Boulevards?'

HENRI MURGER.

Translated by W. E. Goulden.

SPRING IN THE GARDEN OF THE LUXEMBOURG

On the sixth of June, 1832, about eleven o'clock in the morning, the Luxembourg, solitary and depopulated, was charming. The quincunxes and flower-beds shed forth balm and dazzling beauty into the sunlight. The branches, wild with the brilliant glow of midday, seemed endeavouring to embrace. In the sycamores there was an uproar of linnets, sparrows triumphed, woodpeckers climbed along the chestnut trees, administering little pecks on the bark. The flower-beds accepted the legitimate royalty of the lilies; the most august of perfumes is that which emanates from whiteness. . . . The old crows of Marie de Medici were amorous in the tall trees. The sun gilded, empurpled, set fire to and lighted up the tulips, which are nothing but all the varieties of flame made into flowers. All around the banks of tulips the bees, the sparks of these flame-flowers, hummed. All was grace and gaiety, even the impending rain; this relapse, by which the lilies of the valley and the honeysuckles were destined to profit, had nothing disturbing about it; the swallows indulged in the charming threat of flying low. He who was there aspired to happiness; life smelled good; all nature exhaled candour, help, assistance, paternity, caress, dawn. The thoughts which fell from heaven were as sweet as the tiny hand of a baby when one kisses it.

The statues under the trees, white and nude, had robes of shadow pierced with light; these goddesses were all tattered with sunlight; rays hung from them on all sides. Around the great fountain, the earth was already dried up to the point of being burnt. There was sufficient breeze to raise little insurrections of dust here and there. A few yellow leaves, left over from the

autumn, chased each other merrily, and seemed to be playing tricks on each other.

This abundance of light had something indescribably reassuring about it. Life, sap, heat, odours overflowed; one was conscious, beneath creation, of the enormous size of the source; in all these breaths permeated with love, in this interchange of reverberations and reflections, in this marvellous expenditure of rays, in this infinite outpouring of liquid gold, one felt the prodigality of the inexhaustible; and, behind this splendour, as behind a curtain of flame, one caught a glimpse of God, that millionaire of stars.

Thanks to the sand, there was not a speck of mud; thanks to the rain, there was not a grain of ashes. The clumps of blossoms had just been bathed; every sort of velvet, satin, gold and varnish, which springs from the earth in the form of flowers, was irreproachable. The magnificence was cleanly. The grand silence of happy nature filled the garden. A celestial silence that is compatible with a thousand sorts of music, the cooing of nests, the buzzing of swarms, the flutterings of the breeze. All the harmony of the season was complete in one gracious whole; the entrances and exits of spring took place in proper order; the lilacs ended; the jasmines began; some flowers were tardy, some insects in advance of their time; the vanguard of the red June butterflies fraternized with the rear-guard of the white butterflies of May. The plane-trees were getting their new skins. The breeze hollowed out undulations in the magnificent enormity of the chestnut-trees. It was splendid! A veteran from the neighbouring barracks, who was gazing through the fence, said: 'Here is the Spring presenting arms and in full uniform!'

VICTOR HUGO.

SPRING IN MONTPARNASSE

FROM my window, on this April afternoon, I look into the branches of the varnish tree, and see a thousand budded twigs stretched upwards. Sun-warmed and sensitive, like clusters of little mouths, the pouted tips suck air and azure. Adorable gluttons!

In the sky, films of clouds roam by and dissolve. The soft wind parts the ivy on the wall, and sets it shaking and playing; and in the gentle movement of the wind the budded branches of the varnish tree rock to and fro.

The chestnut tree is crisply frilled, laden here and there with silver knobs in bronze cups. The bushes are bright with vivid emeralds.

I lean out of my window, and feel the warmth of the sun upon my hair, and the movement of the wind amongst it. All about me are the glinting of leaves and the clamour of birds. Above, in the angelic blue, clouds pass ceaselessly. . . .

A girl stands in a bare window, polishing the glass, rubbing up and down with her strong young arm till the pane gleams and glances. Now she sits there, sewing rings on a new rose-coloured curtain. Out of the windows on every side people are leaning, laughing, and chattering. . . . The concierge waddles across the cobble-stones, a rake in one hand, a spade in the other. Inexorably she scatters the upper crust of the pebbles on the bed, hacks round the edge of it, unpots an oleander. She nails a creeper to the wall, she ties a fuchsia to a stick, she packs some pansies in a bed, and fills the blanks in the box-hedge with oyster shells. Pink and panting, her hands on her hips, she surveys her work and smiles upon it. . . .

From the wall in the garden the light is with-

drawing. It creeps gradually across, slowly, then suddenly goes out. Some top twigs of the varnish tree are still redly crested; deep in the tree it is dark. The cobble-stones lie cold. One by one the windows close.

And to-night there will be clouds upon clouds ranging across the sky, and stars amongst them like diamonds lost in snow, and a moon like a pearl afloat in a grey pool fringed with an opal wreath. On the wall the ivy will lie dark and still, sheltering the warm sleeping birds. The chestnut tree will be at rest, its frills spread wide, a hundred new frills along its boughs. And by my window the varnish tree will stand, naked and alone, pointing to the stars, awake, and full of dreams.

KATIE WINIFRED MACDONALD.

JUNE IN PARIS

A LOVELIEST morning in June—an inspiriting, sunny, balmy day, all softness and beauty, and we crossed the Tuileries by one of its superb avenues and kept down the bank of the river to the island. . . . It was impossible not to be struck forcibly with our own exquisite enjoyment of life. I am sure I never felt my veins fuller of the pleasure of health and motion, and I never saw a day when everything about me seemed better worth living for. The superb palace of the Louvre, with its long façade of nearly half a mile, lay in the mellowest sunshine on our left,—the lively river, covered with boats and spanned with its magnificent and crowded bridges on our right,—the view of the island with its massive old structures below,—and the fine old grey towers of the church of Notre Dame,

rising dark and gloomy in the distance—it was difficult to realize anything but life and pleasure. . . .

It is pleasant to get back to Paris. One meets everybody there one ever saw: and operas and coffee; the belles and the Boulevards; the shops, spectacles, life, lions, and lures to every species of pleasure, rather give you the impression that, outside the barriers of Paris, time is wasted in travel. What pleasant idlers they look! The very shop-keepers seem standing behind their counters for amusement. The *soubrette* who sells you a cigar is coiffed as for a ball; the *frotteur* who takes the dust from your boots, sings his love-song as he brushes away; the old man has his bouquet in his bosom, and the beggar looks up at the statue of Napoleon in the Place Vendôme—everybody has some touch of fancy, some trace of a heart on the look-out, at least, for pleasure.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE FÊTES OF JULY

PARIS,
July 30, 1839.

WE have arrived here just in time for the fêtes of July. You have read, no doubt, of that glorious Revolution which took place here nine years ago, and which is now commemorated annually, in a pretty facetious manner, by gun-firing, student-processions, pole-climbing-for-silver-spoons, gold-watches and legs-of-mutton, monarchical orations, and what not, and sanctioned moreover, by Chamber-of-Deputies, with a grant of a couple of hundred thousand francs to defray the expenses of all the crackers, gun-firings, and legs-of-mutton aforesaid. There is a new fountain in the Place Louis Quinze,

otherwise called the Place Louis Seize, or else the Place de la Révolution, or else the Place de la Concorde (who can say why ?)—which, I am told, is to run bad wine during certain hours to-morrow, and there *would* have been a review of the National Guards and the Line—only, since the Fieschi business, reviews are no joke, and so this later part of the festivity has been discontinued. . . . Where is the Rabelais to be the faithful historian of the last phase of the Revolution—the last glorious nine years of which we are now commemorating the last glorious three days ?

I had made a vow not to say a syllable on the subject, although I have seen, with my neighbours, all the ginger-bread stalls down the Champs Élysées, and some of the catafalques erected to the memory of the heroes of July, where the students and others, not connected personally with the victims, and not having in the least profited by their deaths, come and weep ; but the grief shown on the first day is quite as absurd and fictitious as the joy exhibited on the last. . . . About the *little catafalques !* how rich the contrast presented by the economy of the Catholics to the splendid disregard of the expense exhibited by the devout Jews ! and how touching the ' *apologetical discourses* on the Revolution,' delivered by the Protestant pastors ! Fancy the profound affliction of the Gardes Municipaux, the Sergens-de-Ville, the police agents in plain clothes, and the troops with fixed bayonets, sobbing round the ' expiatory monuments of a pyramidical shape, surmounted by funeral vases,' and compelled, by sad duty, to fire into the public who might wish to indulge in the same woe ! O ' manes of July ' (the phrase is pretty and grammatical), why did you with sharp bullets break those Louvre windows ? Why

did you bayonet red-coated Swiss behind that fair white façade, and, braving cannon, musket, sabre, perspective guillotine, burst yonder bronze gates, rush through the picture-gallery, and hurl royalty, loyalty, and a thousand years of kings, head-over-heels out of yonder Tuileries' windows? . . .

The last rocket of the fête of July has just mounted, exploded, made a portentous bang, and emitted a gorgeous show of blue lights, another (like many reputations) disappeared totally: the hundredth gun on the Invalid terrace has uttered its last roar—and a great comfort it is for eyes and ears that the festival is over. We shall be able to go about our every-day business again, and not be hustled by the gendarmes or the crowd. . . .

The sight which I have just come away from is as brilliant, happy, and beautiful as can be conceived; and if you want to see French people to the greatest advantage, you should go to a festival like this, where their manners, and innocent gaiety, show a very pleasing contrast to the course and vulgar hilarity which the same class would exhibit in our own country. . . . The greatest noise that I heard was that of a company of jolly villagers from a place in the neighbourhood of Paris, who, as soon as the fireworks were over, formed themselves into a line, three or four abreast, and so marched singing home. . . . It does one good to see honest, heavy *épiciers*, fathers of families playing with them in the Tuileries, or, as to-night, bearing them stoutly on their shoulders, through many long hours, in order that the little ones, too, may have their share of the fun.

The fête, then, is over; the pompous black pyramid at he Louvre is only a skeleton now; all the flags have

been miraculously whisked away during the night, and the five chandeliers which glittered down the Champs Élysées for full half a mile have been consigned to their dens and darkness.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

RENEWING ACQUAINTANCESHIP WITH PARIS

Paris in October

Now we are in Paris again, but this time not as tourists bent upon seeing the sights in a week : we are settling down with some months before us for quiet investigation. . . . We are renewing the Parisian days of our youth ; we have put a few francs in the slot, and the figures begin to perform. . . .

It is the second week of October, but still as warm as our northern June. From our open windows we see the swallows careering round our garden court, and circling the ancient spire of *St. Germain des Prés*. We go out and dawdle in the direction of the Luxembourg ; it is a lingering business, for the *Rue de Seine* is one long cajolery of book-shops and print-shops, and store upon store of curiosities. We intended having a look at the Luxembourg collection to see how it now compares with the extended Tate Gallery, but we have to pass the door of the famous *Musée*. How could we have entered ? . . .

We are making little excursions while the sun shines, but experience is teaching us the wisdom of spending Sunday as our day of rest and church-going. In Paris, the Sunday closing movement has taken great strides, with the result, that on that day the steamers and tramcars are uncomfortably crowded, in spite of the doubling of fares. We went down the river to *St. Cloud*

last Sunday and had to stand all the way packed in a crowd. Still, it was worth that fatiguing hour on the steamer to see the flowers and the people, the avenues in their autumn glory, and the famous view of Paris from the terrace. We had never before seen the beautiful park with the trees in golden red and yellow. . . .

The long drive from the *Gare de Lyon* to the *Madeleine* [is] probably the most impressive sight that Paris has for the stranger. It takes him through the *Place de la Bastille*, and the *Place de la République ;* past the *Portes St. Martin* and *St. Denis ;* and then by the wide and worldly Boulevards right on to the church of St. Mary Magdalen. Whosoever travels this way receives the most vivid impression of the Paris that is, and the Paris that has been—an impression that will remain as long as life shall last. So, too, with the second show. We entered the Louvre Museum by the main door where fat *Cochers* browse and sun themselves ; and guides address you in English. We passed along the *Denon* sculpture gallery, ascended the first short flight of the main staircase, and turned to the left. ' Then felt we like some watchers of the skies '—there, far away at the extreme end of the vista, the radiant form of the one and only Venus of Milo saluted us, compelling the girl to quote from Keats, and to call me ' Cortez '—' stout Cortez,' I believe she said. However, I did not mind : I was in excellent company, and drew my niece's attention to the ample circumference of the perfect woman ; and hinted that we need to revise our conceptions of the ideal length, breadth, and thickness of the human form.

In the third place, and in conclusion, we passed from the gloom of *Notre Dame* into the glory of the *Sainte-*

Chapelle. What the interior of the *Sainte-Chapelle* looks like on a bright sunny forenoon, is beyond my power of expression. Would that John Keats had stepped in to help us again as he did with the Venus of Milo. Was Keats ever in Paris ? And if he was, is there not a lost sonnet somewhere, ' On first looking into *La Sainte-Chapelle* ' ? Ah ! well, he knew the colour and the glamour of these windows : he must have seen them often in his dreams. I begin to feel more sure and certain of this : it was these he took for the

> ' Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas.'

And it was a bit from the rose-window that he set into the casement of sweet *Madeline's* chamber, to throw ' warm gules ' on her fair breast. Oh yes, the soul of Keats has been here ; he has described for me these very windows in *The Eve of St. Agnes*—the windows

> ' Diamonded with panes of quaint device
> Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
> As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings ;
> And in the midst 'mong thousand heraldries
> And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings
> A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.'
>
> ' THE ROWLEY LETTERS.'

AUTUMN IN PARIS

It was a bitter day of early autumn in Paris . . . when chilling blasts, premonitory of winter, are harder to bear than winter itself. The scant brown leaves of the Boulevards came swirling down with sharp, ear-stinging rustle, at every moment the branches outspread against the freezing blue sky becoming barer

of foliage. Even well-to-do folks looked blue and pinched with cold as they emerged from their unwarmed houses, and shivered in semi-summer garments; fires and winter clothes are never resorted to till the last moment in the capital of the Empire of Thrift. Across suburban heights and open spaces the wind swept with keener force; that penetrating, ice-cold wind peculiar to Paris, bidding all but the most robust to seek more genial climates. Perhaps the sparrows, the city urchins as some call them, so frolicsome and joyous in sunshine, feel such sudden cold most of all. Dispirited little crowds collect on the naked boughs, too listless to twitter or seek the hospitality of familiar balconies. The sun shines, the heavens are blue, but with an edge of steel comes the terrible hurricane. . . . Nowhere, perhaps, is this forerunner of winter more acutely felt than on the boulevards bordering the deep cutting of the suburban railway. As the trains follow each other in swift succession, the currents of air bring freshness during the dog-days. From October to April you may often find here the bleakest, most Boreal promenade of all Paris.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

PARIS: AN AUTUMN IMPRESSION

PARIS. How delicate and brilliant! The trees on the boulevards still bright green, and flags hanging everywhere; an open-air, almost Southern, life lasting deep into the bright summer night: the mere ordinary illumination of the Place de la Concorde looking at a distance like an Aladdin's palace; the river, with its red and green lights reflected among the big wharf

trees, and the swishing lit-up steamers, giving the impression of a colossal Fête de Nuit.

But even more charming was Paris in the early morning, a morning touched with autumn crispness, as I drove along the quays, alas ! to the Gare de Lyon. Such a fresh renovated morning ; the air still hazy, and all objects, rippling poplars and shining stall roofs, hazy, vague after the night's refreshment. Water was being sprinkled all along the pavements ; the long book boxes on the quays were beginning to be opened ; a breeze, to cool the coming day, was rising along the river trough. But, alas, alas ! that day was to be spent by me in hurrying away again out of France.

VERNON LEE.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS

Tableau de Jour de l'An

Since first the sun upon us shone,
A year succeeds the year that's gone.
This day by universal law
So great, we'll try to draw,
Without a single flaw,
That all who see this sketch may say,
' This surely must be New-year's day !'

No sooner day begins to break
Than all Parisians are awake,
The bells of every story ring :
Here someone calls to bring
Some very pretty thing,
Some only visits come to pay,—
This surely must be New-year's day.

As early as the sun's first light,
Lolotte, who has not slept all night,
  Gets up for all her gifts ; ha, ha !
  Here comes a thimble from mamma,
  And here six francs from dear papa,
From grandma books to make her pray,—
This surely must be New-year's day. . . .

To some we haste, when we've no doubt
That when we call they will be out.
  At once to the *concierge* we go :
  ' What, not at home, then ?'—' No.'
  ' Alas ! you vex me so !'
We leave our names, and walk away,—
This surely must be New-year's day.

Now friends grown cool are cool no more,
But seem as hearty as before ;
  The method is not dear—a pound
  Of sugar-plums is found,
  For many a social wound,
The best of remedies they say,—
And such they give on New-year's day. . . .

Now nephews who'd inherit all,
Upon their uncle love to call ;
  To see him well is their delight ;
  But, with his wealth in sight,
  They hug him, oh, so tight !—
They almost squeeze his life away,—
This surely must be New-year's day.

The tender swain who does not care
To buy fine trinkets for his fair
  At Christmas-time, to save expense,
  For coolness finds pretence;
  His love will recommence
Next month—till then he stops away—
This surely must be New-year's day.

When all the handsome things are said,
And wishes uttered, presents made,
  Each visitor goes home at last;
  And when an hour has past,
  Mourns money spent too fast,
And time and trouble thrown away,—
Yes, surely this is New-year's day.

M. DÉSAUGIERS.

PORTRAITS OF PLACES

How suggestive to visit the Louvre, to cross the court, to mount the staircase by the track made by a million feet which have trodden it, to open the door ; to imagine the histories of the people I meet there, follow them into their inner being, picture their lives to myself in a moment.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

Paris is the most artistic city in Europe ; and that not simply as the place where pictures and statues are produced in the greatest numbers, and architects find most employment, but as the place where art sentiment is most generally developed, so that it runs over into a thousand minor channels, till the life of the capital is saturated with it.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

Of all the bridges which ever were built, the whole world who have passed over the Pont Neuf must own that it is the noblest,—the finest,—the grandest,—the lightest,—the longest, —the broadest that ever conjoined land and land together upon the face of the terraqueous globe. . . . The worst fault which Divines and the Doctors of the Sorbonne can allege against it is that, if there is but a cap-full of wind in or about Paris, 'tis more blasphemously *sacre Dieu'd* there than in any other aperture of the whole city,—and with good reason, good and cogent, Messieurs ; for it comes against you without crying *garde d'eau*, and with such unpremeditable puffs that, of the few who cross it with their hats on, not one in fifty but hazard two livres and a half, which is its full worth.

LAURENCE STERNE.

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

An Exterior View

Assuredly, the church of Our Lady at Paris is still, at this day, a majestic and sublime edifice. Yet, noble an aspect as it has preserved in growing old, it is difficult to suppress feelings of sorrow and indignation at the numberless degradations and mutilations which the hand of Time and that of man have inflicted upon the venerable monument, regardless alike of Charlemagne, who laid the first stone of it, and of Philip-Augustus, who laid the last.

Upon the face of this old queen of the French cathedrals, beside each wrinkle we constantly find a scar *Tempus edax, homo edacior*—which we would willingly render thus—Time is blind, but man is stupid. . . .

There are, assuredly, few finer architectural pages than that front of that cathedral, in which, successively and at once, the three receding pointed gateways; the decorated and indented band of the twenty-eight royal niches ; the vast central circular window, flanked by the two lateral ones, like the priest by the deacon and subdeacon ; the lofty and slender gallery of trifoliated arcades, supporting a heavy platform upon its light and delicate columns ; and the two dark and massive towers, with their eaves of slate—harmonious parts of one magnificent whole—rising one above another in five gigantic storeys—unfold themselves to the eye, in combination unconfused—with their in-

numerable details of statuary, sculpture, and carving, in powerful alliance with the grandeur of the whole—a past symphony in stone, if we may so express it—the colossal work of a man and of a nation—combining unity with complexity, like the Iliads and the Romanceros, to which it is a sister production—the prodigious result of a draught upon the whole resources of an era—in which upon every stone is seen displayed, in a hundred varieties, the fancy of the workman disciplined by the genius of the artist—a sort of human Creation, in short, mighty and prolific as the Divine Creation, of which it seems to have caught the double character—variety and eternity. . . .

But to return to the front of Notre Dame, as it still appears to us when we go to gaze in pious admiration upon the solemn and mighty cathedral, looking terrible, as its chroniclers express it—*quæ mole suâ terrorem incutit spectantibus.* Three things of importance are now wanting to this front: first, the flight of eleven steps by which it formerly rose above the level of the ground; then, the lower range of statues, which occupied the niches of the three portals; and lastly, the upper series, of the twenty-eight more ancient kings of France which filled the gallery on the first storey, beginning with Childebert and ending with Philip-Augustus, holding in his hand the imperial ball.

As for the flight of steps, it is Time that has made it disappear, by raising, with slow but resistless progress, the level of the ground in the City. But while thus swallowing up, one after another, in this mounting tide of the pavement of Paris, the eleven steps which added to the majestic elevation of the structure, Time has given to the church, perhaps, yet more than he has taken from it; for it is he who has spread over its face

that dark grey tint of centuries which makes of the old age of architectural monuments their season of beauty.

VICTOR HUGO.

NOTRE DAME

I.

OFTEN at evening, when the summer sun
Floats like a gold balloon above the roofs,
I climb this silent tower of Notre Dame—
My sole companion Hugo's deathless book—
For here all limits vanish, here my soul
Breathes and expands, and knows a wider life.
Here in the lustrous, shimmering sunset hour
Painter and poet both might find new words,
New colours, seeing opened in the sky
The jewel-casket of Ithuriel—
Sapphires, cornelians, opals! Pictures here
Are seen, so gorgeous and so rich in hue
That Titian's and Rubens' colouring
Grows pale in memory; and here are built
Misty cathedrals, wonderfully arched,
Mountains of smoke, fantastic colonnades—
All doubled in the mirror of the Seine. . . .
Now comes a breeze which moulds the tattered clouds
Into a thousand new and changing forms,
Mysterious and vague; the passing day,
As if for his good-night, reclothes the church
In vesture of a richer, purer tint.
Her tall twin-towers—those canticles in stone—
Drawn with great strokes upon the fiery sky,
Seem like two mighty arms upraised in pray'r

To God by Paris ere she sinks to sleep.
Around her head the ancient Gothic pile
A mystic halo, like Her Lady, wears,
Made from the splendours of the evening sky.
Her ruby-red rose-windows seem round eyes
Opening wide to gaze ; her spreading nave
Might be a giant-crab with moving claws,
Or an enormous spider, spinning webs
Of traceried light and shade, aerial threads
In delicate fine meshes of granite tulle,
Embroideries and laces of carven stone !
Suddenly in the tinted window-panes
Touch'd by a warm kiss from the sun's red lips,
Hundreds of blossoms open out and bloom
As if in magic flow'r-beds—emerald,
Ruby and azure, set amid grotesque
Heraldic monsters—blossoms far more rich
And gay than any grown by wizard hands
In old enchanted gardens long ago.
On every side are ancient histories
And legends writ in stone ; fantastic hells
And purgatories, most devoutly carved.
The pedestals beside the entrance-way
Lament their statues—beaten down by Time,
Not by the hand of man—but see around . . .
Unicorns, wolves, and legendary birds ;
Basilisks, serpents, dragons ; gargoyle-hounds
Yelping at gutter-ends ; misshapen dwarfs ;
Knights conquering mighty giants ; avenues
Of massive, clustering columns ; graceful sheaves
Of slender pillars ; myriads of saints
Around the three wide porches ; arabesques
Hanging at every point their fine-wrought lace
And jewelry ; trefoils, pendentives ; and

Ogives and lancet-windows ; gables quaint ;
Laciniated spires ; frail pinnacles
Supporting crows and angels ! . . . Like a rare
Enamelled gem the great cathedral shines.

II.

But ah ! when in the darkness you have climbed
The slender spiral staircase, when at last
You see again the blue sky overhead,
The void above you, the abyss below,
Then are you seized by dizziness and fear
Sublime, to feel yourself so close to God.
E'en as a branch beneath a perching bird,
The tower shrinks 'neath the pressure of your feet,
Trembles and thrills ; th' intoxicated sky
Waltzes and reels around you ; the abyss
Opens its jaws : the imp of dizziness,
Flapping you with his wings, leaps mockingly,
And all the parapets shudder and shake.
Weathercocks, spires, and pointed roofs move past
Your dazzled eyes, outlined in silhouette
Against the whirling sky, and in the gulf
Where the apocalyptic raven wheels,
Far down, lies Paris, howling—yet unheard !
O, how the heart beats now ! To dominate
With feeble human eye from this great height
A city so immense ! With one swift glance
To embrace this mighty whole, standing so near
To Heaven, and beholding, even as
A soaring mountain-eagle, far, far down
In the depth of the crater's heart, the writhing smoke,
The boiling lava ! . . . From this parapet—
Where the faint wind plays idly in and out
Of the Arab trefoils, whisp'ring to itself

Exultingly the last words of the psalm
It heard the seraphs sing at Heaven's gate—
To descry dimly 'mid the stirring mists
That sea of billowing houses, and to hear
It murmuring and moaning endlessly!
How wonderful it is! and how sublime!
Tall chimneys, crowned by smoky turbans, trace
Their slim black profiles 'gainst the saffron sky,
And the clear, slanting light kindles to flame
The wave-like roofs, and wakes with magic touch
A thousand mirrors in the sleeping Seine.
The water gleams e'en as a maiden's breast
Sparkling with gems. The bosom of the Seine
Pillows to-night more jewels than e'er shone
Upon a queen's white neck in days of old! . . .
And see, on every side, pinnacles, towers,
Domes, cupolas, like helmets glittering!
Walls, roofs of ev'ry hue, chequered with light
And shade; mazes of streets; vast palaces,
Stifled amid the sordid dwellings which
Around their splendour cling like parasites.
Here, there, before, behind, to right, to left,
Houses, and yet more houses! With her brush
Of fire the night has painted them anew—
A hundred thousand houses! . . . 'Neath this same
Horizon, Tyre and Rome and Babylon
Arose and sank, prodigious masses, built
By man's own hand. . . . Chaos so vast one might
Have thought created by the Hand of God.

III.

And yet, O Notre Dame, though Paris robed
In flame-like vesture is so beautiful,
Her beauty vanishes if one should leave

NOTRE DAME

Thy towers and reach the level earth again.
All fades and changes then ; nought grand is left
Save only thee. . . . For O, within thy walls
The Lord God makes His Dwelling ! Through thy dark
And shadowy places Heaven's angels move,
And light thee with reflections from their wings.
O, world of poetry in this world of prose !
At sight of thee a knocking at the heart
Is felt, a perfect faith makes pure the soul.
When evening damascenes thee with her gold,
And in the dingy square thou, gleaming, stand'st
Like a huge monstrance on a purple daïs,
I can believe that by a miracle
Between thy towers the Lord might show Himself. . . .
How small our bourgeois monuments appear
Beside thy gallic majesty ! No dome,
No spire, however proud, can vie with thee—
Thou seem'st indeed to strike against the sky !
Who could prefer, e'en in pedantic taste,
These poor bare Grecian styles, these Panthéons,
These antique fripperies, perishing with cold,
And scarcely knowing how to stand upright,
To the demure, straight folds of thy chaste robe ? . . .

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

Translated by Eva M. Martin.

THE STAIRCASE OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS

As one who, groping in a narrow stair,
  Hath a strong sound of bells upon his ears,
  Which, being at a distance off, appears
Quite close to him because of the pent air :
So with this France. She stumbles file and square

Darkling and without space for breath : each one
Who hears the thunder says : ' It shall anon
Be in among her ranks to scatter her.'

This may be ; and it may be that the storm
Is spent in rain upon the unscathed seas,
Or wasteth other countries ere it die :
Till she,—having climbed always through the swarm
Of darkness and of hurtling sound,—from these
Shall step forth on the light in a still sky.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

NOTRE DAME

THE church is vast ; its towering pride, its steeples loom on high ;
The bristling stones with leaf and flower are sculptured wondrously ;
Above the door that lovely window glows
Beneath the vault immense at evening swarm
Figures of angel, saint, or demon's form
As oft a fearful world our dreams disclose.
But not the huge Cathedral's height, nor
Yet its vaults sublime,
Nor porch, nor glass, nor streaks of light,
Nor shadows deep with time ;
Nor massy towers, that fascinate my eyes ;
No, 'tis that spot—the mind's tranquillity—
Chamber wherefrom the song mounts cheerily,
Placed like a joyful nest well nigh the skies.

Yea ! glorious is indeed the Church, yet lowliness dwells here ;
Less do I love the lofty oak than mossy nest it bear ;

More dear is meadow breath than stormy wind:
And when my mind for meditation's meant,
The seaweed is preferred to the shore's extent,—
The swallow to the main it leaves behind.

VICTOR HUGO.

NOTRE DAME: AN IMPRESSION

We had been much disappointed at first by the apparently narrow limits of the interior of this famous church; but now, as we made our way round the choir, gazing into chapel after chapel, each with its painted window, its crucifix, its pictures, its confessional, and afterwards came back into the nave, where the arch rises above arch to the lofty roof, we came to the conclusion that it was very sumptuous. . . . The interior loftiness of Notre Dame, moreover, gives it a sublimity which would swallow up anything that might look gewgawy in its ornamentation, were we to consider it window by window, or pillar by pillar. It is an advantage of these vast edifices, rising over us and spreading about us in such a firmamental way, that we cannot spoil them by any pettiness of our own, but that they receive (or absorb) our pettiness into their own immensity. Every little fantasy finds its place and propriety in them, like a flower on the earth's broad bosom. . . .

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN NOTRE DAME

The pile is full; and ah, what splendours there
Rush, in thick tumult, on the entering eye!
The Gothic shapes, fantastic, yet austere;

The altar's crown of seraph's imagery;
Champion and king that on their tombstones lie,
Now clustered deep with beauty's living bloom;
And glanced from shadowy stall and alcove high,
Like new-born light, through that mysterious gloom,
The gleam of warrior steel, the toss of warrior plume.

The organ peals; at once, as some vast wave,
Bend to the earth the mighty multitude,
Silent as those pale emblems of the grave
In monumental marble round them strew'd.
Low at the altar, forms in cope and hood
Superb with gold-wrought cross and diamond twine,
As in a pile—alone with life endued,
Toss their untiring censers round the shrine,
Where on her throne of clouds the Virgin sits divine.

GEORGE CROLY.

A SCENE IN PARIS

I HAD gone on to Paris. . . . Strolling on the bright quays, the subject of my meditations was the question whether it is positively in the essence and nature of things, as a certain school of Britons would seem to think it, that a Capital must be ensnared and enslaved before it can be made beautiful: when I lifted up my eyes and found that my feet, straying like my mind, had brought me to Notre Dame.

That is to say, Notre Dame was before me, but there was a large open space between us. A very little while agone, I had left that space covered with buildings densely crowded; and now it was cleared for some new wonder in the way of public Street, Place, Garden, Fountain, or all four. Only the

obscene little Morgue, slinking on the brink of the river and soon to come down, was left there, looking mortally ashamed of itself, and supremely wicked. I had but glanced at this old acquaintance, when I beheld an airy procession coming round in front of Notre Dame, past the great hospital. It had something of a Masaniello look, with fluttering striped curtains in the midst of it, and it came dancing round the cathedral in the liveliest manner.

I was speculating on a marriage in Blouse-life, or a Christening, or some other domestic festivity which I would see out, when I found, from the talk of a quick rush of Blouses past me, that it was a Body coming to the Morgue. Having never before chanced upon this initiation, I constituted myself a Blouse likewise, and ran into the Morgue with the rest. It was a very muddy day, and we took in a quantity of mire with us, and the procession coming in upon our heels brought a quantity more. The procession was in the highest spirits, and consisted of idlers who had come with the curtained litter from its starting-place, and of all the reinforcements it had picked up by the way. It set the litter down in the midst of the Morgue, and then two Custodians proclaimed aloud that we were all 'invited' to go out. This invitation was rendered the more pressing, if not the more flattering, by our being shoved out, and the folding-gates being barred upon us.

Those who have never seen the Morgue, may see it perfectly, by presenting to themselves an indifferently paved coach-house accessible from the street by a pair of folding-gates; on the left of the coach-house, occupying its width, any large London tailor's or linendraper's plate-glass window reaching to the

ground; within the window, on two rows of inclined planes, what the coach-house has to show; hanging above, like irregular stalactites from the roof of a cave, a quantity of clothes—the clothes of the dead and buried shows of the coach-house.

CHARLES DICKENS.

VENDREDI SAINT

This is Paris, the beautiful city,
Heaven's gate to the rich, to the poor without pity.
The clear sun shines on the fair town's graces,
And on the cold green of the shrunken river,
And the chill East blows, as 'twould blow for ever,
On the holiday groups with their shining faces.

For this is the one solemn day of the season,
When all the swift march of her gay unreason
Pauses a while, and a thin veil of sadness
Half hides, from strange eyes, the old riot and madness,
And the churches are crowded with devotees holy,
Rich and poor, saint and sinner, the great and the lowly.

. . . . .

Here is a roofless palace, where gape
Black casements in rows without form or shape:
A sordid ruin, whose swift decay
Speaks of that terrible morning in May
When the whole fair city was blood and fire,
And the black smoke of ruin rose higher and higher,

And through the still streets, 'neath the broad Spring sun,
Everywhere murder and rapine were done;

Women lurking, with torch in hand,
Evil eyed, sullen, who soon should stand
Before the sharp bayonets, dripping with blood,
And be stabbed through and through, or shot dead
where they stood.

. . . . .

This is the brand-new Hôtel de Ville,
Where six hundred wretches met death in the fire ;
Ringed round with a pitiless cordon of steel,
Not one might escape that swift vengeance. To-day
The ruin, the carnage, are clean swept away ;
And the sumptuous façades, and the high roofs aspire,

And, upon the broad square, the white palace face
Looks down with a placid and meaningless grace,
Ignoring the bloodshed, the struggle, the sorrow,
The doom that has been, and that may be to-morrow,
The hidden hatred, the mad endeavour,
The strife that still is and shall be for ever.

. . . . .

Here rise the twin-towers of Notre Dame,
Through siege, and revolt, and ruin the same.
See the people in crowds pressing onward, slowly,
Along the dark aisles to the altar holy—
The altar, to-day, wrapt in mourning and gloom,
Since He whom they worship lies dead in the tomb.

There, by a tiny acolyte tended,
A round-cheeked child in his cassock white,
Lies the tortured figure to which are bended
The knees of the passers who gaze on the sight,
And the people fall prostrate, and kiss and mourn
The fair dead limbs which the nails have torn.

And the passionate music comes from the quire,
Full of soft chords of a yearning pity
The mournful voices accordant aspire
To the far-off gates of the Heavenly City;
And the clear, keen alto, soaring high and higher,
Mounts now a surging fountain, now a heavenward
fire.

Ay, eighteen centuries after the day,
A world-worn populace kneel and pray,
As they pass by and gaze on the limbs unbroken.
What symbol is this? of what yearnings the token?
What spell this that leads men a part to be
Of this old Judæan death-agony?

And I asked, Was it nought but a Nature Divine,
That for lower natures consented to die?
Could a greater than human sacrifice
Still make the tears spring to the world-dimmed eye?
One thought only it was that replied, and no other:
This man was our brother.

. . . . .

As I pass from the church, in the cold East wind,
Leaving its solemn teachings behind:
Once again, on the verge of the chill blue river,
The blighted buds on the branches shiver;
Here, again, stream the holiday groups, with delight
Gaping in wonder at some new sight.

'Tis an open doorway, squalid and low,
And crowds which ceaselessly come and go,
Careless enough ere they see the sight
Which leaves the gay faces pallid and white:
Something is there which can change their mood,
And check the holiday flow of blood.

For the face which they see is the face of Death.
Strange, such a thing as the ceasing of breath
Should work such miraculous change as here:
Turn the thing that we love, to a thing of fear;
Transform the sordid, the low, the mean,
To a phantasm, pointing to Depths unseen.

There they lie, the dead, unclaimed and unknown,
Each on his narrow and sloping stone.
The chill water drips from each to the ground;
No other movement is there, nor sound.
With the look which they wore when they came to die,
They gaze from blind eyes to the pitiless sky.

No woman to-day, thank Heaven, is here;
But men, old for the most part, and broken quite,
Who, finding this sad world a place of fear,
Have leapt forth hopelessly into the night,
Bankrupt of faith, without love, unfriended,
Dead-tired of life's comedy ere 'twas ended.

But here is one younger, whose ashy face
Bears some faint shadow of former grace.
What brought him here? Was it love's sharp fever?
Was she worse than dead that he bore to leave her?
Or was his young life, ere its summer came,
Burnt by Passion's whirlwinds as by a flame?

Was it Drink or Desire, or the die's sure shame,
Which led this poor truant to deep disgrace?
Was it hopeless misfortune, unmixed with blame,
That laid him here dead, in this dreadful place?
Ah, Heaven, of these nineteen long centuries,
Is the sole fruit this thing with the sightless eyes!

Yesterday, passion and struggle and strife,
Hatreds, it may be, and anger-choked breath;
Yesterday, fear and the burden of life;
To-day, the cold ease and the calmness of death:
And that which strove and sinned and yielded there,
To-day in what hidden place of God's mysterious air?

Whatever he has been, here now he lies,
Facing the stare of unpitying eyes.
I turn from the dank and dishonoured face,
To the fair dead Christ by His altar place,
And the same thought replies to my soul, and no other—
This, too, was our brother.

SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

THE BASTILLE

Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts,
Ye dungeons, and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age
With music such as suits their sovereign ears.
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fall'n at last; to know
That even our enemies, so oft employed,
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For he who values liberty confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
Immured though unaccused, condemn'd untried,
Cruelly spared, and hopeless of escape.

There, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
And filleted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone.
To count the hour-bell, and expect no change;
And ever, as the sullen sound is heard,
Still to reflect, that though a joyless note
To him whose moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
Account it music; that it summons some
To theatre or jocund feast or ball;
The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labour; and the lover, who has chid
Its long delay, feels every welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight:—
To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements as ingenious woe
Contrives, hard shifting and without her tools:—
To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In staggering types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own:—
To turn purveyor to an overgorged
And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend:—
To wear out time in numbering to and fro
The studs that thick emboss his iron door,
Then downward and then upward, then aslant,
And then alternate, with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish, till the sum exactly found
In all directions, he begins again:—
Oh comfortless existence! hemm'd around
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel

And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.

WILLIAM COWPER.

ST. ETIENNE DU MONT

I USED very often, when coming home from my morning's work at one of the public institutions of Paris, to step in at the dear old church of St. Etienne du Mont. The tomb of St. Geneviève, surrounded by burning candles and votive tablets, was there; the mural tablet of Jacobus Benignus Winslow was there; there was a noble organ with carved figures; the pulpit was borne on the oaken shoulders of a stooping Samson; and there was a marvellous staircase like a coil of lace. These things I mention from memory, but not all of them together impressed me so much as an inscription on a small slab of marble fixed in one of the walls. It told how this church of St. Stephen was repaired and beautified in the year 16**, and how, during the celebration of its reopening, two girls of the parish (*filles de la paroisse*) fell from the gallery, carrying a part of the balustrade with them, to the pavement, but by a miracle escaped uninjured.

ST. ETIENNE DU MONT

Two young girls, nameless, but real presences to my imagination, as much as when they came fluttering down on the tiles with a cry that outscreamed the sharpest treble in the *Te Deum*. . . . All the crowd gone but these two 'filles de la paroisse'—gone as utterly as the dresses they wore, as the shoes that were on their feet, as the bread and meat that were in the market on that day.

Not the great historical events, but the personal incidents that call up single sharp pictures of some human being in its pang or struggle, reach us most nearly.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE TUILERIES

THERE is a goodly Palace called the Tuilleries, where the Queene mother was wont to lie, and which was built by her selfe. The Palace is called the Tuilleries, because heretofore they used to burne tile there, before the Pallace was built. For this French word Tuillerie doth signifie in the French a place for burning of tile. . . . This Palace of the Tuilleries is a most magnificent building, having in it many sumptuous roomes. The chamber of Presence is exceeding beautifull, whose roofe is painted with many antique workes, the sides and endes of this chamber are curiously adorned with pictures made in oyleworke upon wainscot, wherein amongst many other things the nine Muses are excellently painted. One of the inner chambers hath an exceeding costly roofe gilt, in which there is a table made of so many severall colours of marble, and so finely inlayed with yvorie, that it is thought to be worth above five hundred pound. The staires very faire, at the edge whereof

there is a goodly raill of white stone, supported with little turned pillers of brasse. The staires are winding, having a stately roofe with open spaces like windowes to let in the aire. On the south side of the Palace there is a faire walke leaded, but without any roofe, where I saw a goodly peece of Jeate in the wall of a great length and breadth. But it was so hackled that it seemed to be much blemished. There is a most pleasant prospect from that walke over the railes into the Tuillerie garden, which is the fairest garden for length of delectable walkes that ever I saw, but for variety of delicate fonts and springes, much inferior to the King's garden at Fountaine Beleau. There are two walkes in this garden of an equall length, each being 700 paces long, whereof one is so artificially roofed over with timber worke, that the boughes of the maple trees, wherewith the walke is on both sides beset, doe reach up to the toppe of the roofe, and cover it clean over. This roofed walke hath sixe faire arbours advanced to a great height like turrets. Also there is a long and spacious plot full of hearbes and knots trimly kept by many persons. In this garden there are two fonts wherein are two auncient images of great antiquity made of stone. Also there is a faire pond made foure square, and built all of stone together with the bottome, wherein there is not yet either fish or water, but shortly it shall be replenished with both. . . . At the end of this garden there is an exceeding fine Eccho. For I heard a certaine French man who sang very melodiously with curious quavers, sing with such admirable art, that upon the resounding of the Eccho there seemed three to sound together.

THOMAS CORYAT (1611).

THE TUILERIES: ITS MAGNIFICENCE AND ITS LAST DAYS

On the day of the revival of the Empire the appearance of the Tuileries was very different from what it had been on the occasion of the reception held here [in January, 1852]. . . . Entering the palace on the Carrousel side, ascending the stairs, and turning to the left into the ante-room of the Salle des Travées, or 'Room of the Bays,' you found the ceiling decorated with the freshly gilded sun of Louis XIV., and restored medallions of Wisdom, Justice, Science, and Power. On either side stood several short columns supporting handsome bronze and porphyry busts of Roman Emperors. In the ante-room of the Galerie de la Paix the ceiling displayed medallions of wrestling children, on a gold ground, with a central subject which depicted Glory holding a palm and a crown, and heralded by winged boys who were blowing their trumpets, the work of Vauchelet. In the Galerie de la Paix itself the Ionic columns and pilasters of Philibert Delorme had been restored and their capitals gilded. Gilding was also scattered profusely over the ceiling, the doors, and the wainscottings. The marble statues of L'Hôspital and D'Aguesseau, set up here in Louis Philippe's time, had been removed, and their place taken by two huge crystal candelabra, with feet of gilded bronze. Over the mantelpiece appeared a portrait of the new Emperor by Charles Louis Müller, while at the farther end of the gallery rose a fine silver statue of Peace. A few years later, after the Crimean War, when the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia came to France and was entertained at the Tuileries, he noticed this statue and inquired what it

represented. It is 'Peace—in silver,' the Empress Eugénie replied. 'Peace, madam?' the Grand Duke retorted. 'Ah, it ought to have been cast in gold.'. . .

On the walls [of the famous Salle des Maréchaux] hung fourteen large portraits of Napoleon's marshals, and below them were the busts of a score of First Empire generals, set on elegant *scabelli*. . . . The vaulted ceiling, whence descended a huge chandelier, all gold and crystal, had become superb, intersected by four gilded ribs, which started from the four corners, where you perceived some large, gilded, eagle-surmounted shields, bearing the names of the victories gained by Napoleon personally. Between the ribs the ceiling simulated a sky, and above the gilded balconies running right round the hall, a balustrade with vases of flowers was painted. The lofty, imposing caryatides—plaster copies of Jean Goujon's work—had been gilded from top to bottom, and between four of them appeared a platform whence the new Emperor might view the revels of his Court. . . .

No little renovation had been bestowed on the adjoining Salon Blanc—a guard-room in the time of Louis XIV. The *grisaille* paintings by Nicolas Loyr, representing an army on the march, a battle, and a triumph, had been fully restored. . . . On every side were costly hangings, handsome consoles, Boule cabinets, superb candelabra and chandeliers—State property, much of which had formerly figured either at the palace of Versailles or at Trianon.

In the Salon d'Apollon, Lebrun's great painting of 'Phaeton and the Nereids,' and Loyr's ceiling depicting 'The God of Day starting on his career,' had been

most carefully renovated; the dragons and chimeræ of the cornices were gilded; the upholstery was all fine Gobelins tapestry; there was a handsome new chimneypiece, and a superb old clock in the form of a terrestrial globe upheld by genii. Entering the next room—once Louis XIV.'s 'Chambre de Parade'—one found, at the further end, the new Emperor's throne with its splendid canopy of crimson velvet, spangled with the gold bees of the Bonapartes and bordered with a design of laurel leaves. Overhead was perched a great gold eagle with outspread wings, another being embroidered in an escutcheon on the hangings behind the Chair of State. Throne and hangings alike had previously served on one occasion only—a memorable one—that of the Coronation of Napoleon I. at Notre Dame, since when they had been carefully preserved at the Garde Meuble. On either side of the throne rose lofty candelabra, bearing above their lights an orb and a crown—insignia of power; while on the vaulted ceiling, finely inlaid with enamel work by Lemoine, shone the device of the Grand Monarque, *Nec pleuribus impar.*

If the decorations of the Salon Blanc . . . supplied a very fair example of Louis XIII. style, those of the so-called Salon de Louis XIV., following the Throne-room, furnished an example of the Grand Siècle. The ceiling was a new and skilful copy of Lesueur's 'Olympus,' by Lesurgues, while the panel paintings were grotesques by the two Le Moines—all delicately restored. Three pictures were now hung in this room, one a fine portrait of Louis XIV. by Rigaud, another a good copy of Gérard's Philip of Anjou, and the third a copy of Mignard's painting of Anne of Austria

giving instructions to her young son. On the east side of the room was a door leading into Louis XIV.'s so-called winter apartments—first the *cabinet* of his *valet-de-chambre*, secondly his own bedroom, and thirdly his private study or library. The King's bedroom had afterwards been that of Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., and the decorations were not of Louis XIV.'s time, having been much modified early in the nineteenth century, in such wise that they supplied a free example of the so-called Empire style. On the ceiling, painted in *grisaille*, appeared Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, and Minerva, amid a number of genii and griffins. . . .

The bedroom and the dressing-room of Queen Marie Thérèse, wife of Louis XIV., became in the first Napoleon's time his study and his secretary's workroom. . . . The paintings were chiefly by Jean Nocret and Jacques Fouquières. Minerva was depicted on the ceiling of the dressing-room, above the doors of which appeared subjects showing women at work on embroidery, tapestry, and so forth; while over the mantelpiece Minerva again rose up, attended this time by Neptune. Beside the chimneypiece was painted a fine figure of Immortality, in front of it you saw Vigilance, then Minerva at her toilet; while on the window side History was symbolized. Mercury, the Arts and Sciences, Wisdom, and many other allegorical figures, as well as the gold sun of Louis XIV., adorned the adjoining bedroom of Queen Marie Thérèse, whence you passed into her *salon*, later that of Napoleon when he was First Consul. Here the Louis XIV. style was more marked than in the previous apartments. Fine Gobelins tapestry covered the panels, and paintings by Nocret—Glory, Fame,

and once again Minerva, this time carried aloft by her priestesses—adorned the ceiling and the *cartouches* above the doors. Similar in style was the decoration of the Queen's ante-room, the subjects here symbolized by Nocret being Wisdom, Peace, and Architecture, to which were added some landscapes by Fouquières. . . . Unhappily everything was destined to perish at the fall of the Commune in 1871.

. . . . .

It was about ten o'clock when all was ready. The Versaillese seldom, if ever, stirred after dusk during that terrible week. They remained on the positions they had gained during the day. Had they been quicker in their movements, the week might have been reduced to three days, and many of the buildings of Paris might have been saved. On the other hand, no doubt, the casualties would have been much more numerous. On the evening of May 23 the National Guards still occupied the garden of the Tuileries, the barricade near the ditch, and the quay alongside the Seine. They were spread there *en tirailleurs*, ready to oppose the advance of the Versaillese, should the latter attempt to push forward beyond the corner of the Rue St. Florentin. Others, too, were strongly entrenched in the Ministry of Finances in the Rue de Rivoli, and defended it throughout the night, every effort being made to check the advance of the troops until the conflagration of the Tuileries should be beyond remedy. As for Bergeret and his staff, they retired to the Louvre barracks, and it was there, about ten o'clock or a little later, that Benot joined them, announcing that the Tuileries was alight.

The whole company sat down to supper, ate well and drank heavily. Towards midnight, after coffee had been served, Benot invited the others to admire his work. They went out on to the terrace of the Louvre and saw the Tuileries blazing. Flames were already darting from the windows of the great façade —over twelve hundred feet in length ; and if at times there came a pause in the violence of the fire, the ruddy glow which every opening of the building revealed was a sufficient sign that the conflagration had by no means subsided. At last a score of tongues of flame leapt suddenly through the collapsing roof, reddening the great canopy of smoke which hovered above the pile. The flames seemed to travel from either end of the palace towards the central cupola-crowned pavilion, where Benot, an artist in his way, had designedly placed most of his combustibles and explosives ; and at about two o'clock in the morning Bergeret's officers were startled, almost alarmed, by a terrific explosion which shook all the surrounding district. Many rushed to ascertain what had happened, and on facing the Tuileries, they saw that the flames were now rising in a great sheaf from the central pavilion, whose cupola had been thrown into the air, whence it fell in blazing fragments, while millions of sparks rose, rained, or rushed hither and thither, imparting to the awful spectacle much the aspect of a bouquet of fireworks, such as usually terminates a great pyrotechnical display. . . .

Despite all the magnificence, all the festivities, the Tuileries witnessed, it was ever a fatal edifice —a Palace of Doom for both Monarchy and Empire.

LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE.

LA SAINTE CHAPELLE

LIKE to a Virgin Queen in robes of state,
August in presence, delicately fair
As the fair girl that by her side doth wait
Uncrown'd save by her golden-tressèd hair;
Regal in splendour, yet withal as chaste
As among flowers the lily: as though some power
The treasures of the whole world there had placed
To build again Medea's blissful bower,
With new enchantments. Soft the sunlight falls
On the inlay'd floor; the groinèd roof hangs dim
In its own splendour; on the emblazoned walls
Glow shapes celestial, wingèd cherubim,
With heraldies of heaven, occult, unknown—
And, in the midst, One, on a sapphire throne.

SIR WYKE BAYLISS.

THE MADELEINE

APPROACHING the Madeleine, we found it a most beautiful church, that might have been adapted from Heathenism to Catholicism; for on each side there is a range of magnificent pillars, unequalled, except by those of the Parthenon. . . . Glorious and gorgeous is the Madeleine. The entrance to the nave is beneath a most stately arch; and three arches of equal height open from the nave to the side aisles; and at the end of the nave is another great arch, rising, with a vaulted dome, over the high altar. The pillars supporting these arches are Corinthian, with richly sculptured capitals; and wherever gilding might adorn the church, it is lavished like sunshine; and within the sweeps of the arches there are fresco paintings of sacred subjects, and a beautiful picture covers the

hollow of the vault over the altar: all this, besides much sculpture; and especially a group above and around the high altar, representing the Magdalen, smiling down upon angels and archangels, some of whom are kneeling, and shadowing themselves with their heavy marble wings. There is no such thing as making my page glow with the most distant idea of the magnificence of this church, in its details and in its whole. . . . Bonaparte contemplated transforming it into a Temple of Victory, or building it anew as one. The restored Bourbon remade it into a church; but it still has a heathenish look, and will never lose it.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

ON THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE AT PARIS

I.

THE Attic temple whose majestic room
Contained the presence of Olympian Jove,
With smooth Hymettus round it and above,
Softening the splendour by a sober bloom,
Is yielding fast to Time's irreverent doom;
While on the then barbarian banks of Seine
That nobler type is realized again
In perfect form, and delicate—to whom?
To a poor Syrian girl, of lowliest name,
A helpless creature, pitiful and frail
As ever wore her life in sin and shame,—
Of whom all history has this single tale,—
'She loved the Christ, she wept beside His grave,
And He, for that love's sake, all else forgave.'

II.

If one, with prescient soul to understand
The working of this world beyond the day

Of his small life, had taken by the hand
That wanton daughter of old Magdala;
And told her that the time was ripe to come
When she, thus base among the base, should be
More served than all the gods of Greece and Rome,
More honoured in her holy memory,—
How would not men have mocked and she have scorned
The fond Diviner?—Plausible excuse
Had been for them, all moulded to one use
Of feeling and of thought, but We are warned
By such ensamples to distrust the sense
Of Custom proud and bold Experience.

III.

Thanks to that element of heavenly things,
That did come down to earth, and there confound
Most sacred thoughts with names of usual sound,
And homeliest life with all a poet sings,
The proud Ideas that had ruled and bound
Our moral nature were no longer kings,
Old Power grew faint and shed his eagle-wings,
And grey Philosophy was half uncrowned.
Love, Pleasure's child, betrothed herself to Pain;—
Weakness, and Poverty, and Self-disdain,
And tranquil sufferance of repeated wrongs,
Became adorable;—Fame gave her tongues,
And Faith her hearts to objects all as low
As this lorn child of infamy and woe.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON).

THE LOUVRE

I WENT . . . to the King's Palace which is called the Louvre: this was first built by Philip Augustus, King

of France, about the yeare 1214, and being afterward ruined by time, was most beautifully repaired by Henry the second. Therein I observed these particulars: A faire quadrangular Court, with goodly lodgings about it foure stories high, whose outside is exquisitely wrought with white free-stone, and decked with many stately pillars and beautiful Images made of the same stone. As we go up towards the hall there are three or foure paire of staires, whereof one paire is passing faire, consisting of very many greeses. The roofe over these staires is exceedingly beautifull, being made ex fornicato seu concamerato opera, vaulted with very sumptuous frettings or chamferings, wherein the formes of clusters of grapes and many other things are most excellently contrived. The great chamber is very long, broad and high, having a gilt roofe and richly embossed: the next chamber within it, which is the Presence, is very faire, being adorned with a sumptuous roofe, which though it be made but of timber worke, yet it is exceeding richly gilt, and with that exquisite art, that a stranger upon the first view thereof, would imagine it were either latten or beaten gold.

I was also in a chamber wherein Queene Mary doth often lie, where I saw a certaine kinde of raile which encompasseth the place where her bedde is wont to be, having little pretty pillars richly gilt. After this I went into a place which for such a kinde of roome excelleth in my opinion, not only all those that are now in the world, but also all whatsoever that ever were since the creation thereof, even a gallery, a perfect description whereof will require a large volume. It is divided into three parts, two sides at both the ends, and one very large and spacious walke. One of

the sides when I was there, was almost ended, having in it many goodly pictures of some of the Kings and Queenes of France, made most exactly in wainscot, and drawen out very lively in oyle workes upon the same. The roofe of most glittering and admirable beauty, wherein is much antique worke, with the picture of God and the Angels, the Sunne, the Moone, the Starres, the Planets, and other Celestiall signes. Yea, so unspeakably faire it is, that a man can hardly comprehend it in his minde, that hath not first seene it with his bodily eyes. The long gallery hath at the entrance thereof a goodly dore, garnished with foure very sumptuous marble pillers of a flesh colour, interlaced with some veines of white. It is in breadth about ten of my paces, and above five hundred in length, which maketh at the least half a mile. There are faire windowes. . . . On the west side of the gallery there is a most beautifull garden divided into eight severall knots.

THOMAS CORYAT (1611).

HÔTEL DE CLUNY

ALTHOUGH the Hôtel de Cluny has not been transferred to another site like the *Maison de François Ier*, it has been almost as wonderfully preserved. It was built at first by the Abbots of Cluny, but not much used by them. In the early part of the last century it was private property let in tenements to a number of tenants. It now belongs to the State. . . . Thus it has most happily come to pass that in the midst of a very busy part of Paris, close to the great Boulevards of St. Germain and St. Michel, there is a safe little island of the past amidst the noisy torrents of

the present. I know nothing more delightful in Paris than the peace of the Hôtel de Cluny ; and what a wonderful piece of good luck it is that this beautiful relic of the fifteenth century should have been quite close to the most interesting remnant of Roman Paris, so that both can be kept together in the same safe enclosure ! . . . I do not know of any kind of domestic architecture quite so satisfactory as that where the house is isolated. For street architecture the modern Parisian is practically much better ; but for a builder who has but one dwelling to erect, and is not restricted to ground-space, this fifteenth-century architecture is the one that best unites a homely expression with beauty and convenience. The walls are not too high, the roof has a comfortable appearance, the building is of ample size yet not wearisome in vastness ; it is not a proud palace, but a beautiful home that one might live in habitually and love with intense affection. The windows in the walls are square-headed with mullions, transoms, and weather mouldings that connect the windows together. There is a pierced parapet, and the dormer-windows are beautifully finished with pinnacles and finials. There are several staircase turrets. . . . The Louvre is the place to study sculpture, but the lover of *carving* (in stone, wood, and ivory) should go to the Hôtel Cluny.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

We drove in the *Bois de Boulogne*, that limitless park, with its forests, its lakes, its cascades, and its broad avenues. There were thousands upon thousands of

vehicles abroad, and the scene was full of life and gaiety. There were very common hacks, with father and mother and all the children in them ; conspicuous little open carriages with celebrated ladies of questionable reputation in them ; there were dukes and duchesses abroad, with gorgeous footmen perched behind, and equally gorgeous outriders perched on each of the six horses ; there were blue and silver, and green and gold, and pink and black, and all sorts and descriptions of stunning and startling liveries out, and I almost yearned to be a flunkey myself, for the sake of the fine clothes.

But presently the Emperor came along, and he outshone them all. He was preceded by a body-guard of gentlemen on horseback in showy uniforms, his carriage-horses (there appeared to be somewhere in the remote neighbourhood of a thousand of them) were bestridden by gallant-looking fellows, also in stylish uniforms, and after the carriage followed another detachment of body-guards. Everybody got out of the way ; everybody bowed to the Emperor. . . .

I will not describe the *Bois de Boulogne*. I cannot do it. It is simply a beautiful, cultivated, endless, wonderful wilderness. It is an enchanting place.

MARK TWAIN.

SAINT CLOUD

Soft spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue ;
Ten thousand stars combine to light
The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sighed,
  Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
  And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
  The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and Hussar,
  That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
  With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
  The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,
  Nor could its silence rue,
When waked, to music of our own,
  The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
  Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless air they float,
  Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
  His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
  With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
  The circle round him drew
Than ours, when gathered round to hear
  Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY THE SIDE OF THE SEINE

VERY old are the books on the quays; very old are the bookworms who examine them. Treasures, it is said, have been discovered in these boxes; many a superannuated sage is supposed to have carried off volumes that boasted infinite age, and bore some precious dedication. Yet you may dig in a box for hours without encountering anything more remarkable than a grammar or a book of psalms or a series of sermons. . . . Opposite, on a bench, sit the booksellers reading their paper, smoking their pipes, staring at the omnibuses that rattle across the bridges of the Seine.

No one is pestered to buy a book; you may turn over an entire box and then pass on to the next. No one regards you with suspicion; you may finger a volume and pore over it as long as you please. Should you covet something you must take it over to the bench opposite and demand the price. Perhaps you are overwhelmed by the bookseller's extravagant reply, and say as much; but he, unless conscious of his fault, bids you to either buy the book or put it back. No one irritates: not even the impudent young painter who scoffs at his stock of prints, not even the dim-eyed old gentleman who has paid exhaustive attention to a stout volume every morning for months. No doubt he pities him, and so lets him read. The

old gentleman is shabby, and not rich enough to buy the book. He can only read it there, and is allowed to—line by line, page after page, chapter upon chapter. Another sage: older, shabbier, this one. He, too, is a regular visitor. He also has his book. It *was* his own once; it had rested on his shelves; it had been beneath his lamp. To own it, the sage had saved, deprived himself of necessaries. Then one morning he brought the hoard down to the bookseller, and exchanged it for the book, and put the prize under his arm, and hugged it as he tottered off. A week later he returned to the quays thinner, shabbier than ever, and sold the book, and asked where it would be placed, and reappeared next morning to continue it, and every morning afterwards. A third sage: somewhat confused, haunted by the delusion that all old volumes are treasures. He buys frequently, not expensive books, but those at sixty centimes or one franc; he is not difficult to please so long as the pages are yellow.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

PÈRE LACHAISE

BEAUTIFUL city of the dead! thou stand'st
Ever amid the bloom of sunny skies
And blush of odours, and the stars of heaven
Look, with a mild and holy eloquence,
Upon thee, realm of silence! Diamond dew
And vernal rain and sunlight and sweet airs
For ever visit thee; and morn and eve
Dawn first and linger longest on thy tombs
Crowned with their wreaths of love and rendering back

QUAI VOLTAIRE

From their wrought columns all the glorious beams,
That herald morn or bathe in trembling light
The calm and holy brow of shadowy eve.
Empire of pallid shades! though thou art near
The noisy traffic and thronged intercourse
Of man, yet stillness sleeps, with drooping eyes
And meditative brow, for ever round
Thy bright and sunny borders; and the trees,
That shadow thy fair monuments, are green
Like hope that watches o'er the dead, or love
That crowns their memories; and lonely birds
Lift up their simple songs amid the boughs,
And with a gentle voice, wail o'er the lost,
The gifted and the beautiful, as they
Were parted spirits hovering o'er dead forms
Till judgment summons earth to its account.
  Here 'tis bliss to wander, when the clouds
Paint the pale azure, scattering o'er the scene
Sunlight and shadow, mingled yet distinct,
And the broad olive leaves, like human sighs,
Answer the whispering zephyr, and soft buds
Unfold their hearts to the sweet west wind's kiss,
And Nature dwells in solitude, like all
Who sleep in silence here, their names and deeds
Living in sorrow's verdant memory. . . .
  Beautiful city of the dead! to sleep
Amid thy shadowed solitudes, thy flowers,
Thy greenness and thy beauty, where the voice,
Alone heard, whispers love—the greenwood choirs
Sing 'mid the stirring leaves—were very bliss
Unto the weary heart and wasted mind,
Broken in the world's warfare, yet still doomed
To bear a brow undaunted! Oh, it were
A tranquil and a holy dwelling-place

To those who deeply love but love in vain,
To disappointed hopes and baffled aims
And persecuted youth. How sweet the sleep
Of such as dream not—wake not—feel not here
Beneath the starlight skies and flowery earth,
'Mid the green solitudes of Père Lachaise!

S. L. FAIRFIELD.

PÈRE LACHAISE

THE cemetery of Père Lachaise is the Westminster Abbey of Paris. Both are the dwellings of the dead; but in one they repose in green alleys and beneath the open sky, in the other their resting-place is in the shadowy aisle, and beneath the dim arches of an ancient abbey. One is a temple of nature; the other a temple of art. In one, the soft melancholy of the scene is rendered still more touching by the warble of birds and the shade of trees, and the grave receives the gentle visit of the sunshine and the shower: in the other, no sound but the passing footfall breaks the silence of the place; the twilight steals in through high and dusky windows; and the damps of the gloomy vault lie heavy on the heart, and leave their stain upon the mouldering tracery of the tomb.

Père Lachaise stands just beyond the *Barrière d'Aulney*, on a hill-side, looking towards the city. Numerous gravel-walks, winding through shady avenues and between marble monuments, lead up from the principal entrance to a chapel on the summit. There is hardly a grave that has not its little enclosure planted with shrubbery; and a thick mass of foliage half conceals each funeral stone. The sighing of the wind, as the branches rise and fall upon it,

the occasional note of a bird among the trees, and the shifting of light and shade upon the tombs beneath, have a soothing effect upon the mind; and I doubt whether anyone can enter that enclosure where repose the dust and ashes of so many great and good men without feeling the religion of the place steal over him, and seeing something of the dark and gloomy expression pass off from the stern countenance of death.

It was near the close of a bright summer afternoon that I visited this celebrated spot for the first time. The first object that arrested my attention on entering was a monument in the form of a small Gothic chapel which stands near the entrance, in the avenue leading to the right hand. On the marble couch within are stretched two figures carved in stone, and dressed in the antique garb of the Middle Ages. It is the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse. . . . What a singular destiny was theirs! that after a life of such passionate and disastrous love—such sorrows, and tears, and penitence—their very dust should not be suffered to rest quietly in the grave!—that their death should so much resemble their life in its changes and vicissitudes—its partings and its meetings—its inquietudes and its persecutions!—that mistaken zeal should follow them down to the very tomb, as if earthly passion could glimmer, like a funeral lamp, amid the damps of the charnel-house, and 'even in their ashes burn their wonted fires!' . . . Their lives are like a tale that is told, their errors are 'folded up like a book,' and what mortal hand shall break the seal that death has set upon them!

Leaving this interesting tomb behind me, I took a pathway to the left, which conducted me up the hill-

side. I soon found myself in the deep shade of heavy foliage, where the branches of the yew and willow mingled, interwoven with the tendrils and blossoms of the honeysuckle. I now stood in the most populous part of this city of tombs. Every step awakened a new train of thrilling recollections, for at every step my eye caught the name of someone whose glory had exalted the character of his native land, and resounded across the waters of the Atlantic. Philosophers, historians, musicians, warriors, and poets, slept side by side around me; some beneath the gorgeous monument, and some beneath the simple head-stone. There were the graves of Fouscroi and Hauy; of Ginguiné and Volney; of Grétry and Méhul; of Ney, and Foy, and Masséna; of La Fontaine, and Molière, and Chénier, and Delille, and Parny. But the political intrigue, the dream of science, the historical research, the ravishing harmony of sound, the tried courage, the inspiration of the lyre, where are they? With the living, and not with the dead! The right hand has lost its cunning in the grave, but the soul, whose high volitions it obeyed, still lives to reproduce itself in ages yet to come.

Among these graves of genius I observed here and there a splendid monument which had been raised by the pride of family over the dust of men who could lay no claim either to the gratitude or remembrance of posterity. Their presence seemed like an intrusion into the sanctuary of genius. What had wealth to do there? Why should it crowd the dust of the great? That was no thoroughfare of business—no mart of gain! There were no costly banquets there; no silken garments, nor gaudy liveries, nor obsequious attendants! 'What servants,' says Jeremy Taylor,

'shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? What friends to visit us? What officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals?' . . .

I continued my walk through the numerous winding paths, as chance or curiosity directed me. Now I was lost in a little green hollow, overhung with thick-leaved shrubbery, and then came out upon an elevation, from which, through an opening in the trees, the eye caught glimpses of the city, and the little esplanade, at the foot of the hill, where the poor lie buried. There poverty hires its grave, and takes but a short lease of the narrow house. . . .

Yet, even in that neglected corner the hand of affection had been busy in decorating the hired house. Most of the graves were surrounded with a slight wooden paling, to secure them from the passing footstep: there was hardly one so deserted as not to be marked with its little wooden cross, and decorated with a garland of flowers; and here and there I could perceive a solitary mourner, clothed in black, stooping to plant a shrub on the grave, or sitting in motionless sorrow beside it. . . .

After rambling leisurely about for some time, reading the inscriptions on the various monuments which attracted my curiosity, and giving way to the different reflections they suggested, I sat down to rest myself on a sunken tombstone. A winding gravel-walk, overshaded by an avenue of trees, and lined on both sides with richly-sculptured monuments, had gradually conducted me to the summit of the hill, upon whose slope the cemetery stands. Beneath me in the distance, and dim-discovered through the misty

and smoky atmosphere of evening, rose the countless roofs and spires of the city. Beyond, throwing his level rays athwart the dusky landscape, sank the broad red sun. The distant murmur of the city rose upon my ear; and the toll of the evening bell came up, mingled with the rattle of the paved street and the confused sounds of labour. What an hour for meditation! What a contrast between the metropolis of the living and the metropolis of the dead! . . .

Before I left the graveyard the shades of evening had fallen and the objects around me grown dim and indistinct. As I passed the gateway I turned to take a parting look. I could distinguish only the chapel on the summit of the hill, and here and there a lofty obelisk of snow-white marble, rising from the black and heavy mass of foliage around, and pointing upward to the gleam of the departed sun that still lingered in the sky, and mingled with the soft starlight of the summer evening.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE TEMPLE

Towards the middle of the Rue du Temple, not far from a fountain which is placed at the angle of a large square, can be seen a large building of timber, roofed with slate, and in form a parallelogram.

It is the Temple.

Bounded on the left by the Rue du Petit Thouasis, on the right by the Rue Percée, it terminates at a vast circular building, a colossal rotunda, surrounded by a gallery with arcades. A long passage through the centre divides it into two equal parts; these are in their turn divided and subdivided by a multitude

of small lateral and transverse passages, which cross it in every direction, and are sheltered from the rain by the roof of the edifice.

In this bazaar all new merchandise is generally prohibited ; but the most wretched shreds of stuff of whatever description, the smallest scraps of iron, copper, or steel, find here both buyer and seller. There are here merchants of fragments of cloth of all colours, all shades, all qualities, every age, destined to match the pieces to mend old or torn clothes.

There are shops where you can find heaps of old shoes run down at the heels, cracked, things with a name, without form, without colour ; yet it is all bought and sold ; there are people who live by this trade.

Others turn their attention to the trade of women's hats. These hats never reach the shops except in the bags of the dealers after the strangest peregrinations, the most violent transformation.

Still farther on, at the sign of the Fashion of the Day, under the arcades of the rotunda, raised at the end of the large passage which divides the Temple in two parts, are hung up myriads of clothes, of colours, forms, and shapes the most extraordinary, still more so than the women's old bonnets.

Yet this exhibition of old things of little value, and displayed with much pretension, is a great boon to the very poor of Paris.

There they buy at two or three hundred per cent. discount excellent things, almost new, of which the depreciation is almost imaginary.

One of the sides of the Temple, destined for bed-clothes, was filled with piles of coverings, sheets, mattresses, and pillows.

Farther on were carpets, curtains, household utensils of all sorts; besides clothing, shoes, caps, for all conditions, for all ages.

One cannot believe, before visiting this bazaar, how little time and money is necessary to fill a cart with all that is necessary for the complete establishment of two or three families in want of every possible thing.

EUGENE SUE.

MONTMARTRE: MORNING

'Tis dawn upon Montmartre! O'er the plain,
In flake and spire, the sunbeam plunges deep,
Bringing out shape, and shade, and summer-stain;
Like a retiring host the blue mists sweep.
Looms on the farthest right Valerien's steep,
Crown'd with its convent kindling in the day;
And swiftly sparkling from their leafy sleep,
Like matin stars, around the horizon play
Far village vanes, and domes, and castle-turrets grey.

St. Cloud! How stately from the green hill's side
Shoots up thy Parian pile! His transient hold,
Who wore the iron crown of regicide!
He treads its halls no more—his hour is told.
The circle widens; Sevres bright and cold
Peeps out in vestal beauty from her throne,
Spared for Minerva's sake, when round her roll'd
From yon high brow the Invader's fiery zone,
Resistless, as can tell thy faded towers, Meudon!

The gale has come, at once the fleecy haze
Floats up, then stands a purple canopy,
Shading the imperial city from the blaze.
Glorious the vision! tower and temple lie

MONTMARTRE: RUE LEPIC

Beneath the morn, like waves of ivory,
With many an azure streak and gush of green,
As grove and garden on the dazzled eye
Rise in successive beauty, and between
Flows into sudden light the long, slow, serpent Seine.

GEORGE CROLY.

A FLIGHT TO PARIS

A FLIGHT to Paris in eleven hours! . . . I am not accountable to anybody for the idleness of my thoughts in such an idles ummer flight; my flight is provided for by the South-Eastern, and is no business of mine.

The bell! With all my heart. It does not require *me* to do so much as even to flap my wings. Something snorts for me, something shrieks for me, something proclaims to everything else that it had better keep out of my way,—and away I go.

Ah! The fresh air is pleasant after the forcing-frame, though it does blow over these interminable streets, and scatter the smoke of this vast wilderness of chimneys. Here we are—no, I mean there we were, for it has darted far into the rear—in Bermondsey where the tanners live. Flash! The distant shipping in the Thames is gone. Whirr! The little streets of new brick and red tile, with here and there a flagstaff growing like a tall weed out of the scarlet beans. . . .

There is a dreamy pleasure in this flying. I wonder where it was, and when it was, that we exploded, blew into space somehow, a Parliamentary Train, with a crowd of heads and faces looking at us out of cages, and some hats waving. Monied Interest says it was

at Reigate Station. Expounds to Mystery how Reigate Station is so many miles from London, which Mystery again develops to Compact Enchantress. There might be neither a Reigate nor a London for me, as I fly away among the Kentish hops and harvest. What do *I* care?

Bang! We have let another Station off, and fly away regardless. Everything is flying. The hop-gardens turn gracefully towards me, presenting regular avenues of hops in rapid flight, then whirl away. So do the pools and rushes, haystacks, sheep, clover in full bloom delicious to the sight and smell, corn-sheaves, cherry-orchards, apple-orchards, reapers, gleaners, hedges, gates, fields that taper off into little angular corners, cottages, gardens, now and then a church. Bang-bang! A double-barrelled Station! Now a wood, now a bridge, now a landscape, now a cutting, now a—— Bang! a single-barrelled Station —there was a cricket-match somewhere with two white tents, and then four flying cows, then turnips—now the wires of the electric telegraph are all alive, and spin, and blurr their edges, and go up and down, and make the intervals between each other most irregular: contracting and expanding in the strangest manner. Now we slacken. With a screwing, and a grinding, and a smell of water thrown on ashes, now we stop!

Demented Traveller, who has been for two or three minutes watchful, clutches his great coats, plunges at the door, rattles it, cries 'Hi!' eager to embark on board of impossible packets, far inland. Collected Guard appears. 'Are you for Tunbridge, sir?' 'Tunbridge? No. Paris.' 'Plenty of time, sir. No hurry. Five minutes here, sir, for refreshment.' I

am so blest (anticipating Zamiel, by half a second) as to procure a glass of water for Compact Enchantress.

Who would suppose we had been flying at such a rate, and shall take wing again directly? Refreshment-room full, platform full, porter with watering-pot deliberately cooling a hot wheel, another porter with equal deliberation helping the rest of the wheels bountifully to ice cream. Monied Interest and I re-entering the carriage first, and being there alone, he intimates to me that the French are 'no go' as a Nation. I ask why? He says, that Reign of Terror of theirs was quite enough. I ventured to inquire whether he remembers anything that preceded said Reign of Terror? He says not particularly. 'Because,' I remark, 'the harvest that is reaped, has sometimes been sown.' Monied Interest repeats, as quite enough for him, that the French are revolutionary,—'and always at it.' . . .

Now fresher air, now glimpses of unenclosed Downland with flapping crows flying over it whom we soon outfly, now the Sea, now Folkestone at a quarter after ten. 'Tickets ready, gentlemen!' Demented dashes at the door. 'For Paris, sir?' No hurry. . . . Meanwhile, Demented chafes. Conceives that every man's hand is against him, and exerting itself to prevent his getting to Paris. Refuses consolation. Rattles door. Sees smoke on the horizon, and 'knows' it's the boat gone without him. Monied Interest resentfully explains that *he* is going to Paris too. Demented signifies that if Monied Interest chooses to be left behind, *he* don't. . . .

A lovely harvest day, a cloudless sky, a tranquil sea. The piston-rods of the engines so regularly coming up from below, to look (as well they may)

at the bright weather, and so regularly almost knocking their iron heads against the cross-beam of the skylight, and never doing it! Another Parisian actress is on board, attended by another Mystery. Compact Enchantress greets her sister artist—Oh, the Compact One's pretty teeth!—and Mystery greets Mystery. *My* Mystery soon ceases to be conversational—is taken poorly, in a word, having lunched too miscellaneously—and goes below. The remaining Mystery then smiles upon the sister artists (who, I am afraid, wouldn't greatly mind stabbing each other), and is upon the whole ravished.

And now I find that all the French people on board begin to grow, and all the English people to shrink. The French are nearing home, and shaking off a disadvantage, whereas we are shaking it on. . . .

Now, I tread upon French ground, and am greeted by the three charming words, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, painted up (in letters a little too thin for their height) on the Custom-house wall—also by the sight of large cocked hats, without which demonstrative head-gear nothing of a public nature can be done upon this soil. All the rabid Hotel population of Boulogne howl and shriek outside a distant barrier, frantic to get at us. Demented, by some unlucky means peculiar to himself, is delivered over to their fury, and is presently seen struggling in a whirlpool of Touters—is somehow understood to be going to Paris—is, with infinite noise, rescued by two cocked hats, and brought into Custom-house bondage with the rest of us. . . .

Fields, windmills, low grounds, pollard-trees, windmills, fields, fortifications, Abbeville, soldiering and drumming. I wonder where England is, and when I

was there last—about two years ago, I should say. Flying in and out among these trenches and batteries, skimming the clattering drawbridges, looking down into the stagnant ditches, I become a prisoner of state, escaping. I am confined with a comrade in a fortress. Our room is in an upper story. We have tried to get up the chimney, but there's an iron grating across it, imbedded in the masonry. After months of labour, we have worked the grating loose with the poker, and can lift it up. We have also made a hook, and twisted our rugs and blankets into ropes. Our plan is, to go up the chimney, hook our ropes to the top, descend hand over hand upon the roof of the guard-house far below, shake the hook loose, watch the opportunity of the sentinel's pacing away, hook again, drop into the ditch, swim across it, creep into the shelter of the wood. The time is come—a wild and stormy night. We are up the chimney, we are on the guard-house roof, we are swimming in the murky ditch, when lo! 'Qui v'là?' a bugle, the alarm, a crash! What is it? Death? No, Amiens.

More fortifications, more soldiering and drumming, more basins of soup, more little loaves of bread, more bottles of wine, more caraffes of brandy, more time for refreshment. Everything good, and everything ready. Bright, unsubstantial-looking, scenic sort of station. People waiting. Houses, uniforms, beards, moustaches, some sabots, plenty of neat women, and a few old-visaged children. Unless it be a delusion born of my giddy flight, the grown-up people and the children seem to change places in France. In general, the boys and girls are little old men and women, and the men and women lively boys and girls. . . .

A voice breaks in with 'Paris! Here we are!'

I have overflown myself, perhaps, but I can't believe it. I feel as if I were enchanted or bewitched. It is barely eight o'clock yet—it is nothing like half-past—when I have had my luggage examined at that briskest of Custom-houses attached to the station, and am rattling over the pavement in a hackney-cabriolet.

Surely, not the pavement of Paris? Yes, I think it is, too. I don't know any other place where there are all these high houses, all these haggard-looking wine-shops, all these billiard tables, all these stocking-makers with flat red or yellow legs of wood for sign-board, all these fuel-shops with stacks of billets painted outside, and real billets sawing in the gutter, all these dirty corners of streets, all these cabinet pictures over dark doorways representing discreet matrons nursing babies. And yet this morning—I'll think of it in a warm-bath.

Very like a small room that I remember in the Chinese baths upon the Boulevard, certainly; and, though I see it through the steam, I think that I might swear to that peculiar hot-linen basket, like a large wicker hour-glass. When can it have been that I left home? When was it that I paid 'through to Paris' at London Bridge, and discharged myself of all responsibility, except the preservation of a voucher ruled into three divisions, of which the first was snipped off at Folkestone, the second aboard the boat, and the third taken at my journey's end? It seems to have been ages ago. Calculation is useless. I will go out for a walk.

The crowds in the streets, the lights in the shops and balconies, the elegance, variety, and beauty of their decorations, the number of the theatres, the

brilliant cafés with their windows thrown up high and their vivacious groups at little tables on the pavement, the light and glitter of the houses turned as it were inside out, soon convince me that it is no dream ; that I am in Paris, howsoever I got here. I stroll down to the sparkling Palais Royal, up the Rue de Rivoli, to the Place Vendôme. As I glance into a print-shop window, Monied Interest, my late travelling companion, comes upon me, laughing with the highest relish of disdain. ' Here's a people !' he says, pointing to Napoleon in the window and Napoleon on the column. ' Only one idea all over Paris ! A monomania !' Humph ! I THINK I have seen Napoleon's match ? There WAS a statue, when I came away, at Hyde Park Corner, and another in the City, and a print or two in the shops.

I walk up to the Barrière de l'Étoile, sufficiently dazed by my flight to have a pleasant doubt of the reality of everything about me ; of the lively crowd, the overhanging trees, the performing dogs, the hobby-horses, the beautiful perspectives of shining lamps : the hundred and one enclosures, where the singing is, in gleaming orchestras of azure and gold, and where a star-eyed Houri comes round with a box for voluntary offerings. So, I pass to my hotel, enchanted ; sup, enchanted ; go to bed, enchanted ; pushing back this morning (if it really were this morning) into the remoteness of time, blessing the South-Eastern Company for realizing the Arabian Nights in these prose days, murmuring, as I wing my idle flight into the land of dreams, ' No hurry, ladies and gentlemen, going to Paris in eleven hours. It is so well done, that there really is no hurry !'

CHARLES DICKENS.

SUBURBAN PARIS: AN IDYL

THE country around Paris each season has its own distinctive features, its own peculiar charm: at times the dazzling snow changes the whole scene into immense landscapes of purest alabaster, exhibiting their spotless beauties to the reddish grey of the sky. Then may be seen in the glimmer of twilight, either ascending or descending the hill, a benighted farmer returning to his habitation; his horse, cloak, and hat are covered with the falling snow. Bitter is the cold, biting the north wind, dark and gloomy the approaching night—but what cares he? There, amid those leafless trees, he sees the bright taper burning in the window of his cheerful home; while from the tall chimney a column of dark smoke rolls upwards through the flaky shower that descends, and speaks to the toil-worn farmer of a blazing hearth and humble meal prepared by kind affection to welcome him after the fatigues of his journey. Then the rustic gossip by the fireside, on which the faggot burns and crackles, and a peaceful, comfortable night's rest, amid the whistling of the winds, and the barking of the various dogs at the different farms scattered around, with the answering cry from the distant watch-dog.

Daylight opens upon a scene of fairy-land. Surely the tiny elves have been celebrating some grand fête, and have left some of their adornments behind them, for on each branch hang long spiracles of crystal, glittering in the rays of a winter's sun with all the prismatic brilliancy of the diamond. The damp, rich soil of the arable land is laid down in furrows where hides the timid hare in her form, or the speckled partridge runs merrily.

EUGENE SUE.

THE ROMANCE OF PARIS

There is no place in the world like Paris. It is a great art or a great gift to make social intercourse bright and truly a relaxation equally removed from pedantry on one side and the dulness of indifference on the other. There is an ease, an apparent simplicity, and a clearness of expression in Parisian talkers that we rarely meet with in provincials, yet these same provincials acquire the Parisian polish after a few years' *frottement* in the capital. . . . Like London, Paris is democratic, and takes each man for what he *is* (famous, rich, talented, witty), without inquiring what his ancestors were.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

A LETTER FROM SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PARIS

PARIS,
May, 1620.

I AM now newly come to Paris, this huge magazine of men, the epitome of this large populous kingdom and rendezvous of all foreigners. The structures here are indifferently fair, though the streets generally foul, all the four seasons of the year, which I impute first, to the position of the city being built upon an isle (the Isle of France, made so by the branching and serpentine course of the river of Seine), and having some of her suburbs seated high; . . . as also for a world of coaches, carts, and horses of all sorts that go to and fro perpetually, so that sometimes one shall meet with a stop half a mile long of those coaches, carts, and horses that can move neither forward nor backward by reason of some sudden encounter of others coming across-way, so that oftentimes it will be an hour or two before they can disentangle. In such a stop the great Henry was so fatally slain by Ravillac. . . .

I could not bid Paris adieu till I had conveyed my true and constant respects to you by this letter. I was yesterday . . . at Saint Germains, where I met with a French gentleman, who, amongst other curiosities, which he pleased to show me up and down Paris, brought me to that place where the late king was slain, and to that where the Marquis of Ancre was shot, and so made me a punctual relation of all

the circumstances of those two acts, which in regard they were rare, and I believe two of the notablest accidents that ever happened in France, I thought it worth the labour to make you partaker of some part of his discourse.

France, as all Christendom besides (for there was then a truceb etwixt Spain and the Hollander), was in a profound peace, and had continued so twenty years together, when Henry the Fourth fell upon some great martial design, the bottom whereof is not known to this day; and being rich (for he had heaped up in the Bastile a mount of gold that was as high as a lance) he levied a huge army of 40,000 men, whence came the song, 'The King of France with forty thousand men'; and upon a sudden he put this army in perfect equipage, and some say he invited our Prince Henry to come unto him to be a sharer in his exploits. But going one afternoon to the Bastile to see his treasure and ammunition, his coach stopped suddenly, by reason of some colliers and other carts that were in that narrow street; whereupon one Ravillac, a lay-Jesuit (who had a whole twelvemonth watched an opportunity to do the act), put his foot boldly upon one of the wheels of the coach, and with a long knife stretched himself over their shoulders who were in the boot of the coach, and reached the king at the end, and stabbed him right in the left side to the heart, and pulling out the fatal steel, he doubled his thrust; the king with a ruthful voice cried out, 'Je suis blesse' (I am hurt), and suddenly the blood issued at his mouth. The regicide villain was apprehended, and command given that no violence should be offered him, that he might be reserved for the law, and some exquisite torture. The queen grew half-

distracted hereupon, who had been crowned Queen of France the day before in great triumph ; but a few days after she had something to countervail, if not to overmatch her sorrow ; for according to Saint Lewis law, she was made Queen Regent of France during the king's minority, who was then but about — years of age. Many consultations were held how to punish Ravillac, and there were some Italian physicians that undertook to prescribe a torment, that should last a constant torment for three days, but he escaped only with this : his body was pulled between four horses, that one might hear his bones crack, and after the dislocation they were set again, and so he was carried in a cart standing half naked, with a torch in that hand which had committed the murder ; and in the place where the act was done, it was cut off, and a gauntlet of hot oil was clapped upon the stump, to staunch the blood, whereat he gave a doleful shriek ; then was he brought upon a stage, where a new pair of boots was provided for him, half-filled with boiling oil ; then his body was pincered, and hot oil poured into the holes. In all the extremity of this torture, he scarce showed any sense of pain but when the gauntlet was clapped upon his arms to staunch the flux, at which time he of reeking blood gave a shriek only. He bore up against all these torments about three hours before he died. All the confession that could be drawn from him was ' that he thought to have done God good service, to take away that king, which would have embroiled all Christendom in an endless war.'

A fatal thing it was that France should have three of her kings come to such violent deaths in so short a revolution of time. Henry the Second, running a

tilt with Monsieur Montgomery, was killed by a splinter of a lance that pierced his eye; Henry the Third, not long after, was killed by a young friar, who, in lieu of a letter which he pretended to have for him, pulled out of his long sleeve a knife, and thrust him into the bottom of the belly . . . and so despatched him; but that regicide was hacked to pieces in the place by the nobles.

The same destiny attended this king by Ravillac, which is become now a common name of reproach and infamy in France.

Never was king so much lamented as this. There are a world not only of his pictures, but statues, up and down France, and there is scarce a market-town but hath him erected in the market-place, or over some gate, not upon sign-posts, as our Henry the Eighth, and by a public Act of Parliament, which was confirmed in the consistory at Rome, he was entitled Henry the Great, and so placed in the Temple of Immortality. A notable prince he was, and of an admirable temper of body and mind; he had a graceful facetious way to gain both love and awe; he would be never transported beyond himself with choler, but he would pass by anything with some repartee, some witty strain, wherein he was excellent. I will instance in a few which were told me from a good hand. One day he was charged by the Duke of Bouillon to have changed his religion; he answered, 'No, cousin, I have changed no religion, but an opinion'; and the Cardinal of Perron being by, he enjoined him to write a treatise for his vindication. The cardinal was long about the work, and when the king asked from time to time where his book was, he would still answer him 'that he expected some manu-

scripts from Rome before he could finish it.' It happened that one day the king took the cardinal along with him to look on his workmen and new buildings at the Louvre; and passing by one corner which had been a long time begun, but left unfinished, the king asked the chief mason why that corner was not all this while perfected. 'Sir, it is because I want some choice stones.' 'No, no,' said the king, looking upon the cardinal, 'it is because thou wantest manuscripts from Rome.' Another time, the old Duke of Main, who was used to play the droll with him, coming softly into his bed-chamber, and thrusting his bald head and long neck in a posture to make the king merry, it happened the king was coming from his bedchamber, and said:

. . . . . .

'Ah, cousin, you thought once to have taken the crown off of my head, and wear it on your own; but . . . my tail shall . . . serve your turn.'

Another time, when at the siege of Amiens, he having sent for the Count of Soissons (who had 100,000 franks a year pension from the Crown) to assist him in those wars, and that the count excused himself by reason of his years and poverty, having exhausted himself in the former wars, and all that he could do now was to pray for his majesty, which he would do heartily. This answer being brought to the king, he replied: 'Will my cousin, the Count of Soissons, do nothing else but pray for me; tell him that prayer without fasting is not available; therefore I will make my cousin fast also from his pension of 100,000 per annum.'

He was once troubled with a fit of the gout, and the Spanish ambassador coming then to visit him, and

saying he was sorry to see His Majesty so lame, he answered: 'As lame as I am, if there were occasion, your master the King of Spain should no sooner have his foot in the stirrup, but he should find me on horseback.' By these few you may guess at the genius of this spiritful prince. . . .

This kingdom, since the young king hath taken the sceptre into his own hands, doth flourish very much with quietness and commerce; nor is there any motion or the least tintamar of trouble in any part of the country, which is rare in France. 'Tis true, the queen mother is discontented since she left her regency, being confined, and I know not what it may come unto in time, for she hath a strong party, and the murdering of her Marquis of Ancre will yet bleed as some fear.

I was lately in society of a gentleman, who was a spectator of that tragedy, and he pleased to relate unto me the particulars of it, which was thus: When Henry the Fourth was slain, the queen dowager took the reins of the government into her hands during the young king's minority; and amongst others whom she advanced, Signior Conchino, a Florentine, and her foster-brother was one. Her countenance came to shine so strongly upon him that he became her only confidant and favourite, insomuch that she made him Marquis of Ancre, one of the twelve Marshals of France, Governor of Normandy, and conferred divers other honours and offices of trust upon him, and who but he. The princes of France could not endure this domineering of a stranger, therefore they leagued together to suppress him by arms. The queen regent having intelligence thereof, surprised the Prince of Condé and clapped him up in the Bastile. The Duke

of Main fled hereupon to Peronne in Pycardie, and other great men put themselves in an armed posture to stand upon their guard. The young king being told that the Marquis of Ancre was the ground of this discontentment, commanded Monsieur de Vitry, Captain of his Guard, to arrest him, and in case of resistance to kill him. This business was carried very closely till the next morning, that the said marquis was coming to the Louvre with a ruffling train of gallants after him, and passing over the drawbridge at the court gate, Vitry stood there with the king's guard about him, and as the marquis entered he told him that he had a commission from the king to apprehend him ; therefore, he demanded his sword. The marquis hereupon put his hand upon his sword, some thought to yield it up, others to make opposition ; in the meantime Vitry discharged a pistol at him, and so despatched him. The king, being above in his gallery, asked what noise that was below ? One smilingly answered, 'Nothing, sir ; but that the Marshal of Ancre is slain.' 'Who slew him ?' 'The Captain of your Guard.' 'Why ?' 'Because he would have drawn his sword at your Majesty's Royal Commission.' Then the king replied, 'Vitry hath done well, and I will maintain the act.' Presently the queen mother had all her guard taken from her except six men and sixteen women, and so she was banished Paris and commanded to retire to Blois. Ancre's body was buried that night in a church hard by the court, but the next morning, when the lackeys and pages (who are more unhappy here than the apprentices in London) broke up his grave, tore his coffin to pieces, ripped the winding-sheet, and tied his body to an ass's tail, and so dragged him up

and down the gutters of Paris, which are none of the sweetest; they then flicked off his ears and nailed them upon the gates of the city . . . (and they say he was hung like an ass). . . . His body they carried to the new bridge, and hung him, his heels upwards, and head downwards, upon a new gibbet that had been set up a little before to punish them who should speak ill of the present Government, and it was his chance to have the maidenhead of it himself. His wife was hereupon apprehended, imprisoned, and beheaded for a witch some few days after upon a surmise that she had enchanted the queen to dote so upon her husband; and they say the young king's picture was found in her closet in virgin wax, with one leg melted away. A little after a process was formed against the marquis (her husband), and so he was condemned after death. This was a right act of a French popular fury, which like an angry torrent is irresistible, nor can any banks, boundaries, or dykes stop the impetuous rage of it. How the young king will prosper after so high and an unexampled act of violence by beginning his reign, and embruing the walls of his own court with blood in that matter, there are divers censures.

JAMES HOWELL.

DANTE IN PARIS

'In Paris Dante gave himself to the study of theology and philosophy.'—BOCCACCIO.

SOJOURNER from thine own fair lovely land,
To Paris thou didst come to ponder deep
Upon life's mysteries, and there to steep
Thy soul in highest thoughts; as thou didst stand

By flowing Seine in all thy solitude
Thou wert not heedless to mere human things,
The shadow of whose sadness round thee clings
Whilst pondering on them in some heavenly mood.

What centuries have passed since thou didst tread
The streets of Paris, city then most strange
If contrasted with that known in these days.
Paris! though gladness everywhere seems round thee spread,
In light and beauty do thy long streets range,—
Somewhat of Dante's sadness in them stays.

AMBROSE VERRELL.

HELOISE TO ABELARD

Abelard and Heloise flourished in the twelfth century; they were two most distinguished persons of Paris noted for learning and beauty and for their unfortunate passion. After a series of calamities they each retired to a convent. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, containing the story of these lovers, fell into the hands of Heloise, and thus occasioned these celebrated letters. These lovers are buried in Père Lachaise.*

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Heloise yet must kiss the name. . . .
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;

* See next extract.

Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, O write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare:
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires. . . .
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes!
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God. . . .
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noonday night;
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others' prayers depend?

Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines, that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods,
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death can break the lasting chain;
And here, e'en then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine. . . .
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
E'en thou art cold—yet Heloise loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue;
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,

Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round. . . .
See in her cell sad Heloise spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
'Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away;
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
E'en superstition loses every fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

. . . . .

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings,
To Paraclete's* white walls and silver springs,

* The bodies of Abelard and Heloise were removed from the Paraclete and now lie in Père Lachaise.—Ed.

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
'O may we never love as these have lov'd!'
From the full choir, when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ABELARD AND HELOISE

ABELARD WRITES TO HIS FRIEND OF HIS LOVE FOR HELOISE

PHILINTUS,—Attend to me a moment, and hear but the story of my misfortunes, and yours, Philintus, will be nothing, if you compare them with those of the loving and unhappy Abelard. You know the place where I was born: but not, perhaps, that I was born with those complexional faults which strangers charge upon our nations, an extreme lightness of temper, and great inconstancy. I frankly own it, and shall be free to acquaint you with these good qualities which are observed in me. I had a natural vivacity and aptness for all the polite arts. My father

was a gentleman, and a man of good parts ; he loved the wars, but differed in his sentiments from many who follow that profession. He thought it no praise to be illiterate ; but in the camp he knew how to converse at the same time with the Muses and Bellona. As I was his eldest, and consequently his favourite son, he took more than ordinary care of my education. I had a natural genius to study, and made an extraordinary progress in it. Smitten with the love of books, and the praises which on all sides were bestowed upon me, I aspired to no reputation but what proceeded from learning. The ambition I had to become formidable in logic led me at last to Paris, the centre of politeness, and where the science I was so smitten with had usually been in the greatest perfection. I put myself under the direction of one Champeaux, a professor, who had acquired the character of the most skilful philosopher of his age, by negative excellences only, by being the least ignorant. He received me with great demonstrations of kindness. . . .

And now, my friend, I am going to expose to you all my weaknesses. All men, I believe, are under a necessity of paying tribute, at some time or other, to love, and it is in vain to strive to avoid it. I was a philosopher, yet this tyrant of the mind triumphed over all my wisdom ; his darts were of greater force than all my reasonings, and with a sweet constraint he led me whither he pleased. I will tell you, my dear friend, the particulars of my story, and leave you to judge whether I deserve a correction.

There was in Paris a young creature (ah, Philintus !) formed in a prodigality of nature, to show mankind a finished composition ; dear Heloise ! the reputed niece of the Canon Fulbert. Her wit and her beauty would

have fired the dullest and most insensible heart ; and her education was equally admirable. Heloise was mistress of the most polite arts. You may easily imagine that this did not a little help to captivate me. I saw her, I loved her, I resolved to endeavour to engage her affections. The thirst of glory cooled immediately in my heart, and all my passions were lost in this new one. I thought of nothing but Heloise ; everything brought her image to my mind. My reputation had spread itself everywhere ; and could a virtuous lady resist a man that had confounded all the learned of the age ? Besides, I had wit enough to write a billet-doux, and hoped, if ever she permitted my absent self to entertain her, she would read with pleasure those breathings of my heart.

Filled with these notions, I thought of nothing but the means to speak to Heloise. Lovers either find or make all things easy. By the common offices of friends I gained the acquaintance of Fulbert her uncle. And, can you believe it, Philintus ? he allowed me the privilege of his table.

As I was with her one day alone, ' Charming Heloise,' I said, blushing, ' if you know yourself, you will not be surprised with that passion you have inspired me with. Uncommon as it is, I can express it but with the common terms. I love you, Heloise ! Till now I thought philosophy made us masters of all our passions, and that it was a refuge from the storms in which weak mortals are tossed and shipwrecked ; but you have destroyed my security, and broken this philosophic courage. I have despised riches ; honour and its pageantries could never raise a weak thought in me ; beauty alone has fired my soul.' I could do nothing but write verses to soothe my passion. Love

was my inspiring Apollo. My songs were spread abroad, and gained me frequent applauses. Those who were in love, as I was, took a pride in learning them; this gave our amours such an éclat, that the loves of Heloise and Abelard were the subject of all conversations.

The gossip of Paris at last reached Fulbert's ears. He loved his niece, and was prejudiced in my favour: he surprised us in one of our tender conversations. How fatal sometimes are the consequences of curiosity! The anger of Fulbert seemed too moderate on this occasion, and I feared in the end some more heavy revenge. It is impossible to express the grief and regret which filled my soul when I was obliged to leave Heloise. But this separation the more firmly united our minds, and the desperate condition we were reduced to made us capable of attempting anything.

I was infinitely perplexed what course to take: at last I applied myself to Heloise's singing-master. He was excellently qualified for conveying a letter with greatest dexterity and secrecy. He delivered one for me to Heloise. I made her promise to quit her uncle's house, and at break of day depart for Britany and be under the care of my sister. I took the journey into Britany, in order to bring back Heloise, to be my wife. We returned to Paris, where our marriage took place, and as it should be kept as yet a secret, Heloise retired among the nuns of Argenteuil.

I now thought Fulbert's anger disarmed; I lived in peace; but alas! our marriage proved but a weak defence against his revenge. Observe, Philintus, to what a barbarity he pursued it. He bribed my servants; an assassin came into my chamber at night;

I suffered the most shameful punishment that the revenge of an enemy could invent. I confess to you, shame more than any sincere penitence made me resolve to hide myself from the sight of men, yet could I not separate myself from Heloise. Jealousy took possession of my mind ; and at the very expense of her happiness I decreed to disappoint all rivals. Before I put myself in a cloister, I obliged her to take the habit and retire into the nunnery of Argenteuil. Ah, Philintus ! does not the love of Heloise still burn in my heart ? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. In the midst of my retirement I weep, I sigh, I speak that dear name Heloise, and am pleased to hear the sound.

PIERRE ÂBELARDUS.

JOHN EVELYN AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.

1651.—7 Sept.—I went to visite Mr. Hobbs, the famous philosopher of Malmsbury, with whom I had long acquaintance. From his window we saw the whole equipage and glorious cavalcade of the young French Monarch Lewis XIV. passing to Parliament when first he tooke the kingly government on him, now being in his 14th yeare, out of his minority and the Queene Regent's pupillage. First came the captaine of the King's aydes at the head of 50 richly liveried ; next the Queene Mother's light horse, an hundred, the lieutenant being all over cover'd with embroiderie and ribbans, having before him 4 trumpets habited in black velvet, full of lace and casques of the same ; then the King's light horse, 200, richly habited, with 4 trumpets in blue velvet embrodred with gold, before whom rid the Count d'Olonne cornet,

whose belt was set with pearle ; next went the grand Prevost's company on foote with the Prevost on horseback ; after them the Swisse in black velvet toques led by 2 gallant cavalieres habited in scarlet-colour'd sattin after their country fashion, which is very fantastick ; he had in his cap a *pennach* of heron with a band of diamonds, and about him 12 little Swisse boyes with halberds ; then came the *Ayde des Ceremonies ;* next the grandees of court, governors of places, and lieutenants-general of provinces, magnificently habited and mounted, among whom I must not forget the Chavalier Paul, famous for many sea-fights and signal exploits there, because 'tis said he had never been an Academist, and yet govern'd a very unruly horse, and besides his rich suite, his Malta Cross was esteem'd at 10,000 crownes ; these were headed by 2 trumpets, and the whole troup cover'd with gold, jewels, and rich caparisons, were follow'd by 6 trumpets in blew velvet also, preceding as many heralds in blew velvet semèe with fleurs de lys, caduces in their hands and velvet caps on their heads ; behind them came one of the masters of the ceremonies ; then divers mairshalls & many of the nobility exceeding splendid ; behind them Count d'Harcourt, grand escuyer, alone, carrying the King's sword in a scarf, which he held up in a blew sheath studded with fleurs de lys ; his horse had for reines 2 scarfs of black taffata ; then came aboundance of footemen and pages of the King, new liveried with white and red feathers ; next the guard de corps and other officers ; and lastly appear'd the King himselfe on an Isabella Barb, on which a houssing semèe with crosses of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and fleurs de lys ; the King himself like a young Apollo, was in a

sute so cover'd with rich embrodry, that one could perceive nothing of the stuff under it ; he went almost the whole way with his hat in hand, saluting the ladys and acclamators who had fill'd the windows with their beauty, and the aire with *Vive le Roy*. He seem'd a prince of a grave yet sweete countenance. After the King follow'd divers greate persons of the Court exceeding splendid, also his esquires, masters of horse on foote, then the company of *Exempts des Gards*, and 6 guards of Scotch ; 'twixt their files were divers princes of the blood, dukes, and lords ; after all these, the Queene's guard of Swisse, pages, and footmen ; then the Queen Mother herselfe in a rich coach, with Monsieur the King's brother, the Duke of Orleans, and some other lords and ladys of honour ; about the coach march'd her *Exempts des Gards*, then the company of the King's *Gens d'armes* well mounted, 150, with 4 trumpets and as many of the Queene's ; lastly, an innumerable company of coaches full of ladys and gallants. In this equipage pass'd the Monarch to the Parliament, henceforth excercising his kingly government.

15 Sept.—I accompanied Sir Richard Browne, my father-in-law, to the French Court, where he had a favourable audience of the French King and the Queene his mother, congratulating the one on his coming to the exercise of his royal charge, and the other's prudent and happy administration during her late Regency, desiring both to preserve the same amitie for his Master, our King, as they had hitherto done, which they both promis'd with many civil expressions and words of course upon such occasions. We were accompanied both going and returning by the Introducer of Ambassadors and Ayd of Cere-

monies. I also saw the audience of Morosini the Ambassador of Venice, and divers other Ministers of State from German Princes, Savoy, etc.

JOHN EVELYN.

NIGHT IN THE STREETS OF OLD PARIS

D'Artagnan in Love

D'Artagnan's visit to M. de Tréville being ended, he thoughtfully took the longest road homewards. Upon what was D'Artagnan musing that he wandered thus from his path, gazing continually up at the stars, sometimes a smile playing upon his lips, sometimes a sigh escaping from his heart?

He was thinking of Madame Bonacieux. To him, but a young musketeer, the young lady was almost an ideal of love. She was pretty, mysterious, learned in almost all the secrets of the Court, which latter accomplishment lent such a charming gravity to her pleasing features. He suspected her of not being indifferent to wooing, which is so irresistible a charm for those novices in love. . . . So quickly do our dreams move when borne upon the wings of fancy that D'Artagnan, as he walked under the stars of Paris, already fancied himself arrested by a messenger from the young lady, who had brought him perchance a note appointing a meeting, or a gold chain, or possibly a diamond. . . . Men in those days made their way in the world by means of ladies, and without blushing. Such ladies as were beautiful gave them of their beauty; such as were rich bestowed also part of their wealth upon them; and many a hero of that gallant period could be mentioned who would neither have won his spurs in the first place, nor his battles

afterwards, without the purse, more or less filled, which his mistress fastened to his saddle-bow. But D'Artagnan possessed nothing. Provincial diffidence—that slight varnish, that ephemeral flower, that bloom of the peach—had been blown away by the unorthodox counsels which the three musketeers gave their friend. D'Artagnan following the curious custom of the times, considered himself at Paris as on a campaign, neither more nor less than if he had been in Flanders—Spain yonder, woman here. In each there was an enemy to contend with, and contributions to be levied. . . . D'Artagnan, disposed to become some day the most tender of lovers, was in the meantime a very devoted friend. In the midst of his amorous projects upon the mercer's wife, the lovely Madame Bonacieux was the very lady with whom to walk in the plain of St. Denis, or in St. Germain's fair in the company of his friends Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. . . . Reflecting on his future loves, D'Artagnan addressed himself to the beautiful night, and smiling at the stars, went up the Rue Cherche-Midi, or Chasse-Midi, as it was then called. . . .

Paris had for two hours past been dark, and fast began to be deserted. All the clocks of the Faubourg Saint-Germain were striking eleven. It was delightful weather. D'Artagnan was passing along a lane upon the spot where the Rue d'Assas is now situated, respiring the balmy emanations which were borne upon the wind from the Rue Vaugirard, and which arose from the gardens refreshed by the dews of evening and the breeze of night. From a distance resounded, deadened, however, by good shutters, the songs of the merry-makers enjoying themselves in the scattered saloons of the plain. When he reached the

end of the lane D'Artagnan turned to the left. The house in which Aramis dwelt was situated between the Rue Cassette and the Rue Servandoni. D'Artagnan passed the Rue Cassette, and caught sight of the door of his friend's house, shaded by a mass of sycamores and clematis, which formed a vast arch above it.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

A ROOM IN THE LOUVRE

'YESTERDAY,' said the Moon, 'I gazed down upon the turmoil of Paris. My eye penetrated into an apartment of the Louvre. There I saw an old grandmother, poorly clad, for she belonged to the working class. She was following one of the under servants into the great empty throne-room. This was the apartment she wanted to see—that she was resolved to see; it had cost her many a little sacrifice and many a coaxing word to penetrate thus far. She folded her thin hands, and looked round with an air of reverence, as if she had been in a church.

'"Here it was!" she said, "here!" And she approached the throne, from which hung the rich velvet fringed with gold lace. "There," she exclaimed, "there!" and she knelt and kissed the purple carpet. I believe she was actually weeping.

'"But it was not *this very* velvet!" observed the footman, and a smile played about his mouth.

'"True, but it was *this very* place," replied the woman, "and it must have looked just like this."

'"It looked so, and yet it did not," observed the man: "the windows were beaten in, and the doors were off their hinges, and there was blood upon the floor."

'"But for all that you can say, my grandson died upon the throne of France. Died!" mournfully repeated the old woman.

'I do not think another word was spoken, and they soon quitted the hall. The evening twilight faded, and my light shone vividly upon the rich velvet that covered the throne of France.

'Now, who do you think this poor woman was? Listen; I will tell you a story.

'It happened in the Revolution of July, on the evening of the most brilliantly victorious day, when every house was a fortress, every window a breastwork. The people stormed the Tuileries. Even women and children were found among the combatants. They penetrated into the apartments and halls of the palace. A poor half-grown boy in a ragged blouse fought among the older insurgents. Mortally wounded with several bayonet thrusts, he sank down. This happened in the throne-room. They laid the bleeding youth upon the throne of France, wrapped the velvet round his wounds, and his blood streamed forth upon the imperial purple. There was a picture!—the splendid hall, the fighting groups! A torn flag lay upon the ground, the tricolour was waving above the bayonets, and on the throne lay the poor lad with the pale glorified countenance, his eyes turned towards the sky, his limbs writhing in the death agony, his breast bare, and his poor tattered clothing half hidden by the rich velvet embroidered with silver lilies. At the boy's cradle a prophecy had been spoken: "He will die on the throne of France!" The mother's heart had fondly imagined a second Napoleon.

'My beams have kissed the wreath of immortelles

on his grave, and this night they kissed the forehead of the old grandame, while in a dream the picture floated before her which thou mayest draw—the poor boy on the throne of France.'

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ WRITES TO M. DE COULANGES

On a Matter of Great Importance

Paris,
December 15, 1670.

I AM going to tell you a thing the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvellous, the most miraculous, the most magnificent, the most confounding, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the least, the rarest, the most common, the most public, the most private till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable ; in short, a thing of which there is but one example in past ages, and that not an exact one neither ; a thing that we cannot believe at Paris ; how then will it gain credit at Lyons ? a thing which makes everybody cry, 'Lord, have mercy upon us!' a thing which causes the greatest joy to Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive ; a thing, in fine, which is to happen on Sunday next, when those who are present will doubt the evidence of their senses ; a thing which, though it is to be done on Sunday, yet perhaps will be not finished on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell it you : guess what it is. I give you three times to do it in. What, not a word to throw at a dog ? Well, then, I find I must tell you. Monsieur de

Lauzun is to be married next Sunday at the Louvre, to——, pray guess to whom! I give you four times to do it in, I give you six, I give you a hundred. Says Madame de Coulanges, 'It is really very hard to guess: perhaps it is Madame de la Vallière.' Indeed, madame, it is not. 'It is Mademoiselle de Retz, then.' No, nor she neither; you are extremely provincial. 'Lord bless me,' say you, 'what stupid wretches we are! It is Mademoiselle de Colbert all the while.' Nay, now you are still farther from the mark. 'Why, then, it must certainly be Mademoiselle de Crequy.' You have it not yet. Well, I find I must tell you at last. He is to be married next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the King's leave, to Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de—Mademoiselle—guess, pray guess her name: he is to be married to Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle; Mademoiselle, daughter to the late Monsieur [Gaston of France, Duke of Orleans]; Mademoiselle, grand-daughter of King Henry IVth; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, the King's cousin-german; Mademoiselle, destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only match in France that was worthy of Monsieur. What glorious matter for talk! If you should burst forth like a bedlamite, say we have told you a lie, that it is false, that we are making a jest of you, and that a pretty jest it is without wit or invention; in short, if you abuse us, we shall think you quite in the right; for we have done just the same things ourselves. Farewell, you will find by the letters you receive this post, whether we tell you truth or not.

MARY, MARCHIONESS OF SÉVIGNÉ.

LOUIS XVI. RETURNS TO PARIS FROM VERSAILLES

THE bodyguards, you can observe, have now of a verity 'hoisted the National Cockade,' for they step forward to the windows or balconies, hat aloft in hand, on each hat a new tricolor; and fling over their bandoliers in sign of surrender; and shout 'Vive la Nation!' To which how can the generous heart respond but with, 'Vive le Roi! vivent les Gardes-du-Corps'? His Majesty himself has appeared with Lafayette on the balcony, and again appears: 'Vive le Roi' greets him from all throats; but also from some one throat is heard, '*Le Roi à Paris*, The King to Paris!'

Her Majesty, too, on demand, shows herself, though there is peril in it: she steps out on the balcony, with her little boy and girl. 'No children, *Point d'enfans*!' cry the voices. She gently pushes back her children; and stands alone, her hands serenely crossed on her breast: 'Should I die,' she had said, 'I will do it.' Such serenity of heroism has its effect. Lafayette, with ready wit, in his highflown chivalrous way, takes that fair queenly hand, and, reverently kneeling, kisses it: thereupon the people do shout 'Vive la Reine!' Nevertheless, poor Weber 'saw' (or even thought he saw; for hardly the third part of poor Weber's experiences, in such hysterical days, will stand scrutiny) 'one of these brigands level his musket at her Majesty,'—with or without intention to shoot; for another of the brigands 'angrily struck it down.'

So that all, and the Queen herself, nay the very captain of the bodyguards, have grown national! The very captain of the bodyguards steps out now

with Lafayette. On the hat of the repentant man is an enormous tricolor ; large as a soup-platter, or sunflower ; visible to the utmost forecourt. He takes the national oath with a loud voice, elevating his hat ; at which sight all the army raise their bonnets on their bayonets, with shouts. Sweet is reconcilement to the heart of man. Lafayette has sworn Flandre ; he swears the remaining bodyguards, down in the Marble Court ; the people clasp them in their arms :—O my brothers, why would ye force us to slay you ? Behold there is joy over you, as over returning prodigal sons !—The poor bodyguards, now National and tricolor, exchange bonnets, exchange arms ; there shall be peace and fraternity. And still ' Vive le Roi ;' and also ' Le Roi à Paris,' not now from one throàt, but from all throats as one, for it is the heart's wish of all mortals.

Yes, *The King to Paris :* what else ? Ministers may consult, and National Deputies wag their heads : but there is now no other possibility. You have forced him to go willingly. ' At one o'clock !' Lafayette gives audible assurance to that purpose ; and universal insurrection, with immeasurable shout, and a discharge of all the fire-arms, clear and rusty, great and small, that it has, returns him acceptance. What a sound ; heard for leagues : a doom-peal !—That sound too rolls away ; into the silence of ages. And the Château of Versailles stands ever since vacant, hushed-still ; its spacious Courts grass-grown, responsive to the hoe of the weeder. . . .

Now, however, the short hour has struck. His Majesty is in his carriage, with his Queen, sister Elizabeth, and two royal children. Not for another hour can the infinite procession get marshalled and

under way. The weather is dim drizzling ; the mind confused ; the noise great.

Processional marches not a few our world has seen ; Roman triumphs and ovations, Cabiric cymbal-beatings, royal progresses, Irish funerals ; but this of the French Monarchy marching to its bed remained to be seen. Miles long, and of breadth losing itself in vagueness, for all the neighbouring country crowds to see. Slow ; stagnating along like shoreless lake, yet with a noise like Niagara, like Babel and Bedlam. A splashing and a tramping ; a hurrahing, uproaring, musket-volleying ;—the truest segment of Chaos seen in these latter ages ! Till slowly it disembogue itself, in the thickening dusk, into expectant Paris, through a double row of faces all the way from Passy to the Hôtel-de-Ville.

Consider this : vanguard of national troops ; with trains of artillery ; of pikemen and pikewomen, mounted on cannon, on carts, hackney-coaches, or foot ;—tripudiating, in tricolor ribbons from head to heel ; loaves stuck on the points of bayonets, green boughs stuck in gun-barrels. Next, as main-march, ' fifty cart-loads of corn,' which have been lent, for peace, from the stores of Versailles. Behind which follow stragglers of the Garde-du-Corps ; all humiliated, in Grenadier bonnets. Close on these comes the royal carriage ; come royal carriages ; for there are a hundred National Deputies too, among whom sits Mirabeau,—his remarks not given. Then finally, pell-mell, as rearguard, Flandre, Swiss, Hundred Swiss, other bodyguards, brigands, whosoever cannot get before. Between and among all which masses, flows without limit Saint-Antoine, and the Menadic Cohort. Menadic especially about the royal carriage ;

tripudiating there, covered with tricolor; singing 'allusive songs'; pointing with one hand to the royal carriage, which the allusions hit, and pointing to the provision waggons with the other hand, and these words: 'Courage, Friends! We shall not want bread now; we are bringing you the Baker, the Bakeress and the Baker's Boy (le Boulanger, la Boulangère et le petit Mitron).'

The wet day draggles the tricolor, but the joy is unextinguishable. Is not all well now? 'Ah, Madame, notre bonne Reine,' said some of these strong-women some days hence—'ah, Madame, our good Queen, don't be a traitor any more (ne soyez plus traître), and we will all love you!' Poor Weber went splashing along, close by the royal carriage, with the tear in his eye: 'Their Majesties did me the honour,' or I thought they did it, 'to testify, from time to time, by shrugging of the shoulders, by looks directed to Heaven, the emotions they felt.' Thus, like frail cockle, floats the royal life-boat, helmless, on black deluges of rascality.

Mercier, in his loose way, estimates the procession and assistants at two hundred thousand. He says it was one boundless inarticulate Haha;—*transcendent* world-laughter; comparable to the Saturnalia of the ancients. Why not? Here, too as we said, is human nature once more human; shudder at it whoso is of shuddering humour: yet behold it is human. It has 'swallowed all formulas'; it tripudiates even so. For which reason they that collect vases and antiques, with figures of dancing Bacchantes 'in wild and all-but impossible positions' may look with some interest on it.

Thus, however, has the slow-moving Chaos, or

modern Saturnalia of the ancients, reached the Barrier; and must halt, to be harangued by Mayor Bailly. Thereafter it has to lumber along, between the double row of faces, in the transcendent heaven-lashing Haha; two hours longer, towards the Hôtel-de-Ville. Then again to be harangued there, by several persons; by Moreau de Saint-Méry among others; Moreau of the Three-thousand orders, now National Deputy for St. Domingo. To all which poor Louis, 'who seemed to experience a slight emotion' on entering this town-hall, can answer only that he 'comes with pleasure, with confidence among his people.' Mayor Bailly, in reporting it, forgets 'confidence': and the poor Queen says eagerly: 'Add, with confidence.'—'Messieurs,' rejoins Mayor Bailly, 'you are happier than if I had not forgotten.'

Finally, the King is shown on an upper balcony, by torchlight, with a huge tricolor in his hat: 'and all the people,' says Weber, 'grasped one another's hand';—thinking *now* surely the New Era was born. Hardly till eleven at night can Royalty get to its vacant, long-deserted Palace of the Tuileries; to lodge there, somewhat in stroller-player fashion. It is Tuesday, the sixth of October, 1789.

Poor Louis has two other Paris processions to make: one ludicrous-ignominious like this: the other not ludicrous nor ignominious, but serious, nay sublime.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE

An old tradition of Parisians assumed the existence of a little red man, who was said to appear in the Tuileries on the eve of any great calamity threatening the throne of France.

I.

Wish I may never move,
If I haven't done every duty here,
Forty years above,
In the Tuileries Palace, year by year ;
Where—for my sins, no doubt—
Often I've been put out,
In the nook where I sleep whenever I can,
By a visit, at night, from the Little Red Man !

II.

Just imagine, my dears,
A little lame devil all dress'd in red ;
A hump right up to his ears ;
A horrible squint and a carroty head ;
A nose all crooked and long ;
A foot with a double prong ;
And a voice—preserve us !—whenever it croaks,
It's notice to quit to the Tuileries folk.

III.

I saw him—I mind it well—
In the terrible year of 'Ninety-two ;
Nobles and priests all fell
From our excellent King—'twas a sad to-do !
Then he came in a blouse,
Red-cap, wooden shoes.
I was dozing away by the chimney blaze,
When he croaked and whistled the *Marseillaise*,

IV. (9 *Thermidor.*)

I was scrubbing away,
When he popp'd up the gutter, my wits to scare;
He had business that day
With the excellent citizen Robespierre.
Then he was powder'd fine,
Talk'd like a book divine;
And as if at himself, with a look so prim,
To the *Being Supreme* went humming a hymn.

V. (*March*, 1814.)

I'd forgotten him quite
(The Terror had driven him out of my head),
When he appear'd one night:
'The excellent Emperor's doom'd!' I said.
Of enemies' plumes a crowd
He wore in a toque, quite proud;
And sang to a viol—I mind it well—
Vive Henri Quatre! and *Gabrielle*. . . .

PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

THE TUILERIES, 1789

THE Château of the Tuileries is repainted, regarnished into a golden royal residence; and Lafayette with his blue National Guard lies encompassing it, as blue Neptune (in the language of poets) does an island, wooingly. Thither may the wrecks of rehabilitated loyalty gather, if it will become constitutional; for constitutionalism thinks no evil; sansculottism itself rejoices in the King's countenance. The rubbish of a Menadic Insurrection, as in this ever-kindly world

all rubbish can and must be, is swept aside ; and so again, on clear arena, under new conditions, with something even of a new stateliness, we begin a new course of action.

Arthur Young has witnessed the strangest scene : Majesty walking unattended in the Tuileries Gardens ; and miscellaneous tricolor crowds, who cheer it, and reverently make way for it : the very Queen commands at lowest respectful silence, regretful avoidance. Simple ducks, in those royal waters, quackle for crumbs from young royal fingers : the little Dauphin has a little railed garden, where he is seen delving, with ruddy cheeks and flaxen curled hair ; also a little hutch to put his tools in, and screen himself against showers. What peaceable simplicity ! Is it peace of a father restored to his children ? Or of a taskmaster who has lost his whip ? Lafayette, and the Municipality and universal constitutionalism assert the former, and do what is in them to realize it. Such patriotism as snarls dangerously and shows teeth, patrollotism shall suppress ; or far better, royalty shall soothe down the angry hair of it, by gentle pattings ; and, most effectual of all, by fuller diet. Yes, not only shall Paris be fed, but the King's hand be seen in that work. The household goods of the poor shall, up to a certain amount, by royal bounty, be disengaged from pawn, and that insatiable *Mont de Piété* shall disgorge ; rides in the city with their *Vive-le-Roi* need not fail ; and so by substance and show, shall royalty, if man's art can popularize it, be popularized. . . .

For his French Majesty, meanwhile, one of the worst things is, that he can get no hunting. Alas, no hunting henceforth ; only a fatal being-hunted !

Scarcely, in the next June weeks, shall he taste again the joys of the game-destroyer; in next June, and never more. He sends for his smith-tools; gives, in the course of the day, official or ceremonial business being ended, 'a few strokes of the file, *quelques coups de lime*.' Innocent brother mortal, why wert thou not an obscure substantial maker of locks; but doomed in that other far-seen craft, to be a maker only of world-follies, unrealities; things self-destructive, which no mortal hammering could rivet into coherence!

Poor Louis is not without insight, nor even without the elements of will; some sharpness of temper, spurting at times from a stagnating character. If harmless inertness could save him, it were well; but he will slumber and painfully dream, and to *do* aught is not given him. Royalist antiquarians still show the rooms where Majesty and suite, in these extraordinary circumstances, had their lodging. Here sat the Queen; reading,—for she had her library brought hither, though the King refused his; taking vehement counsel of the vehement uncounselled; sorrowing over altered times; yet with sure hope of better: in her young rosy boy has she not the living emblem of hope! It is a murky, working sky; yet with golden gleams—of dawn, or of deeper meteoric night? Here again this chamber, on the other side of the main entrance, was the King's: here his Majesty breakfasted, and did official work; here daily after breakfast he received the Queen; sometimes in pathetic friendliness; sometimes in human sulkiness, for flesh is weak; and when questioned about business, would answer: 'Madame, your business is with the children.' Nay, Sire, were it not better you, your Majesty's self,

took the children? So asks impartial History; scornful that the *thicker* vessel was not also the stronger; pity-struck for the porcelain clay of humanity rather than for the tile-clay,—though indeed *both* were broken!

So, however, in this Medicean Tuileries, shall the French King and Queen now sit for one-and-forty months; and see a wild-fermenting France work out its own destiny, and theirs. Months bleak, ungenial, of rapid vicissitude; yet with a mild pale splendour, here and there: as of an April that were leading to leafiest Summer; as of an October that led only to everlasting Frost. Medicean Tuileries, how changed since it was a peaceful tile-field!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL

I.

FAREWELL to the Land where the gloom of my Glory
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with her name—
She abandons me now—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which vanquish'd me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations which dread me thus lonely,
The last single Captive to millions in war.

II.

Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd me,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy worth.

Oh ! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun !

III.

Farewell to thee, France !—but when Liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then,—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys ;
Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it again—
Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain that has bound us,
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of thy choice !

LORD BYRON.

From the French.

ON THE STAR OF 'THE LEGION OF HONOUR'

Star of the brave !—whose beam hath shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit !
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,—
Wild meteor of immortal birth ;
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth ?

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays ;
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze ;
The music of thy martial sphere
Was fame on high and honour here ;
And thy light broke on human eyes,
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,
And swept down empires with its flood ;
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,
As thou didst lighten through all space ;
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,
A rainbow of the loveliest hue
Of three bright colours, each divine,
And fit for that celestial sign ;
For Freedom's hand had blended them,
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes ;
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes ;
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white
Had robed in radiance of its light :
The three so mingled did beseem
The texture of a heavenly dream.

Star of the brave ! thy ray is pale,
And darkness must again prevail !
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free !
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.
When thy bright promise fades away,
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread
The silent cities of the dead ;
For beautiful in death are they
Who proudly fall in her array ;
And soon, oh Goddess ! may we be
For evermore with them or thee !

LORD BYRON.
From the French.

OLD PIERRE'S STORY

At Paris, hard by the Maine barriers,
Whoever will choose to repair,
'Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors
May haply fall in with old Pierre.
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern
He sits and he prates of old wars,
And moistens his pipe of tobacco
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
And as long as his tap never fails,
Thus over his favourite liquor
Old Peter will tell his old tales.
Says he, 'In my life's ninety summers
Strange changes and chances I've seen,—
So here's to all gentlemen drummers
That ever have thumped on a skin.

. . . .

'You all know the Place de la Concorde?
'Tis hard by the Tuileries wall.
Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
There rises an obelisk tall,
There rises an obelisk tall.
All garnish'd and gilded the base is:
'Tis surely the gayest of all
Our beautiful city's gay places.

'Around it are gardens and flowers,
And the Cities of France on their thrones,
Each crown'd with his circlet of flowers
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,
The flowers and fountains to see,
And to think of the deeds that were done there
In the glorious year ninety-three.

'Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom;
And though neither marble nor gilding
Was used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,
Corbleu! but the MÈRE GUILLOTINE
Cared little for splendour or show,
So you gave her an axe and a beam,
And a plank and a basket or so.

Awful, and proud, and erect,
Here sat our republican goddess.
Each morning her table we deck'd
With dainty aristocrats' bodies.
The people each day flock'd around
As she sat at her meat and her wine:
'Twas always the use of our nation
To witness the Sovereign dine.

Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-hair'd prelates and priests,
Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.
Ventre bleu! but we pamper'd our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And call'd for the head of a King!

She called for the blood of our King,
And straight from his prison we drew him;
And to her with shouting we led him;
And took him, and bound him, and slew him.
"The monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance:
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,"
She said, "as my gage of defiance."

'I see him as now, for a moment,
Away from his gaolers he broke;
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
And lingered, and fain would have spoke.
"Ho, drummer! quick, silence yon Capet,"
Says Santerre, "with a beat of your drum."
Lustily then did I tap it,
And the son of Saint Louis was dumb.'

. . . .

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

LA PARISIENNE

BEHOLD! thou nation of the brave,
How Freedom's arms are opened wide.
They sought the people to enslave.
'To arms! to arms!' the people cried;
Once more has our own Paris found
The battle-cry of old renowned.
Haste the foe to meet,
Think not of retreat,
Let not steel or fire a patriot defeat.

A compact mass, that nought can shake,
Close each to each all firmly stand;
Let every man his cartridge make
An offering to his native land.
Oh, days! with glory to be crowned;
Paris her ancient cry has found.

Beneath their fire though many fall,
Fresh warriors spring before our eyes,
Beneath the constant shower of ball
Vet'rans of twenty years arise.
Oh, days! with glory to be crowned;
Paris her ancient cry has found.

Who as our leader now appears ?
  Who guides our banners—nobly red ?
The freedom of two hemispheres ;
  'Tis Lafayette, with the snowy head !
Oh, days ! with glory to be crowned ;
Paris her ancient cry has found.

The tricolour is raised on high ;
  With holy rapture we can see,
Shining against a cloudy sky,
  The rainbow of our liberty.
Oh, days ! with glory to be crowned ;
Paris her ancient cry has found.

Thou soldier of the tricolour—
  Orleans—who bore it long ago,
Thy heart's blood thou wouldst freely pour
  With that we see already flow.
Oh, days ! with glory to be crowned ;
Paris her ancient cry has found.

Ye drums, roll forth the sound of death,
  Proclaim our brethren's early doom,
And let us cast the laurel wreath
  Upon their honourable tomb.
Temple with bays and cypress crowned,
Receive them in thy vaults profound.
    March with noiseless feet,
    Bare your heads to greet
That pantheon, which their glory makes complete.

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.

PARIS OF THE PAST

The Paris of my childhood and youth—the Paris of times gone by in the course of centuries, has undergone many transformations; . . . in spite of its drawbacks and blemishes, the Paris of that period had its own charm. . . . I regret the old Paris, but I am fond of the new.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

Paris—not the Paris of M. le Baron Haussmann, lighted by gas and electricity, and flushed and drained by modern science; but the 'good old Paris' of Balzac and Eugène Sue and *Les Mystères*—the Paris of dim oil lanterns suspended from iron gibbets (where once aristocrats had been hung). . . . Streets—and these by no means the least fascinating and romantic—where the unwritten domestic records of every house were afloat in the air outside it—records not all savoury or sweet, but always full of interest and charm!

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Between her broad and winding river, Paris lies, a two-volumed tale of romance; on every leaf, as you turn it, matters for musing and rapture, life around you full to overflowing—the life that has been lived still vivid to remembrance, not clothed in sadness, but in the gracious gaiety of tradition.

HANNAH LYNCH.

DESCRIPTION OF OLD PARIS

THE victories of Julian suspended, for a short time, the inroads of the Barbarians, and delayed the ruin of the Western Empire. His salutary influence restored the cities of Gaul, which had been so long exposed to the evils of civil discord, barbarian war, and domestic tyranny ; and the spirit of industry was revived with the hopes of enjoyment. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce again flourished under the protection of the laws ; and the *curiæ*, or civil corporations, were again filled with useful and respectable members : the youth were no longer apprehensive of marriage ; and married persons were no longer apprehensive of posterity : the public and private festivals were celebrated with customary pomp ; and frequent and secure intercourse of the provinces displayed the image of national prosperity. A mind like that of Julian must have left the general happiness of which he was the author : but he viewed with peculiar satisfaction and complacency the city of Paris, the seat of his winter residence, and the object even of his partial affection. That splendid capital, which now embraces an ample territory on either side of the Seine, was originally confined to the small island in the midst of the river, from whence the inhabitants derived a supply of pure and salubrious water. The river bathed the foot of the walls ; and the town was accessible only by two wooden bridges. A forest overspread the northern side of the

Seine; but on the south, the ground, which now bears the name of the university, was insensibly covered with houses, and adorned with a palace and amphitheatre, baths, an aqueduct, and a field of Mars for the exercise for the Roman troops. The severity of the climate was tempered by the neighbourhood of the ocean; and with some precautions, which experience had taught, the vine and fig-tree were successfully cultivated. But in remarkable winters, the Seine was deeply frozen; and the huge pieces of ice that floated down the stream might be compared, by an Asiatic, to the blocks of white marble which were extracted from the quarries of Phrygia. The licentiousness and corruption of Antioch recalled to the memory of Julian the severe and simple manners of his beloved Lutetia,—the ancient name of the city of Paris—where the amusements of the theatre were unknown or despised. He indignantly contrasted the effeminate Syrians with the brave and honest simplicity of the Gauls, and almost forgave the intemperance which was the only stain on the Celtic character. If Julian could now revisit the capital of France, he might converse with men of science and genius, capable of understanding and of instructing a disciple of the Greeks; he might excuse the lively and graceful follies of a nation whose martial spirit has never been enervated by the indulgence of luxury; and he must applaud the perfection of that inestimable art which softens and refines and embellishes the intercourse of social life.

EDWARD GIBBON.

A CHAPTER FROM FROISSART

Paris receives the King of France

As the French army approached the city of Paris, on its return from Flanders, the king and his lords sent forward their servants to order the Louvre and other different hotels to be prepared for their reception. This they were advised to do by way of precaution, in order to try the feelings of the Parisians, as they were not at all to be depended upon ; special injunctions were given to these servants, if they were asked any questions about the king, to reply that he would be with them shortly. The Parisians, finding this to be the case, resolved to arm themselves and display to the king, on his entrance into Paris, the force that the city contained. It would have been far better for them had they remained quiet, for this display cost them dearly. They professed that it was done by them with good intentions ; but it was taken in a far different sense ; for the king, when the news of this assembling of the people was brought to him, said to his lords : ' See the pride and presumption of this mob. What are they now making this display for ?' To which remark some, who were desirous of making an attack upon the Parisians at once, added : ' If the king be well advised, he will not put himself in the power of these people, who are coming to meet him fully armed, when they ought to come in all humility, returning thanks to God for the great victory which he has given us in Flanders.' Upon the whole, however, the lords were somewhat puzzled how to act ; and, after much hesitation, it was determined that the Constable of France, with several others, should meet the Parisians, and inquire for

what reason they had come out of the city in such a body. When this question was put to them, the chiefs of the Parisians made answer, 'We have come out in this manner to display to our lord the king the force we possess; he is very young, and has never seen it; and if he should not be made acquainted with it, he can, of course, never know what service he may draw from us when occasion requires it.' 'Well, gentlemen,' answered the constable, 'you speak fairly; but we tell you from the king, that at this time he does not wish to see such a display, and that what you have done has been sufficient for him. Return instantly to your own homes; and if you wish the king to come to Paris, lay aside your arms.' 'My lord,' they replied, 'your orders shall be cheerfully obeyed.' Upon this, the Parisians returned to the city, and the constable and his companions reported to the king and his council the result of their interview. As soon as it was known that the Parisians had retired, the king, with his uncles and principal lords, set out for Paris, attended by a few men-at-arms, the main body being left near the city to keep the Parisians in awe. The Lord de Coucy and the Marshal de Sancerre were sent forward to take the gates off their hinges at the principal entrances of St. Denis and St. Marcel, so that the way might be clear night and day for the forces to enter the city, and master the Parisians, should there be any occasion to do so; they were also instructed to remove the chains which had been thrown across the streets, in order that the cavalry might pass through without danger or opposition. The Parisians, on seeing these preparations, were in the greatest possible alarm, and so fearful of being punished for what they

had done, that, as the king entered the city, none dared to venture out of doors, or even to open a window.

SIR JOHN FROISSART.

OLD PARIS RECONSTRUCTED

ADMIRABLE as you may think the present Paris, reconstruct in your imagination the Paris of the fifteenth century—look at the sky, through that surprising forest of spires, towers, and steeples—spread out amidst the vast city, tear asunder at the points of the islands, and fold round the piers of the bridges, the Seine, with its broad green and yellow flakes, more variegated than the skin of a serpent—project distinctly upon a horizon of azure the Gothic profile of that old Paris—make its outline float in a wintry mist clinging to its innumerable chimneys—plunge it in deep night, and observe the fantastic play of the darkness and the lights in that gloomy labyrinth of buildings—cast upon it a ray of moonlight, showing it in glimmering vagueness, with its towers lifting their great heads from that foggy sea—or draw that dark veil aside, cast into shade the thousand sharp angles of its spires and its gables, and exhibit it all fantastically indented upon the glowing western sky at sunset—and then compare.

And if you would receive from the old city an impression which the modern one is quite incapable of giving you, ascend, on the morning of some great holiday, at sunrise, on Easter, or Whit-Sunday, to some elevated point from which your eye can command the whole capital—and attend the awakening of the chimes. Behold, at a signal from heaven—

for it is the sun that gives it—those thousand churches starting from their sleep. At first you hear only scattered tinklings, going from church to church, as when musicians are giving one another notice to begin. Then, all on a sudden, behold—for there are moments when the ear itself seems to see—behold ascending at the same moment, from every steeple, a column of sound, as it were, a cloud of harmony. At first the vibration of each bell mounts up direct, clear, and, as it were, isolated from the rest, into the splendid morning sky; then, by degrees, as they expand, they mingle, unite, are lost in each other, and confounded in one magnificent concert. Then it is all one mass of sonorous vibrations incessantly sent forth from the innumerable steeples—floating, undulating, bounding, and eddying, over the town, and extending far beyond the horizon the deafening circle of its oscillations. Yet that sea of harmony is not a chaos. Wide and deep as it is, it has not lost its transparency; you perceive the windings of each group of notes that escapes from the several rings; you can follow the dialogue by turns grave and clamorous, of the crecelle and the bourdon; you perceive the octaves leaping from one steeple to another; you observe them springing aloft, winged, light, and whistling, from the bell of silver; falling broken and limping from the bell of wood. You admire among them the rich gamut incessantly descending and re-ascending the seven bells of Saint-Eustache; and you see clear and rapid notes, running across, as it were, in three or four luminous zigzags, and vanishing like flashes of lightning. Down there you see Saint-Martin's Abbey, a shrill and broken-voiced songstress; here is the sinister and sullen voice of the Bastille;

and at the other end is the great tower of the Louvre, with its counter-tenor. The royal chime of the Palais unceasingly casts on every side resplendent trillings, upon which fall, at regular intervals, the heavy strokes from the great bell of Notre-Dame, which strike sparkles from them like the hammer upon the anvil. At intervals, you perceive sounds pass by of every form, from the triple peal of Saint-Germain-des-Près. Then, again, from time to time, that mass of sublime sounds half opens, and gives passage to the stretto of the Ave-Maria, which glitters like an aigrette of stars. Below, in the deepest of the concert, you distinguish confusedly the internal music of the churches, exhaled through the vibrating pores of their vaulted roofs. Here, certainly, is an opera worth hearing. Ordinarily, the murmur that escapes from Paris in the daytime, is the city talking ; in the night, it is the city breathing ; but here, it is the city singing. Listen, then, to this tutti of the steeples—diffuse over the whole the murmur of half a million of people, the everlasting plaint of the river—the boundless breathing of the wind—the grave and far quartet of the four forests placed upon the hills, in the distance, like so many vast organs—immersing in them, as in a demi-tint, all in the central concert that would otherwise be too rugged or too sharp ; and then say whether you know of anything in the world more rich, more joyous, more golden, more dazzling, than this tumult of bells and chimes—this furnace of music—these thousand voices of brass, all singing together in flutes of stone three hundred feet high—this city which is all one orchestra—this symphony as loud as a tempest.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE ORIGIN OF PARIS

SOVEREIGNS die and sovereignties: how all dies, and is for a time only; is a 'Time-phantasm, yet reckons itself real!' The Merovingian Kings, slowly wending on their bullock-carts through the streets of Paris, with their long hair flowing, have all wended slowly on,—into Eternity. Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded; only Fable expecting that he will awaken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where now is their eye of menace, their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships; but have sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Towhead (*Tête d'étoupes*) now needs no combing; Iron-cutter (*Taillefer*) cannot cut a cobweb; shrill Fredegonda, shrill Brunhilda have had out their hot life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-frenzy cooled. Neither from that black Tower de Nesle descends now darkling the doomed gallant, in his sack, to the Seine waters; plunging into night: for Dame de Nesle now cares not for this world's gallantry, heeds not this world's scandal; Dame de Nesle is herself gone into night. They are all gone; sunk—down, down, with the tumult they made; and the rolling and the tramping of ever new generations passes over them; and they hear it not any more for ever.

And yet withal has there not been realized somewhat? Consider (to go no further) these strong Stone-edifices, and what they hold! Mud-Town of the Borderers (*Lutetia Parisiorum* or *Barisiorum*) has paved itself, has spread over all the Seine Islands, and far and wide on each bank, and become City of Paris, sometimes boasting to be 'Athens of Europe,'

and even 'Capital of the Universe.' Stone towers frown aloft ; long-lasting, grim with a thousand years. Cathedrals are there, and a creed (or memory of a creed) in them ; palaces, and a state and law. Thou seest the smoke-vapour ; *un*extinguished breath as of a thing living. Labour's thousand hammers ring on her anvils : also a more miraculous labour works noiselessly, not with the Hand, but with the Thought. How have cunning workmen in all crafts, with their cunning head and right-hand, turned the four elements to be their ministers ; yoking the winds to their sea-chariot, making the very stars the nautical time-piece ;—and written and collected a *Bibliothèque du Roi ;* among whose books is the Hebrew Book ! A wondrous race of creatures : *these* have been realized, and what skill is in these : call not the Past Time, with all its confused wretchedness, a lost one.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

A PICTURE OF OLD PARIS

THE city hath the name of *Lutetia* in Latin. . . . Some say that it was of old called the City of Julius Cæsar, who built greate part thereof. It lies in the elevation of the Pole forty eight degrees, and the chiefe part thereof, namely, the Iland or greater City, is seated in fenny ground. For the River *Seyne* hath often overflowed *Paris*, and broken down the bridges. In the time of King *Phillip Augustus*, the waters rose to the statuaes without the Cathedrall Church of Saint Mary, on the north side thereof, as appeares by an inscription. . . . The City of old was all in the Iland, and when it could not receive the multitude

increased, the City as inlarged to both sides of the continent, and first that part of the City called *La ville*, then the second part called the University, were esteemed suburbes, till they were joined to the City. For the Kings Court and the City still increased with buildings, so as the suburbes were greater than the City; whereupon King Charles the fifth gave them the same privileges which the City had, and compassed them with wals, whereof the ruines yet appeare. . . . The part of the City called the Ville, is compassed on the south and west sides with the River *Seyne*, and upon the east and north sides with wals, rampiers, and ditches in the forme of halfe a circle. The second part of the City, called the University, is compassed on the east and north sides with the River *Seyne*, and upon the south and west sides with wals, which they write to have the forme of a hat, save that the long suburbes somewhat alter this forme. . . .

The building of the City is for the most part stately, of unpolished stone with the outside plastered, and rough cast, and the houses for the most part are foure stories high, and sometimes sixe, besides the roofes which also hath glasse windowes. The streetes are somewhat large, and among them the fairest is that of Saint *Dennis*, the second Saint *Honore*, the third Saint *Antoine*, and the fourth Saint *Martine*. And in the Iland the waies to these streetes are fairest. The pavement is of little, but thicke and somewhat broade stones. . . . The market places which are in the streetes, are vulgarly called *Carresours*, as being fouresquare, and having passage to them on all sides, and they are eleven in number, namely, foure of the butchers, (which upon a sedition raised by them,

were divided into foure tribes) ; the fifth the shambles upon the mount Saint Genovesa ; the sixth built for the poore which have no shops, and for the women which sell linen, which is vulgarly called *La lingeria ;* the seventh of the brokers, vulgarly called *La Fripperie ;* the eighth and chief, is in the Iland, called Marshes ; the eleventh is without the gate. There be fourteene fountains, besides the fountaine of the Queene, and that of the Innocents, built of stone. . . .

In this part of the City called Ville, there be three places for the execution of justice, . . . the Greve, and that of the Temple, lying on the left hand of the gate, called Temple, next adjoining to this, and the third called *Luparia,* lying on the left hand of the seventh gate, called the new gate. And from these three places the dead bodies are carried out of the gate of Saint Martine to be buried upon Mont-falcon. And give me leave out of order to remember you, that Pierre Remy, Treasurer and Gouvenour of France, under King Charles the Faire, repaired this Mont-falcon, and that his enemies then wrote upon the gallowes standing there, this rime in French :

> 'Upon this gybet here you see,
> Peter Remy hanged shall be.'

And that according to the same he was in the time of Phillip of Valois hanged there, for the ill administration of his office. On the right hand as you come in by the same gate of Saint Anthony, is a place for Tylting, called Tournelles. . . . The gate upon the Seyne towards the North-west, is called the new gate, and within the same about a musket shot distance, is the King's Pallace, which may be called the lesse Pallace, in respect of the greater, seated in the

Iland, and this little Pallace is vulgarly called *Le Louvre.* This Pallace hath onely one courtyard, and is of a quadrangle forme, save that the length somewhat passeth the bredth, and the building beeing of free stone, seemeth partly old, partly new, and towards one of the corners, the Kings chambers (vulgarly called Il Pavilion) are more fairely built then the rest. Without the said new gate, some halfe musket shot distance, is the Kings garden with the banquetting house (vulgarly called *Les Tuilleries*). And now the civill warres being ended, the King began to build a stately gallery, which should joine together this garden and the foresaid Pallace of the King, and I heare that this gallery is since finished. And the hall joining this gallery with the Pallace, doth passe the stately building of the rest of the Pallace, being beautified with many stones of marble and porphery. . . . On the left hand, as you come into the foresaid new gate, lies the Tower Luparia, and Alençon house, and Burbon house, and the Coyning house, and upon the right hand the chiefe Coyning house lying upon the River Seyne. To conclude: of the streetes of this part of the Citie called *Ville*, the chiefe is S. Antoine; the second of the Temple; the third S. Martine; the fourth S. Denys; the fifth Mont Martre; and the sixth S. Honore. . . .

The second part of the Citie, called the Universitie, hath the River Seyne on the East and North sides, and is compassed with walles on the south and west sides, and hath seven gates. The first gate of S. Victoire, lies on the South side upon the river, and hath his suburb, with a stately monastery. And from the hill adjoyning to this gate, the army of King Henrie the fourth besieging the citie, much pressed the same.

having their cannon planted neere the gallowes. On the right hand as you come in, towards the river, lie the Tower Nella, the upper, the Colledge of the Cardinall, the Colledge of the good boyes, the Colledge and the Church of the Bernardines, which Pope Benedict the twelfth built, and the Cardinall of Toulouse increased with a library, and with maintenance of sixteene scholars to studie Divinitie. Also there lie the house of Lorayne, the great schooles of foure nations, the market place for river fish, and the castle, and the little bridge which the Provost of *Paris* built, to restraine the schollers walking by night, in the time of King Charles the fifth. . . .

The first bridge towards the south-east, leades to the street of Saint Martin, and is called Pont de Notre Dame, that is the Bridge of Our Lady, and it was built of wood in the yeere 1417, having threescore walking paces in length, and eighteen in breadth, and threescore houses of bricke on each side built upon it. But this bridge in the time of Lewis the twelfth falling with his owne weight, was rebuilt upon sixe arches of stone, with threescore eight houses all of the like bignesse upon it, and was paved with stone, so that any that passed it, could hardly discerne it to bee a bridge. The second Bridge of the Broakers (vulgarly called Pout au Change) is supported with pillars of wood. The third Bridge of the Millers (vulgarly called Pont aux Musniers) lies towards the north-west, and leades to the streete of Saint Denis. . . . The chiefe streetes of the Iland are the very bridges, and the waies leading to the Cathedrall Church, and to the greater Pallace.

The Church (or the little Citie compassed with walles in respect of the Church) of Saint Denis (the

Protecting Saint of the French) is two little miles distant from Paris. Hither I went passing by the gate of Saint Denis, lying towards the north-east. Thence I passed upon a way paved with flint, in a large plaine towards the east, having Mont Falcon on my right, . . . and my left hand I had the mountaine of the martirs (vulgarly called Mont Martre), and the next way from the citie to this mountaine is to goe out by the gate Mont Martre. Upon this mountaine they say, that the martyrs Dennis, Areopagita, and Rusticus, and Eleutherius, were beheaded in the time of Domitian, because they would not sacrifice to Mercurie. And they constantly beleeve this miracle, that all these three martyrs carried each one his head to the village Catula, which now is called Saint Dennis. And I have observed by the way many pillars with altars set up in the places where they say these martyrs rested (forsooth) with their heades in their hand, and at last fell downe at Catula, where this church was built over them, and likewise a monastery, by King Dagobertus, who also lyes there buried, and hath a statue in the cloister of the monastery. . . .

Having viewed Paris, I desired to see the French King, Henrie the Fourth, and his Court, . . . so I took my journey towards the Court, and went by boate upon the Seyne (which boat daily passeth from Paris toward the south) nine leagues to Corbeuile and foure leagues to Melune, having on both sides pleasant hilles planted with vines. Then I went on foote foure miles over a mountaine paved with flint to the Kings pallace, called Fontain-bleau, that is, the Fountain of faire water.

FYNES MORYSON (1617).

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PARIS IN 1482

WHAT aspect did [Paris] present when viewed from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame in 1482? . . . The spectator, on arriving, out of breath, upon this summit, was first of all struck by a dazzling confusion of roofs, chimneys, streets, bridges, squares, spires, steeples. All burst upon the eye at once—the formally-cut gable, the acute-angled roofing, the hanging turret at the angles of the walls, the stone pyramid of the eleventh century, the slate obelisk of the fifteenth; the donjon tower, round and bare; the church tower, square and decorated; the large and the small, the massive and the airy. The gaze was for some time utterly bewildered by this labyrinth; in which there was nothing but proceeded from art;—from the most inconsiderable carved and painted house-front, with external timbers, low doorway, and stories projecting each upon each, up to the royal Louvre itself, which, at that time, had a colonnade of towers. But the following were the principal masses that were distinguishable when the eye became steady enough to examine this tumultuous assemblage of objects in detail.

First of all . . . the city, then, first presented itself to the view, with its stern to the east and its prow to the west. Looking toward the prow, you had before you an innumerable congregation of old roofs, with the lead-covered bolster of Sainte-Chapelle rising above them broad and round, like an elephant's back with the tower upon it. Only that here the place of the elephant's tower was occupied by the boldest, openest, airiest, most notched and ornamented spire that ever showed the sky through its lacework cone.

Close before Notre-Dame, three streets terminated in the parvis, or part of the churchyard contiguous to the grand entrance—a fine square of old houses. The southern side of this Place was overhung by the furrowed and rugged front of the Hôtel-Dieu, and its roof, which looks as if covered with pimples and warts. And then, right and left, east and west, within that narrow circuit of the City, were ranged the steeples of its twenty-one churches, of all dates, forms, and sizes; from the low and decayed Roman campanile of St. Denis-du-Pas (*carcer Glaucini*) to the slender spires of St. Pierre-aux-Bœufs and St. Laundry. Behind Notre-Dame extended northward the cloister with its Gothic galleries; southward, the demi-Roman palace of the bishop; and eastward, the uninhabited point of the island, called the terrain, or ground, by distinction. Amid that accumulation of houses the eye could also distinguish, by the high perforated mitres of stone, which at that period, placed aloft upon the roof itself, surmounted the highest range of palace windows, the mansion presented by the Parisians, in the reign of Charles VI., to Juvénal des Ursins; a little farther on, the black, pitch-covered market-sheds of the Marché Palus; and in another direction, the new chancel of St. Germain-le-Vieux, lengthened, in 1458, by an encroachment upon one end of the Rue-aux-Febves; and then, here and there, were to be seen some crossway crowded with people—some pillory erected at the corner of a street—some fine piece of the pavement of Philip-Augustus—a magnificent flagging, furrowed in the middle to prevent the horses from slipping, and so ill-replaced in the sixteenth century by the wretched pebbling called *pavé de la Ligue*—

PARIS FROM NOTRE DAME

some solitary backyard, with one of those transparent staircase-turrets which they used to build in the fifteenth century, one of which is still to be seen in the Rue des Bourdonnais. And on the right of the Sainte-Chapelle, to the westward, the Palais de Justice rested its group of towers upon the water's brink. The groves of the royal gardens which occupied the western point of the island, hid from view the islet of the Passeur. As for the water itself, it was hardly visible from the towers of Notre-Dame, on either side of the City; the Seine disappearing under the bridges, and the bridges under the houses.

And when you looked beyond those bridges, the roofs upon which were tinged with green, having contracted untimely mouldiness from the vapours of the water; if you cast your eye on the left hand, toward the University, the first edifice that struck it was a large low cluster of towers, the Petit Châtelet, the gaping porch of which seemed to devour the extremity of the Petit-Pont. Then, if your view ranged along the shore from east to west, from the Tournelle to the Tour de Nesle, you beheld a long line of houses exhibiting sculptured beams, coloured window-glass, each story overhanging that beneath it—an interminable zigzag of ordinary gables, cut at frequent intervals by the end of some street, and now and then also by the front or the corner of some great stone-built mansion, which seemed to stand at its ease, with its courtyards and gardens, its wings and its compartments, amid that rabble of houses crowding and pinching one another, like a grand seigneur amidst a mob of rustics. There were five or six of these mansions upon the quay, from the Logis de Lorraine, which shared with the house of the Bernardines the

great neighbouring enclosure of the Tournelle, to the Hôtel de Nesle, the principal tower of which formed the limit of Paris on that side, and the pointed roofs of which were so situated as to cut with their dark triangles, during three months of the year, the scarlet disc of the setting sun.

That side of the Seine, however, was the least mercantile of the two ; there was more noise and crowd of scholars than of artisans ; and there was not, properly speaking, any quay, except from the Pont-Saint-Michel to the Tour de Nesle. The rest of the margin of the river was either a bare strand, as was the case beyond the Bernardines, or a close range of houses with the water at their foot, as between the two bridges. There was a great clamour of washerwomen along the water side, talking, shouting, singing, from morning till night and beating away at their linen—as they do at this day contributing their full share to the gaiety of Paris.

The University, from one end to the other, presented to the eye one dense mass forming a compact and homogeneous whole. Those thousand thick-set angular roofs, nearly all composed of the same geometrical element, when seen from above, looked almost like one crystallization of the same substance. The capricious fissures formed by the streets did not cut this conglomeration of houses into slices too disproportionate. The forty-two colleges were distributed among them very equally and were to be seen in every quarter. The amusingly varied summits of those fine buildings were a product of the same description of art as the ordinary roofs which they overtopped ; being nothing more than a multiplication, into the square or cube, of the same geometrical

figure. Thus they complicated the whole, without confusing it; completed without overloading it. Geometry itself is one kind of harmony. Several fine mansions, too, lifted their heads magnificently here and there above the picturesque attic stories of the left bank; as the Logis de Nevers, the Logis de Rome, the Logis de Reims, which have disappeared; and the Hôtel de Cluny, which still exists for the artist's consolation, but the tower of which was so stupidly shortened a few years ago. Near the Hôtel de Cluny, that Roman palace, with fine semicircular arches, were once the Baths of Julian. There were also a number of abbeys of a beauty more religious, of a grandeur more solemn, than the secular mansions, but not less beautiful nor less grand. Those which first caught the attention were that of the Bernardines, with its three steeples; that of Sainte-Geneviève, the square tower of which, still existing, makes us so much regret the disappearance of the remainder; the Sorbonne, half-college, half-monastery, so admirable a nave of which yet survives; the fine quadrilateral cloister of the Mathurins, and, adjacent to it, the cloister of St. Benedict; the house of the Cordeliers, with its three enormous and contiguous gables; that of the Augustines, the graceful spire of which formed, after the Tour de Nesle, the next lofty projection on that side of Paris, commencing from the westward. The colleges—which are in fact the intermediate link between the cloister and the world—held the medium in the architectural series between the great mansions and the abbeys, exhibiting a severe elegance, a sculpture less airy than that of the palaces, an architecture less stern than that of the convents. Unfortunately, scarcely anything re-

mains of these structures, in which Gothic art held so just a balance between richness and economy. The churches (and they were numerous and splendid in the University, and of every architectural era, from the round arches of Saint-Julian to the Gothic ones of Saint-Severin)—the churches, we say, rose above the whole ; and, as one harmony more in that harmonious mass, they pierced in close succession the multifarious indented outline of the roofs, with boldly-cut spires, with perforated steeples, and slender aiguilles, or needle spires, the lines of which were themselves but a magnificent exaggeration of the acute angle of the roofs.

The ground of the University was hilly. The Montagne Ste. Geneviève, on the south-east, made one grand swell ; and it was curious to see, from the top of Notre-Dame, that crowd of narrow, winding streets (now the *pays Latin*), those clusters of houses which, scattered in every direction from the summit of that eminence, spread themselves in disorder, and almost precipitously down its sides, to the water's edge ; looking, some as if they were falling, others as if they were climbing up, and all as if hanging to one another ; while the continual motion of a thousand dark points crossing one another upon the pavement, gave the whole an appearance of life. These were the people in the streets, beheld thus from on high and at a distance. . . .

When at length, after long contemplating the University, you turned toward the right bank to the Town, properly so called, the character of the scene was suddenly changed. The Town was not only much larger than the University, but also less uniform. At first sight it appeared to be divided into several

masses, singularly distinct from each other. First of all, on the east, in that part of the Town which still takes its name from the marais or marsh in which Camulogenes entangled Cæsar, there was a collection of palaces, the mass of which extended to the water-side. Four great mansions almost contiguous—the Hôtels de Jouy, de Sens, and de Barbeau, and the Logis de la Reine—cast upon the Seine the reflection of their slated tops intersected by slender turrets. These four edifices occupied the space from the Rue des Nonaindières to the abbey of the Celestines, the small spire of which formed a graceful relief to their line of gables and battlements. Some sorry, greenish-looking houses overhanging the water did not conceal from view the fine angles of their fronts, their great square stone-framed windows, their Gothic porches loaded with statues, the boldly-cut borderings about their walls, and all those charming accidents of architecture which make Gothic art seem as if it recommended its combinations at every fresh structure. Behind those palaces ran in every direction, in some places cloven, palisaded, and embattled, like a citadel, in others veiled by large trees like a Carthusian monastery, the vast and multiform circuit of that wonderful Hôtel de St. Pol, in which the French king had room to lodge superbly twenty-two princes of the rank of the dauphin and the Duke of Burgundy, with their trains and their domestics, besides the grands seigneurs or superior nobles, and the emperor when he came to visit Paris, and the lions, who had a mansion to themselves within the royal mansion. And we must here observe, that a prince's lodgings then consisted of not less than eleven principal apartments, from the audience-room to the chamber

appropriated to prayer ; besides all the galleries, baths, stove-rooms, and other 'superfluous places,' with which each suite of apartments was provided ; besides the private gardens of each one of the king's guests ; besides the kitchens, cellars, pantries, and general refectories of the household ; the basses-cours or backyards, in which there were two-and-twenty general offices, from the fourille or bakehouse to the echansonnerie or butlery ; places for games of fifty different kinds, as mall, tennis, riding at the ring, etc. ; aviaries, fish-ponds, menageries, stables, cattle-stalls, libraries, armories, and foundries. Such was, at that day, a palais de roy—a Louvre—a Hôtel St. Pol ; it was a city within a city. . . . .

Now, if the enumeration of so many edifices,* brief as we have sought to make it, has not shattered in the reader's mind the general image of old Paris as fast as we have endeavoured to construct it, we will recapitulate it in a few words. In the centre was the island of the City, resembling in its form an enormous tortoise, extending on either side its bridges all scaly with tiles, like so many feet, from under its grey shell of roofs. On the left, the close, dense, bristling, and homogeneous quadrangle of the University ; and on the right, the vast semicircle of the Town, much more interspersed with gardens and great edifices. The three masses, City, University, and Town, are veined with innumerable streets. Across the whole runs the Seine, 'the nursing Seine,' as Father du Breul calls it, obstructed with islands, bridges, and boats. All around is an immense plain, checkered with a thousand different sorts of cultivation, and strewed with

* Only a portion of Victor Hugo's description has been given.—Ed.

beautiful villages; on the left, Issy, Vanvres, Vaugirard, Montrouge, Gentilly, with its round tower and its square tower, etc.; and on the right, twenty others, from Conflans to Ville-l'Evêque. In the horizon a circle of hills formed, as it were, the rim of the vast basin. And in the distance, on the east, was Vincennes, with its seven quadrangular towers; on the south, the Bicêtre, with its pointed turrets; on the north, St. Denis and its spire; and on the west, St. Cloud and its donjon. Such was the Paris beheld from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame by the crows who lived in 1482.

VICTOR HUGO.

A PROCESSION TO NOTRE DAME

THE Cathedrall Church is dedicated to Our Lady, which is nothing so faire as Our Lady Church of Amiens: for I could see no notable matter in it, saving the statue of St. Christopher on the right hand at the coming in of the great gate, which is indeed very exquisitely done.... I will make relation of those pompous ceremonies that were publiquely solemnized that day [Corpus Christi] in the streets of the city, according to the yearlie custome: this day the French men call Feste de Dieu, that is, the feast of God. And it was first introduced by Pope Urban the fourth, by the counsell of Thomas Aquinas.... About nine of the clock the same day in the morning, I went to the Cathedrall Church which is dedicated to Our Lady (as I have before written) to the end to observe the strange ceremonies of that day, which for novelty sake, but not for any harty devotion ... I was contented to behold.... No sooner did I enter

into the Church but a great company of Clergy men came forth singing, and so continued all the time of the procession, till they returned unto the Church againe, some by couples, and some single. They walked partly in coapes, whereof some were exceeding rich, being (in my estimation) worth at least a hundred markes a peece; and partly in surplices. Also in the same traine there were many couples of little singing choristers, many of them not above eight or nine yeares old, and few above a dozen: which prety innocent punies were so egregiously deformed by those that had authority over them, that they could not choose but move great commiseration in any relenting spectator. . . . The last man of the whole traine was the Bishop of Paris, a proper and comely man as any I saw in all the city, of some five and thirty yeares old. He walked not sub dio, that is, under the open aire, as the rest did. But he had a rich canopy carried over him, supported with many little pillers on both sides. This did the Priests carry: he himself was that day in his sumptuous Pontificalities, wearing religious ornaments of great price, like a second Aaron, with his Episcopall staffe in his hand, bending round at the toppe, called by us English men a Croisier, and his Miter on his head of cloth of silver, with two long labels hanging downe behind his neck. As for the streets of Paris they were more sumptuously adorned that day then any other day of the whole yeare, every street of speciall note being on both sides thereof, from the prentices of their houses to the lower end of the wall hanged with rich cloth of arras, and the costliest tapestry that they could provide. The shewes of Our Lady street being so hyperbolical in pomp that day, that it

exceeded the rest by many degrees. And for the greater addition of ornament to this feast of God, they garnished many of the streets with as rich cupboords of plate as ever I saw in all my life. For they exposed upon their publique tables exceeding costly goblets, and what not tending to pompe, that is called by the name of plate. Upon the middest of their tables stood their golden Crucifixes, with divers other gorgeous Images. Likewise in many places of the city I observed hard by those cupboords of plate, certayne artificiall rocks, most curiously contrived by the very quintessence of arte, with fine water spowting out. . . . Wherefore the foresaid sacred company, perambulating about some of the principall streets of Paris, especially Our Lady street, were entertained with most divine honours. For whereas the Bishop carried the Sacrament, even his consecrated wafer cake, betwixt the Images of the two golden Angels, whensoever he passed by any company, all the spectators prostrated themselves most humbly upon their knees, and elevated their handes with all possible reverence and religious behaviour. . . . Moreover, the same day after dinner I saw the like shew performed by the Clergy in the holy procession in the morning. Queene Margarite the Kings divorced wife being carried by men in the open streets under a stately canopy : and about foure of the clocke, they made a period of that solemnity, all the Priests returning with their Sacrament to Our Lady Church, where they concluded that dayes ceremonies with their Vespers.

THOMAS CORYAT (1611).

THE PARIS OF JOHN EVELYN

1643. 24 December. I went to see the Isle encompassed by the Seine & the Oyse. The City is divided into 3 parts, whereof the Toune is greatest. The City lies between it and the University, in form of an island. Over the Seine is a stately bridge called Pont Neuf, begun by Hen. 3. in 1578, finished by Hen. 4. his successor. It is all of hewn free stone found under the streets, but more plentifully at Mont-Martyre, and consists of 12 arches, in the midst of which ends the poynt of an island, on which are built handsome artificers houses. There is one large passage for coaches, and 2 for foot passengers 3 or 4 feet higher, and of convenient breadth for 8 or 10 to go abreast. On the middle of this stately bridge on one side stands that famous statue of Hen. the Great on horseback, exceeding the natural proportion by much; and on the 4 faces of a pedestal, (which is compos'd of various sorts of polish'd marble and rich mouldings,) inscriptions of his victories and most signal actions are engraven in brasse. The statue and horse are of copper, the worke of the greate John di Bologna, and sent from Florence by Ferdinand the First, and Cosmo the 2d, unkle & cousin to Mary di Medices, the wife of this K. Henry. It is inclos'd with a strong and beautifull grate of yron, about which there are allways mountebancs shewing their feates to idle passengers. From hence is a rare prospect towards the Louver and suburbs of St. Germaines, the Isle of du Palais, and Notre Dame. At the foote of this bridge is a water house, on the front whereof, at a great height, is the story of our Saviour and the Woman of Samaria powring water out of a bucket.

Above is a very rare dyal of severall motions, with a chime, &c. The water is convey'd by huge wheeles, pumps, and other engines, from the river beneath. The confluence of the people and multitude of coaches passing every moment over the bridge, to a new spectator is an agreeable diversion. Other bridges there are, as of Notre Dame ; and the Pont au Change, &c. fairly built, with houses of stone which are laid over this river : only the Pont St. Anne, landing the suburbs of St. Germaine at the Thuilleries, is built of wood, having likewise a water-house in the middst of it, and a statue of Neptune casting water out of a whale's mouth, of lead, but much inferior to the Samaritane.

The University lyes S.W. on higher ground, contiguous to, but the lesser part of Paris. They reckon no less than 65 Colleges, but they in nothing approach ours at Oxford for state and order. The booksellers dwell within the University. The Scholes (of which more hereafter) are very regular.

The suburbs are those of St. Denys, Honore, St. Marcel, Jaques, St. Michel, St. Victoire, and St. Germaines, which last is the largest, and where the nobility and persons of the best quality are seated ; and truely Paris, comprehending the suburbs, is, for the material the houses are built with, and many noble and magnificent piles, one of the most gallant Cittyes in the world ; large in circuit, of a round forme, very populous, but situated in a botome, environ'd with gentle declivities, rendering some places very dirty ; . . . yet it is paved with a kind of free-stone, of neere a foote square, which renders it more easy to walk on than our pebles in London.

On Christmas eve I went to see the Cathedrall of

Notre Dame, erected by Philip Augustus, but begun by K. Robert, son of Hugh Capet. It consists of a Gotiq fabriq, supported by 120 pillars, which make 2 ailes in the Church round about the quire, without comprehending the Chapells, being 174 paces long, 60 wide, and 100 high. The Quire is enclos'd with stone worke graven with the sacred history, and containes 45 Chapells cancell'd with iron. At the front of the chiefe entrance are statues in relievo of the Kings, 28 in number, from Childebert to the founder, Philip ; and above them are two high square Towers, and another of a smaller size, bearing a Spire in the middle, where the body of the Church formes a Crosse. The greate Tow'r is ascended by 389 steps, having 12 gallerys from one to the other. They greatly reverence the Crucifix over the skreene of the Quire, with an image of the B. Virgin. There are some good modern paintings hanging on the pillars : the most conspicuous statue is the huge Colosse of St. Christopher, with divers other figures of men, houses, prospects, & rocks, about this gygantiq piece, being of one stone, and more remarkable for its bulke than any other perfection. This is the prime Church of France for dignity, having Archdeacons, Vicars, Canons, Priests, and Chaplaines in good store, to the number of 127. It is also the Palace of the Archbishop. The young King (Louis XIV.) was there with a great and martial guard, who enter'd the Nave of the Church with drums and fifes, at the ceasing of which I was entertain'd with the church musiq.

1644. 4 January. I pass'd this day with one Mr. Jo. Wall, an Irish gentleman, who had been a Frier in Spaine, and afterwards a Reader in St. Isodors

Chayre at Rome.... He would needes perswade me to goe with him this morning to the Jesuites Colledge, to witness his polemical talent. We found the Fathers at the Rue St. Anthoine, where one of them shew'd us that noble fabriq, which for its cupola, pavings, incrustations of marble, the pulpit, altars (especially the high altar), organ, *lavatorium*, &c. but, above all, the richly carv'd and incomparable front, I esteeme to be one of the most perfect pieces of architecture in Europ, emulating even some of the greatest now at Rome itself ; but this not being what our Frier sought, he led us into the adjoyning Convent, where having shew'd us the Library, they began a very hot dispute on some poynts of Divinity, which our Cavalier contested onely to shew his pride, and to that indiscreete height that the Jesuits would hardly bring us to our coach, they being put beside all patience. The next day we went into the University, and into the College of Navarre, which is a spacious well-built quadrangle, having a very noble Library.

Thence to the Sorbonne, an antient fabriq built by one Robert de Sorbonne, whose name it retains, but the restouration which the late Cardinal de Richlieu has made to it renders it one of the most excellent moderne buildings ; the sumptuous Church, of admirable architecture, is far superior to the rest. The cupola, portico, and whole designe of the Church is very magnificent.

We went into some of the Scholes, and in that of Divinity we found a grave Doctor in his chaire, with a multitude of auditors, who all write as he dictates ; and this they call a Course. After we had sate a little, our Cavalier started up, and rudely enough

began to dispute with the Doctor; at which, and especially as he was clad in the Spanish habit, which in Paris is the greatest bugbare imaginable, the Scholars and Doctor fell into such a fit of laughter that nobody could be heard speake for a while; but silence being obtain'd, he began to speake Latine, and make his apology in so good a style, that their derision was turn'd to admiration, & beginning to argue, he so baffled the Professor, that with universal applause they all rose up and did him greate honors, waiting on us to the very streete and our coach, testefying greate satisfaction.

3 Feb. I went to the Exchange. The late addition to the building is very noble, but the gallerys where they sell their petty merchandize are nothing so state'y as ours at London, no more than the place where they walke below, being onely a low vault.

The Palais, as they call the upper part, was built in the time of Philip the Faire, noble and spacious. The greate Hall annex'd to it is arched with stone, having a range of pillars in the middle, round which and at the sides are shops of all kinds, especially Booksellers. One side is full of pewes for the Clearkes of the Advocates, who swarme here (as ours at Westminster). At one of the ends stands an altar, at which Masse is said daily. Within are several Chambers, Courts, Treasuries, &c. Above that is the most rich and glorious Salle d'Audience, the Chamber of St. Lewis, and other superior Courts where the Parliament sits, richly guilt on embossed carvings & fretts, and exceedingly beautified.

Within the place where they sell their wares is another narrower gallery full of shopps and toys, &c.

which lookes downe into the Prison yard. Descending by a large payre of stayres, we passed by St. Chapelle, which is a Church built by St. Lewis, 1242, after the Gotiq manner ; it stands on another Church which is under it, sustain'd by pillars at the sides, which seeme so weak as to appear extraordinary in the artist. This Chapell is most famous for its Relicques, having, as they pretend, almost the intyre Crowne of Thornes ; the Achat Patine, rarely sculptur'd, judg'd one of the largest & best in Europ. There was now a beautifull Spire erecting. The Court below is very spacious, capable of holding many coaches, and surrounded with shopps, especially Engravers, Goldsmiths, and Watchmakers. In it is a fayre Fountaine & Portico. The Isle du Palais consists of a triangular brick building, whereof one side, looking to the river, is inhabited by Goldsmiths. Within the court are private dwellings. The front looking on the greate bridge is possessed by Mountebanks, Operators, and Puppetplayers. On the other part is the every day's market for all sorts of provisions, especially bread, hearbs, flowers, orange-trees, choyce shrubbs ; here is a shop called Noah's Arke, where are sold all curiosities naturall or artificial, Indian or European, for luxury or use, as cabinets, shells, ivory, porselan, dried fishes, insects, birds, pictures, and a thousand exotic extravagances. Passing hence we viewed the Port Dauphine, an arch of excellent workmanship ; the street, bearing the same name, is ample and straite.

4 Feb. I went to see the Marais de Temple, where is a noble Church and Palace, heretofore dedicated to the Knights Templars, now converted to a Piazza, not much unlike ours at Covent Garden,

but larger and not so pleasant, tho' built all about with divers considerable palaces.

The Church of St. Genevieve is a place of greate devotion, dedicated to another of their Amazons sayd to have deliver'd the Citty from the English, for which she is esteem'd the tutelary Saint of Paris. It stands on a steepe eminence, having a very high spire, and is govern'd by Canons Regular.

At the Palais Royale Hen. IV. built a faire quadrangle of stately Palaces, arched underneath. In the middle of a spacious area stands on a noble pedestal, a brazen Statue of Lewis XIII. which tho' made in imitation of that in the Roman Capitol, is nothing so much esteem'd as that on the Pont Neuf.

The Hospital of the Quinz-Vingts in Rue St. Honorè is an excellent foundation ; but above all is the Hotel Dieu for men and women, neare Notre Dame, a princely, pious, and expensive structure. That of the Charitè gave me great satisfaction in seeing how decently and Christianly the sick people are attended, even to delicacy. I have seen them served by noble persons, men and women. They have also gardens, walks, and fountaines. . . .

8 Feb. I took coach and went to see the famous Jardine Royale, which is an enclosure walled in, consisting of all varieties of ground for planting and culture of medical simples. It is well chosen, having in it hills, meadows, wood and upland, naturall and artificial, and is richly star'd with exotic plants. In the middle of the Parterre is a faire fountaine. There is a very fine house, chapel, laboratory, orangery, & other accommodations for the President, who is always one of the King's cheife Physitians.

From hence we went to the other side of the

towne, and to some distance from it, to the Bois de Vincennes, going by the Bastille, which is the Fortresse Tower and Magazine of this great Citty. It is very spacious within, and there the Grand Master of the Artillery has his house, with faire gardens and walks.

The Bois de Vincennes has in it a square and noble Castle, with magnificent apartments, fit for a Royal Court, not forgetting the Chapell. It is the chiefe Prison for persons of quality. About it there is a parke walled in, full of deere, and in one part is a grove of goodly pine-trees.

The next day I went to see the Louvre with more attention, its severall Courts and Pavilions. One of the quadrangles, begun by Hen. IV. and finish'd by his son and grandson, is a superb but mix'd structure. The cornices, mouldings, & compartments, with the insertion of severall colour'd marbles, have been of great expence.

We went through the long gallery, pav'd with white & black marble, richly fretted and paynted *a fresca*. The front looking to the river, tho' of rare worke for the carving, yet wants the magnificence which a plainer and truer designe would have contributed to it.

In the Cour aux Thuilleries is a princely fabriq; the winding geometrical stone stayres, with a cupola, I take to be as bold and noble a piece of architecture as any in Europ of the kind. To this is a *Corps de Logis*, worthy of so greate a Prince. Under these buildings, thro' a garden in which is an ample fountaine, was the King's printing-house, and that famous letter so much esteem'd. Here I bought divers of the classiq authors, poets and others.

We returned through another gallery, larger, but not so long, where hung the pictures of all the Kings and Queenes and prime Nobility of France.

Descending hence, we went into a lower very large room, call'd the Salle des Antiques, which is a vaulted Cimelia, destin'd for statues only, amongst which stands the so celebrated *Diana of the Ephesians*, said to be the same which utter'd oracles in that temple. There is a huge globe suspended by chaynes. The pavings, inlayings, and incrustations of this Hall are very rich.

In another more privat garden towards the Queene's apartment is a walke or cloyster under arches, whose terrace is paved with stones of a greate breadth ; it looks towards the river, and has a pleasant aviary, fountaine, stately cypresses, &c. On the river are seene a prodigious number of barges and boates of great length, full of hay, corne, wood, wine, &c. Under the long gallery dwell goldsmiths, paynters, statuaries, and architects, who being the most famous for their art in Christendom, have stipends allowed them by the King. We went into that of Monsieur Saracin, who was moulding for an image of a Madonna to be cast in gold, of a greate size, to be sent by the Queene Regent to Lauretto, as an offering for the birth of the Dauphine, now the young King of France.

I finish'd this day with a walke in the greate garden of the Thuilleries, which is rarely contrived for privacy, shade, or company, by groves, plantations of tall trees, especially that in the middle being of elmes, another of mulberys. There is a labyrinth of cypresse, noble hedges of pomegranates, fountaines, fishponds, and an aviary. There is an

artificial echo, redoubling the words distinctly, and it is never without some faire nymph singing to it. Standing at one of the focus's, which is under a tree, or little cabinet of hedges, the voice seems to descend from the clouds ; at another as if it was underground. This being at the bottom of the garden, we were let into another, which being kept with all imaginable accuratenesse as to the orangery, precious shrubes, and rare fruites, seem'd a paradise. From a terrace in this place we saw so many coaches, as one would hardly think could be maintained in the whole Citty, going, late as it was in the year, towards the Course, which is a place adjoyning, of neere an English mile long, planted with 4 rows of trees, making a large circle in the middle. This Course is walled about, neere breast high, with squar'd freestone, and has a stately arch at the entrance, with sculpture and statues about it, built by Mary di Medices. Here it is that the gallants and ladys of the Court take the ayre and divert themselves, as with us in Hide Park, the circle being capable of containing an hundred coaches to turne commodiously, and the larger of the plantations for 5 or 6 coaches a brest. . . .

1 April. I went to see more exactly the roomes of the fine Palace of Luxemburge, in the Fauxbourg St. Germains, built by Mary de Medices, and I think one of the most noble, entire, and finish'd piles, that is to be seen, taking it with the garden and all its accomplishments. The gallery is of the painting of Rubens, being the history of the Foundresses life, rarely designed ; at the end of it is the Duke of Orleans's Library, well furnished with excellent bookes, all bound in maroquin and gilded, the valans of the shelves being of greene velvet fring'd with gold. . . .

The Court below is formed into a square by a corridor, having over the chiefe entrance a stately cupola, covered with stone ; the rest is cloistered and arch'd on pillasters of rustiq worke. The tarrace ascending before the front paved with white & black marble, is balustred with white marble, exquisitely polish'd. . . . The gardens are neere an English mile in compasse, enclos'd with a stately wall, and in a good ayre. The parterre is indeed of box, but so rarely design'd and accurately kept cut, that the embroidery makes a wonderful effect to the lodgings which front it. 'Tis divided into 4 squares, & as many circular knots, having in the center a noble basin of marble neere 30 feet diameter (as I remember), in which a triton of brasse holds a dolphin that casts a girandola of water neere 30 foote high, playing perpetually, the water being convey'd from Arceuil by an aqueduct of stone, built after the old Roman magnificence. About this ample parterre, the spacious walkes & all included, runs a border of freestone, adorned with pedestalls for potts and statues, and part of it neere the stepps of the terrace, with a raile and baluster of pure white marble. . . .

Next the streete side, and more contiguous to the house, are knotts in trayle or grasse worke, where likewise runs a fountaine. Towards the grotto and stables, within a wall, is a garden of choyce flowers, in which the Duke spends many thousand pistoles. In sum, nothing is wanting to render this palace and gardens perfectly beautifull & magnificent ; nor is it one of the least diversions to see the number of persons of quality, citizens and strangers, who frequent it, and to whom all accesse is freely permitted, so that you shall see some walkes & retirements full of

gallants and ladys; in others melancholy fryers; in others studious scholars; in others jolly citizens, some sitting or lying on the grasse, others running, jumping, some playing at bowles and ball, others dancing and singing; and all this without the least disturbance, by reason of the largeness of the place. . . .

I went next to view Paris from the top of St. Jacques steeple, esteem'd the highest in the towne, from whence I had a full view of the whole Citty and suburbs, both which, as I judge, are not so large as London: though the dissimilitude of their formes and situations, this round, London long, renderes it difficult to determine; but there is no comparison between the buildings, palaces, and materials, this being entirely of stone and more sumptuous, tho' I esteeme our piazza's to exceed their's.

JOHN EVELYN.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY PARIS

No city has been so fortunate in its special historians as Paris. It is a consequence of the intense love which Frenchmen have towards their great capital. . . . The inner man of the wandering Parisian is ever clinging to the Quais and the Boulevards. . . . Paris is emphatically the centre of light, intelligence, society, and refined life; and its historian begins to breathe his proper atmosphere as soon as he has issued from the gloomy and stifling air of the middle ages. Then the great city began to expand her arms, and embrace the spacious demesnes, royal and noble, which had hitherto lain idle without her gates. Then the edifices erected within those demesnes began to change their character; and instead of her castles of the olden time — the heaviest of

all castles, with their cylindrical towers and extinguisher roofs—arose all the diversified splendour of the *Renaissance*. . . . He who would obtain a view of the spot which may almost be called the cradle of civilization, if he would at a single glance realize, to a certain extent, the external world of that delightful era of chivalry and literature, wit, buffoonery, extravagance, and imagination, which is portrayed in the French memoirs of the seventeenth century, he should travel in a direction in which, probably, not one in a thousand of our countrymen in Paris ever bends his steps, and, leaving the small bustle of the Rue Saint Antoine turn into the Place Royale. The aspect of its solemn old houses—so stately and gentlemanlike, in their decay so well preserved in their exterior, their silent rows so strangely contrasting with the busy region in their vicinity—will strike forcibly the imagination, even of one unacquainted with their history. They seem like palaces abandoned for a season, not tenantless, waiting for the return of their noble and courtly owners, gone on a far journey. But much more powerfully will it affect the visitor, if he knows even superficially the history of the spot ; and is aware that the first existtence of the fashionable city life—of society such as he sees it among the better classes of any capital in Europe—may be traced back to these now deserted habitations. . . . No Versailles had as yet arisen to eclipse the capital. The aristocracy of the nation were collected in quarters almost as narrow as those in which the company at a large watering-place now meet each other. . . . The chief promenade of the afternoon was the Cours la Reine, on the south side of the Tuilleries garden, from which the mechanical

public was excluded. Here Marie de Medicis paraded in her globe-shaped *Coche:* and Bassompierre exhibited the first carriage with glass windows. When 'the great Mademoiselle' was asked what she had regretted most during her political banishment from Paris, she answered, 'The masquerades, the fair of St. Germain, and the Cours.' . . . In 1660 the king and court began to remove, first to Fontainebleau, afterwards to St. Germain's, and ultimately settled down in the stateliness of Versailles. This great change in the habits of the higher classes was very injurious to Paris considered as a centre of society. The *Marais,* or neighbourhood of the Place Royale, continued long to be the fashionable quarter. The quays of the left bank, whose architectural embellishment dates chiefly from this reign, became popular as promenades: the world of fashion, for a few years, used to parade up and down the broiling pavement of the Quais des Theatins and Malaquais. Here Molière lived; and here, for a short time, his troop was established. . . . In the Rue des Fossés St. Germain, now Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, Procopio the Sicilian established his *café,* the grandfather of all *cafés,* and the ancient rendezvous of the literary and theatrical world. . . .

We have been dreaming of old Paris, in the middle of a world too active and awake to suit with the temper of such reveries. . . . The eye of the passer-by, looking from the southern bank of the Seine, sees only a few dozen old houses left opposite him, with their fantastic fronts and forest of chimneys, between the corner of the Louvre and that of the Pont Neuf, as fragments of his beloved old Paris.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

EVOCATION OF OLD PARIS

EVEN to the lightest, and, apparently, most frivolous dispositions, it is a melancholy task to search under the cold ashes for the few sparks which still remain: it is a melancholy task, after a lapse of generations so full of life—the life of wit, grace, genius, beauty, and courage—to pass over the same spot, now abandoned to nameless people . . . to everything which is silence, oblivion, repose. When you walk on these sounding flagstones, the noise of your step terrifies you, and you turn round your head to see if some one of the heroes of old days is not following you—La Trémouille, Lavardin, Condé, Lauzun, Benserade. In the midst of this darkness and silence, you ask yourself, why have not the people of M. de la Rochefoucauld, of Gabrielle d'Estrées, and Madame de Montespan, lighted their torches to show the way to the carriage or the sedan of their mistress? Hush! from whence came that sound of music and *petits violons?* It came from the Ruedin Parc; and this crowd of eager-looking citizens, whither are they going? They are following the invitation of their friend Molière; they are hastening to the Comedy, the new source of excitement which attracts them: they are bound for the Hôtel Carnavalet, where *Georges Dandin* is acted to-night. And all the great hotels which I see here, of which the gates are closed and silent—and all those lofty windows, where no one shows himself—how were they called heretofore? These were the Hôtel Sully, the Hôtel Videix, the Hôtel d'Aligre, the Hôtel de Rohan, the Hôtel Rotrou, the Hôtel Guemenée—noble dwellings turned into ill-furnished lodgings. . . . What may these-

aristocratic walls think of seeing themselves thus decayed, silent, disdained! What stillness in these saloons, once so animated with powerful conversation! What sadness on these gilt ceilings, all charged with loves and with emblems! What incessant change—what ultimate wretchedness! And does it not need some courage, once more be it said, to trace out all the remembrances of this fair spot, in which lived, and thought aloud, the rarest wits, the noblest geniuses, the most delightful satirists, the most excellent characters of that singular age which preceded so closely, as if to foreshadow it, all the French seventeenth century; great names before which every one bows with reverence; illustrious frequenters of the Palace Royale, and component parts of its history? Nevertheless, this evocation of old times is thus far useful that it may help to console us for the oblivion and silence which threatens us in turn.

JULES JANIN.

A TOUR OF THE KING'S PALACES

From a Traveller's Letter

July, 1713.

'Sir,—I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my being here I have made the tour of all the King's palaces, which has been, I think, the pleasantest part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art, to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I met with, or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man's imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day's time, and plants a

village or town on such a particular spot of ground, only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to see how many tricks he has made the water play for his diversions. It turns itself into pyramids, triumphal arches, glass bottles, imitates a fire work, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of Æsop.

I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than these about the king's houses, or, with all your descriptions, raise a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am, however, so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of salvage prospects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate Nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wilderness in the meadows, walks, and canals ; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to those of art : in my opinion, the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscoted with looking-glass. . . .

But what makes all these shows the more agreeable, is the great kindness and affability that is shown to strangers. If the French do not excel the English in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward expression of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the English are a much wiser nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briskness in him at threescore and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversable, when a little wasted and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant and gay old age. Besides, this national fault of being so very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has grey hairs to countenance it. I am, Sir, &c.'

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

LADY MARY MONTAGUE DESCRIBES PARIS TO SOME FRIENDS

PARIS,
October 10, 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady Rich a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than choosing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accablée* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliment, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. . . . The air of Paris has already had a good effect on me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. . . . While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces,

and thin tattered clothes. . . . This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fontainebleau. There you begin to think the kingdom rich when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the King's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw, nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV., has prospects of all the King's houses: its walls are designed after the taste of those times but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late King passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks around it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least, I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly, and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *grossièreté* of their harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth, compared to that of the Haymarket, and the play-house not so neat as that in Lincoln's Inn-fields; but then it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. . . . I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the

beauties. . . . So fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, loaded with powder, that makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on, a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces, and I am apt to believe, took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen.

. . . . . .

PARIS,
October 16, 1718.

You see I'm just to my word, in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprised to meet my sister. I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her (having not received my late letters). . . . To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations, and compliments, being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. We had an order for the waters to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. . . . Trianon, in its littleness, pleased me better than Versailles; Marli, better than either of them; and St. Cloud, best of all; having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. . . .

We saw the King's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke d'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his Majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the archangel of Raphael, where the

sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me if I say nothing of the Thuilleries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cours, more agreeable than our Hyde Park, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the Louvre I had the opportunity of seeing the King, accompanied by the Duke Regent. He is tall and well-shaped, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his grandfather. . . . In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London, in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, the proportion of the streets, the houses all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large; and when I have said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in.

I can scarcely look with an easy and familiar aspect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here, and I often think that I am at a puppet-shew amidst the representations of real life. I stare prodigiously, but nobody remarks it, for every body stares here; staring is *à la mode*—there is a stare of attention and *intérêt*, a stare of curiosity, a stare of expectation, a stare of surprise, and it would greatly amuse you to see what trifling objects excite all this staring. This staring would have rather a solemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning, for at the end of a stare there comes always a grin, and very commonly the entrance of a gentleman or a lady into a room is accompanied with a grin, which is designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really shews nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles that must make

a stranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin is equally remote from the cheerful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh. I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, though this, I believe, would require but little study, as there is no great depth in either. It appears, on a superficial view, to be a frivolous, restless, and agreeable people. The Abbot is my guide, and I could not easily light upon a better ; he tells me that here the women form the character of the men, and I am convinced in the persuasion of this by every company into which I enter. There seems here to be no intermediate state between infancy and manhood ; for as soon as the boy has quit his leading-strings, he is set agog in the world ; the ladies are his tutors, they make the first impressions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous by the imitation of their humours and graces, so that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of sixty. Does not King David say somewhere, that *Man walketh in a vain shew ?* I think he does, and I am sure this is peculiarly true of the Frenchman—but he walks merrily and seems to enjoy the vision, and may he not therefore be esteemed more happy than many of our solid thinkers, whose brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whose wisdom is so often clothed with a misty mantle of spleen and vapours ?

What delights me most here is a view of the magnificence, often accompanied with taste, that reigns in the King's palaces and gardens ; for though I don't admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the statues,

paintings, and other decorations afford me high entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that struck me most in the gardens of Versailles, was the famous colossean statue of Jupiter, the workmanship of Myron, which Mark Antony carried away from Samos, and Augustus ordered to be placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian marble, and though it has suffered in the ruin of time, it still preserves striking lines of majesty. But surely, if marble could feel, the god would frown with a generous indignation to see himself transported from the Capitol into a French garden ; and after having received the homage of the Roman emperors, who laid their laurels at his feet when they returned from their conquests, to behold now nothing but frizzled beaus passing by him with indifference. . . .

I am hurried to death, and my head swims with that vast variety of objects which I am obliged to view with such rapidity, the shortness of my time not allowing me to examine them at my leisure. There is here an excessive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens ; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament without end or measure.

LADY MARY MONTAGUE.

CAPRICES OF PARISIAN FASHIONS

I COULD not leave Paris, without carrying my wife and girls to see the most remarkable places in and about this capital, such as the Luxemburg, the

IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS

Palais-Royal, the Thuilleries, the Louvre, the Invalids, the Gobelins, &c., together with Versailles, Trianon, Marli, Meudon, and Choissi. . . . Twenty years ago the river Seine, within a mile of Paris, was as solitary as if it had run through a desert. At present the banks of it are adorned with a number of elegant houses and plantations, as far as Marli. I need not mention the machine at this place for raising water, because I know you are well acquainted with its construction ; nor shall I say anything more of the city of Paris, but that there is a new square, built upon an elegant plan, at the end of the garden of the Thuilleries : it is called Place de Louis XV., and in the middle of it there is a good equestrian statue of the reigning king.

You have often heard that Louis XIV. frequently regretted that his country did not afford gravel for the walks of his gardens, which are covered with a white, loose sand, very disagreeable both to the eyes and feet of those who walk upon it ; but this is a vulgar mistake. There is plenty of gravel on the road between Paris and Versailles, as well as in many other parts of this kingdom ; but the French, who are all for glare and glitter, think the other is more gay and agreeable. . . .

In the character of the French, considered as a people, there are undoubtedly many circumstances truly ridiculous. You know the fashionable people, who go a hunting, are equipped with their jack boots, bag wigs, swords and pistols : but I saw the other day a scene still more grotesque. On the road to Choissi, a *fiacre*, or hackney-coach, stopped, and out came five or six men, armed with musquets, who took post, each behind a separate tree. I asked our servant who they

were, imagining they might be *archers*, or footpads of justice, in pursuit of some malefactor. But guess my surprise, when the fellow told me, they were gentlemen *à la chasse*. They were in fact come out from Paris, in this equipage, to take the diversion of hare-hunting; that is, of shooting from behind a tree at the hares that chanced to pass. Indeed, if they had nothing more in view, but to destroy the game, this was a very effectual method; for the hares are in such plenty in this neighbourhood, that I have seen a dozen together, in the same field. I think this way of hunting, in a coach or chariot, might be properly adopted at London, in favour of those aldermen of the city who are too unwieldy to follow the hounds a horseback.

The French, however, with all their absurdities, preserve a certain ascendancy over us, which is very disgraceful to our nation; and this appears in nothing more than in the article of dress. We are contented to be thought their apes in fashion; but, in fact, we are slaves to their taylors, mantua-makers, barbers, and other tradesmen. One would be apt to imagine that our own tradesmen had joined them in a combination against us. When the natives of France come to London, they appear in all public places, with cloaths made according to the fashion of their own country, and this fashion is generally admired by the English. Why, therefore, don't we follow it implicitly? No, we pique ourselves upon a most ridiculous deviation from the very modes we admire, and please ourselves with thinking this deviation is a mark of our spirit and liberty. But, we have not spirit enough to persist in this deviation, when we visit their country: otherwise, perhaps, they would

come to admire and follow our example: for, certainly, in point of true taste, the fashions of both countries are equally absurd. At present, the skirts of the English descend from the fifth rib to the calf of the leg, and give the coat the form of a Jewish gaberdine; and our hats seem to be modelled after that which Pistol wears upon the stage.... In every other circumstance of dress, male and female, the contrast between the two nations appears equally glaring. What is the consequence? when an Englishman comes to Paris, he cannot appear until he has undergone a total metamorphosis. At his first arrival he finds it necessary to send for the taylor, perruquier, hatter, shoemaker, and every other tradesman concerned in the equipment of the human body. He must even change his buckles, and the form of his ruffles; and, though at the risque of his life, suit his cloaths to the mode of the season. For example, though the weather should be never so cold, he must wear his *habit d'été*, or *demi-saison*, without presuming to put on a warm dress before the day which fashion has fixed for that purpose; and neither old age nor infirmity will excuse a man for wearing his hat upon his head, either at home or abroad. Females are (if possible), still more subject to the caprices of fashion; and as the articles of their dress are more manifold, it is enough to make a man's heart ake to see his wife surrounded by a multitude of *cotturieres*, milliners, and tire-women. All her sacks and negligees must be altered and new trimmed. She must have new caps, new laces, new shoes, and her hair new cut. She must have her taffaties for the summer, her flowered silks for the spring and autumn, her sattins and damasks for winter. The

good man, who used to wear the *beau drap d'Angleterre*, quite plain all the year round, with a long bob, or tye perriwig, must here provide himself with a camblet suit trimmed with silver for spring and autumn, with silk cloaths for summer, and cloth laced with gold, or velvet for winter; and he must wear his bag-wig *à la pigeon*. This variety of dress is absolutely indispensable for all those who pretend to any rank above the mere bourgeois. On his return to his own country, all this frippery is useless. He cannot appear in London until he has undergone another thorough metamorphosis; so that he will have some reason to think, that the tradesmen of Paris and London have combined to lay him under contribution: and they, no doubt, are the directors who regulate the fashions in both capitals; the English, however, in a subordinate capacity: for the puppets of their making will not pass at Paris, nor indeed in any other part of Europe; whereas a French petit maître is reckoned a complete figure every where, London not excepted. Since it is so much the humour of the English at present to run abroad, I wish they had antigallican spirit enough to produce themselves in their own genuine English dress, and treat the French modes with the same philosophical contempt, which was shewn by an honest gentleman, distinguished by the name of Wig-Middleton. That unshaken patriot still appears in the same kind of scratch perriwig, skimming-dish hat, and slit sleeve, which were worn five-and-twenty years ago, and has invariably persisted in this garb, in defiance of all the revolutions of the mode.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT (1763).

GOSSIP FROM PARIS

PARIS,
September, 1784.

THE fine paved road to this town has many inconveniences, and jars the nerves terribly with its perpetual rattle; the approach always strikes one as very fine, I think, and the boulevards and guingettes look always pretty too. . . . I was pleased to go over the churches again too, and re-experience that particular sensation which the disposition of St. Rocque's altars and ornaments alone can give. In the evening we looked at the new square called the Palais Royal, whence the Duc de Chartres has removed a vast number of noble trees, which it was a sin and shame to profane with an axe, after they had adorned that spot for so many centuries. . . . The French are really a contented race of mortals; precluded almost from possibility of adventure, the low Parisian leads a gentle humble life, nor envies that greatness he can never obtain; but either wonders delightedly, or diverts himself philosophically with the sight of splendours which seldom fail to excite serious envy in an Englishman. . . .

Here in every shop the behaviour of the master at first sight contradicts all that our satirists tell us of the supple Gaul. A mercer in this town shows you a few silks, and those he scarcely opens; *vous devez choisir*, is all he thinks of saying to invite your custom; then takes out his snuff-box, and yawns in your face, fatigued by your inquiries. The manufacture at the Gobelins seems exceedingly improved: the colouring less inharmonious, the drawing more correct; but our Parisians are not just now thinking about such matters; they are all wild for

love of a new comedy, written by Mons. de Beaumarchais, and called ' Le Mariage de Figaro,' full of such wit as we were fond of in the reign of Charles the Second. We have enjoyed some very agreeable society here in the company of Comte Turconi, a Milanese nobleman who, desirous to escape all the frivolous, the petty distinction which birth alone bestows, has long fixed his residence in Paris, where talents find their influence, and where a great city affords that unobserved freedom of thought and action which can scarcely be expected by a man of high rank in a smaller circle ; but which, when once tasted, will not seldom be preferred to the attentive watchfulness of more confined society. . . .

All Paris, I think, myself among the rest, assembled to see the valiant brothers, Robert and Charles, mount yesterday into the air, in company with a certain Pilâtre de Rosier, who conducted them in the new-invented flying chariot fastened to an air-baloon. It was from the middle of the Tuileries that they set out, a place very favourable and well-contrived for such public purposes. But all was so nicely managed, so cleverly carried on somehow, that the order and decorum of us who remained on firm ground struck me more than ever the very strange sight of human creatures floating in the wind : but I have really been witness to ten times as much bustle and confusion at a crowded theatre in London, than what these peaceable Parisians made when the whole city was gathered together. Nobody was hurt, nobody was frightened, nobody could even pretend to feel themselves incommoded. Such are among the few comforts that result from a despotic government.

My republican spirit, however, boiled up a little last Monday, when I had to petition Mons. de Calonne for the restoration of some trifles detained in the custom-house at Calais. His politeness, indeed, and the sight of others performing like acts of humiliation, reconciled me in some measure to the drudgery of running from subaltern to subaltern, intreating, in pathetic terms, the remission of a law. . . . We mean to quit Paris to-morrow ; I therefore enquired this evening, what was become of our aerial travellers. A very grave man replied, ' Je crois, Madame, qu'ils sont deja arrivès ces Messieurs là au lieu ou les vents se forment.'

MRS. PIOZZI.

IMPRESSIONS OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PARIS

October 12th, 1787.—In throwing on paper a rapid *coup d'œil* of what I see of a city, so well known in England, I shall be apt to delineate my own ideas and feelings, perhaps more than the objects themselves ; and be it remembered, that I profess to dedicate this careless itinerary to trifles much more than to objects that are of real consequence. From the tower of the cathedral, the view of Paris is complete. It is a vast city, even to the eye that has seen London from St. Paul's ; being circular, gives an advantage to Paris ; but a much greater is the atmosphere ; It is now so clear, that one would suppose it the height of summer. . . . At night to the opera, which I thought a good theatre, till they told me it was built in six weeks ; and then it became good for nothing in my eyes, for I suppose it will be tumbling down in six years. . . . The *Alceste* of Gluck was performed ;

that part by Mademoiselle St. Huberti, their first singer, an excellent actress. As to scenes, dresses, decorations, dancing, &c. this theatre beats the Haymarket to nothing. . . .

The 13th.—Called on Mr. Cook from London, who is at Paris with his drill-plough, waiting for weather to shew its performance to the duke of Orleans; this is a French idea, improving France by drilling. A man should learn to walk before he learns to dance. There is agility in cutting capers, and it may be done with grace; but where is the necessity to cut them at all? . . . .

The 14th.—To the benedictine abbey of St. Germain, to see pillars of African marble, &c. It is the richest abbey in France: the abbot has 300,000 liv. a year. I lost my patience at such revenues being thus bestowed; consistent with the spirit of the tenth century, but not with that of the eighteenth. What a noble farm would the fourth of this income establish! what turnips, what cabbages, what potatoes, what clover, what sheep, what wool!—are not these things better than a fat ecclesiastic? . . . Past the Bastile; another pleasant object to make agreeable emotions vibrate in man's bosom. I search for good farmers, and run my head at every turn against monks and state prisoners. . . . By the Boulevards, to the *Place Louis XV.* which is not properly a square, but a very noble entrance to a great city. The façades of the two buildings erected are highly finished. The union of the *Place Louis XV.* with the Champs Elysées, the gardens of the Thuilleries and the Seine is open, airy, elegant and superb; and is the most agreeable and best built part of Paris; here one can be clean and breathe freely. But by far the

finest thing I have yet seen at Paris is the *Halle aux bleds*, or corn market: it is a vast rotunda; the roof entirely of wood, upon a new principle of carpentry. . . . In the evening, to the *Comedie Italienne*, the edifice fine; and the whole quarter regular and new built, a private speculation of the duke de Choiseul, whose family has a box entailed for ever.—L'Aimant jaloux. Here is a young singer, Mademoiselle Rénard, with so sweet a voice, that if she sung Italian, and had been taught in Italy, would have made a delicious performer.

To the tomb of Cardinal de Richlieu, which is a noble production of genius: by far the finest statue I have seen. Nothing can be wished more easy and graceful than the attitude of the cardinal, nor more expressive nature than the figure of weeping science. Dined with my friend at the Palais Royale, at a coffee-house; well dressed people; every thing clean, good, and well served: but here, as every where else, you pay a good price for good things. . . . In the evening to *l'École des Peres*, at the *Comedie Française*, a crying *larmoyant* thing. This theatre, the principal one at Paris, is a fine building, with a magnificent portico. After the circular theatres of France, how can any one relish our ill contrived oblong holes of London? . . .

The 18th.—To the Gobelins, which is undoubtedly the first manufacture of tapestry in the world, and such an one as could be supported only by a crowned head. In the evening to that incomparable comedy *Na Metromanie*, of Pyron, and well acted. The more I see of it the more I like the French theatre; and have no doubt in preferring it far to our own. Writers, actors, buildings, scenes, decorations, music, dancing

take the whole in a mass, and it is unrivalled by London. We have certainly a few brilliants of the first water; but thrown all in the scales, and that of England kicks the beam. I write this passage with a lighter heart than I should do were it giving the palm to the French plough.

The 22nd.—To the bridge of Neuilié, said to be the finest in France. It is by far the most beautiful one I have any where seen. It consists of five vast arches; flat, from the Florentine model; and all of equal span; a mode of building incomparably more elegant, and more striking than our system of different sized arches. To the machine at Marly; which ceases to make the least impression. Madam du Barré's residence, Lusienne, is on the hill just above this machine; she has built a pavilion on the brow of the declivity, for commanding the prospect, fitted up and decorated with much elegance. There is a table formed of Sevé porcelain, exquisitely done. I forget how many thousand louis d'ors it cost. . . .

To Versailles. In viewing the king's apartment, which he had not left a quarter of an hour, with those slight traits of disorder that showed he *lived* in it; it was amusing to see the blackguard figures that were walking uncontrouled about the palace, and even in his bed-chamber; men whose rags betrayed them to be in the last stage of poverty, and I was the only person that stared and wondered how the devil they got there. It is impossible not to like this careless indifference and freedom from suspicion. One loves the master of the house, who would not be hurt or offended at seeing his apartment thus occupied, if he returned suddenly; for if there was danger of this, the intrusion would be prevented. This is certainly

a feature of that *good temper* which appears to me so visible everywhere in France. I desired to see the Queen's apartments, but I could not. Is her majesty in it? No. Why then not see it as well as the King's? *Ma foi, Mons., c'est un autre chose.* Ramble through the gardens, and by the grand canal, with absolute astonishment at the exaggeration of writers and travellers. . . . Let those who desire that the buildings and establishments of Louis XIV. should continue the impression made by the writings of Voltaire go to the canal of Languedoc, but by no means to Versailles. Return to Paris.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

FANNY BURNEY IN PARIS

PARIS,
April, 1802.

WE set off for Paris at five o'clock in the morning. The country, broad, flat, or barrenly steep—without trees, without buildings, and scarcely inhabited—exhibited a change from the fertile fields, and beautiful woods and gardens and civilization of Kent. . . . This part of France must certainly be the least frequented, for we rarely met a single carriage, and the villages, few and distant, seemed to have no intercourse with each other. *Dimanche*, indeed, might occasion this stiffness, for we saw, at almost all the villages, neat and clean peasants going to or coming from Mass and seeming indescribably elated and happy by the public permission of divine worship on its originally appointed day. . . . What most in the course of this journey struck me, was the satisfaction of all the country people, with whom I could

converse, at the restoration of *Dimanche;* and the boasts they now ventured to make of having never kept the *Décade*, except during the dreadful reign of Robespierre, when not to oppose any of his severest decrees was insufficient for safety, it was essential even to existence to observe them with every parade of the warmest approval.

Almost immediately after my arrival in Paris, I was much surprised by a visit from the *ci-devant* Prince de Beauveau, Madame his wife, and Mademoiselle de Mortemar, her sister, all brought by Madame d'Hénin. . . . Madame d'Hénin took us to a place called *La folie de Chartres*, belonging to the Duc d'Orléans, but now a public garden. It is in a state of ruin, compared with what it formerly boasted of grandeur; the river cut through it is nearly dried up from neglect of the fountains; the house is turned into cake-rooms, and common benches are placed in the most open parts of the garden, while a multitude of little bridges are half broken. Nevertheless, with all this, M. d'Arblay and I, with our West Hamble rusticity, thought it was probably more beautiful, though less habitable, than in its pristine state; for the grass wildly growing was verdant and refreshing, the uncut lilacs were lavish of sweets, and Nature all around seemed luxuriantly to revel over the works of art.

May 5, 1802.

M. d'Arblay has procured us three tickets for entering the apartments at the Tuileries to see the parade of General Hulin, now high in actual rank and service, but who has been a *sous-officier* under M. d'Arblay's command; our third ticket was for

Madame d'Hénin, who had never been to this sight. . . . Accordingly the coach . . . was desired to stop at Madame d'Hénin's door, so as to let us get into our *fiacre*, and follow it straight. This was done, and our *precursor* stopped at the gate leading to the garden of the Tuileries. The De Beauveaus, Mademoiselle de Mortemar, and their attending General, alighted, and we followed their example and joined them. . . . The crowd was great, but civil and well-dressed ; and we met with no impediment till we came to the great entrance. Alas, I had sad recollections of sad readings in mounting the steps! We had great difficulty, notwithstanding our tickets, in making our way—I mean Madame d'Hénin and ourselves, for Madame de Beauveau and Mademoiselle de Mortemar, having an officer in the existing military to aid them, were admitted and helped by all the attendants ; and so forwarded that we wholly lost sight of them, till we arrived, long after, in the apartment destined for the exhibition. This, however, was so crowded that every place at the windows for seeing the parade was taken, and the row formed opposite to see the First Consul as he passed through the room to take horse was so thick and threefold filled that not a possibility existed of even a passing peep. Madame d'Hénin would have retired, but as the whole scene was new and curious to me, I prevailed with her to stay that I might view a little of the *costume* of the company ; though I was sorry I detained her, when I saw her perturbed spirits from the recollections which, I am sure, pressed upon her on re-entering the Palace. . . . The scene now, with regard to all that was present, was splendidly gay and highly amusing. The room was full, but not crowded,

with officers of rank in sumptuous rather than rich uniforms, and exhibiting a martial air that became their attire, which, however, generally speaking, was too gorgeous to be noble.

Our window was next to the consular apartment, in which Bonaparte was holding a levee, and it was close to the steps ascending to it; by which means we saw all the forms of the various exits and entrances and had opportunity to examine every dress and every countenance that passed and repassed. This was highly amusing, I might say historic, where the past history and the present office were known. . . . But what was most prominent in commanding notice, was the array of the aides-de-camp of Bonaparte, which was so almost furiously striking, that all other vestments, even the most gaudy, appeared suddenly under a gloomy cloud when contrasted with its brightness. . . .

While this variety of attire, of carriage, and of physiognomy amused us in facing the passage prepared for the First Consul, we were occupied whenever we turned round by seeing from the window the garden of the Tuileries filling with troops.

In the first row at the window where we stood were three ladies who, by my speaking English with Mademoiselle de Mortemar and Madame de Beauveau, discovered my country, and, as I have since heard, gathered my name; and here I blush to own how unlike was the result to what one of this nation might have experienced from a similar discovery in England; for the moment it was buzzed '*c'est une étrangère, c'est une Anglaise*,' every one tried to place, to oblige, and to assist me, and yet no one looked curious, or stared at me. . . . Well, there are virtues as well

as defects of all classes; and John Bull can fight so good a battle for his share of the former that he need not be utterly cast down in acknowledging now and then a few of the latter.

MADAME D'ARBLAY (FANNY BURNEY).

SIR WALTER SCOTT IN PARIS

November 1, 1826.—*Vogue la galère; et voila nous à Paris.* . . . I suppose the ravishing is going to begin, for we have had the Dames des Halles, with a bouquet like a maypole, and a speech full of honey and oil, which cost me ten francs; also a small worshipper, who would not leave his name, but came *seulement pour avoir le plaisir, la félicité*, etc., etc. All this jargon I answer with corresponding *blarney* of my own, for have I not licked the black stone of that ancient castle? As to French, I speak it as it comes, and like Doeg in *Absalom and Achitophel*—

'Dash on through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in.'

We went this morning with M. Gallois to the Church of St. Geneviève. . . . We were unlucky in our day for sights, this being a high festival—All Souls' Day. We were not allowed to scale the steeple of St. Geneviève, neither could we see the animals at the Jardin des Plantes, who, though they have no souls, it is supposed, and no interest, of course, in the devotions of the day, observe it in strict retreat, like the nuns of Kilkenny. I met, however, one lioness walking at large in the Jardin, and was introduced. This was Madame de Souza, the authoress of some well-known French romances of a very classical character, I am told, for I have never read them.

She must have been beautiful, and is still well-looked. She is the mother of the handsome Count de Flahault, and had a very well-looking daughter with her, besides a son or two. She was very agreeable. We are to meet again. The day becoming decidedly rainy, we returned along the Boulevards by the Bridge of Austerlitz, but the weather spoiled the fine show.

We dined at the Ambassador, Lord Granville's. He inhabits the same splendid house which Lord Castlereagh had in 1815, namely, Numero 30, Rue de Fauxbourg St. Honoré. It once belonged to Pauline Borghese, and, if its walls could speak, they might tell us mighty curious stories. Without their having any tongue, they speak to my feelings 'with most miraculous organ.' In these halls I had often seen and conversed familiarly with many of the great and powerful, who won the world by their swords, and divided it by their counsel. . . . I have seen in these rooms the Emperor Alexander, Platoff, Schwartzenberg, old Blucher, Fouché, and many a marshal whose truncheon had guided armies—all now at peace, without subjects, without dominion, and where their past life, perhaps, seems but the recollection of a feverish dream. What a group would this band have made in the gloomy regions described in the *Odyssey!*

November 2.—We went to St. Cloud with my old friend Mr. Drummond, now living at a pretty *maison de campagne* at Auteuil. St. Cloud, besides its unequalled views, is rich in remembrances. I did not fail to visit the *Orangerie*, out of which Boney expelled the Council of Five-Hundred. I thought I saw the scoundrels jumping the windows, with the bayonet at their rumps. What a pity the house was not two

stories high! I asked the Swiss some questions on the *locale*, which he answered with becoming caution, saying, however, 'that he was not present at the time.' There are also new remembrances. A separate garden, laid out as a playground for the royal children, is called Trocadero, from the siege of Cadiz. But the Bourbons should not take the military ground—it is firing a pop-gun in answer to a battery of cannon. All within the house is deranged. Every trace of Napoleon or his reign totally done away, as if traced in sand over which the tide has passed. Moreau and Pichegru's portraits hang in the royal ante-chamber. The former has a mean physiognomy; the latter has been a strong and stern-looking man. I looked at him, and thought of his death-struggles. In the guard-room were the heroes of La Vendée, Charette with his white bonnet, the two La Roche Jacquelins, l'Escures, in an attitude of prayer, Stofflet, the gamekeeper, with others.

November 4.—After tea I went with Anne to the Tuileries, where we saw the royal family pass through the Glass Gallery as they went to chapel. We were very much looked at in our turn, and the King, on passing out, did me the honour to say a few civil words, which produced a great sensation. Madame la Dauphine and Madame de Berri curtsied, smiled, and looked extremely gracious; and smiles, bows, and curtsies rained on us like odours from all the courtiers and ladies of the train. We were conducted by an officer of the Royal Gardes du Corps to a convenient place in the chapel where we had the pleasure of hearing the Mass performed with excellent music.

I had a perfect view of the royal family. The King is the same in age as I knew him in youth at

Holyrood-house,—debonair and courteous in the highest degree. Madame Dauphine resembles very much the prints of Marie Antoinette, in the profile especially. She is not, however, beautiful, her features being too strong, but they announce a great deal of character, and the Princess whom Buonaparte used to call the *man* of the family. She seemed very attentive to her devotions. The Duchess of Berri seemed less immersed in the ceremony, and yawned once or twice. She is a lively-looking blonde—looks as if she were good-humoured and happy, by no means pretty, and has a cast with her eyes ; splendidly adorned with diamonds, however. . . .

November 5-9.—The French are literally outrageous in their civilities—bounce in at all hours and drive one half mad with compliments. I am ungracious not to be so entirely thankful as I ought to this kind and merry people. . . . In the evening to Princess Galitzin, where were a whole covey of Princes of Russia arrayed in *tartan*, with music and singing to boot. The person in whom I was most interested was Madame de Boufflers, upwards of eighty, very polite, very pleasant, and with all the acquirements of a French court lady of the time of Madame Sevigné, or of the correspondent rather of Horace Walpole. . . . Home, and settled our affairs to depart. . . . So adieu to *la belle France.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A SCENE OF SPLENDOUR IN PARIS

During the Last Days of the Empire

Not often in the history of mankind has earth been the theatre of such a scene of splendour as that

which glorified Paris in the springtime and early summer of 1867. Perchance in some far-off Indian city, in ancient Benares, or many-towered Delhi, there might be a greater glitter of gold and gems, statelier processions, Oriental pomp of palanquins and plumes, caparisoned elephants, peacock thrones, turbans luminous with emerald and ruby; but that barbaric show would have had but feeble historic meaning as compared with this meeting of the kings of the West, the statesmen and warriors, the financiers and long-headed schemers, the makers and unmakers of kings. It was a mighty rendezvous of the powers of the civilized world, a gathering of crowned heads, all seemingly intent upon the amusement of the hour, yet each in his heart of hearts intent upon making good use of his opportunities, each determined to turn the occasion to good political account.

The Czar was among the first to come, accompanied by his two sons. It was not long since their elder brother had been laid in his coffin, heaped round with the fairest flowers of Nice, a fair young form, a calm dead face in the midst of roses and lilies, pale image of an Imperial youth which had been but faintly reflected on the stream of life, surviving only in a photograph. William of Prussia was there, flushed with the tremendous victory of Sadowa—victory owed in great part to the neutrality of France. . . . Beside the stern soldier-king in the open carriage in which he entered Paris sat the two master-spirits of his kingdom—his mighty General, Moltke, his mightier Chancellor, Bismarck. Who could tell what dreams brooded behind those steel-blue eyes of the senator—large, full, projecting, luminous with the light of a master mind? what hidden plans lurked

beneath that air of frank, good fellowship, that outspoken Teutonic simplicity? Cavour, giant among statesmen, was as dead as Machiavelli; but his policy and his capacity lived in his Prussian pupil.

The East sent its potentates to swell the Royal crowd. The Sultan's large grave face, with dark solemn eyes, looked calm and unmoved upon the Imperial show, while his tributary, the Viceroy of Egypt, had come to see what kind of people these Frenchmen were who wanted to cut a highway for the ships of the world through the sands of the desert. Even far-off Japan was represented by the brother of its secular ruler.

Princes there were amidst that brilliant throng, lighter souls, nursing no deep-laid schemes, hiding no slumbering fires—princes who came honestly to see the show, and to drink the cup of pleasure in that season which seemed one long festival. England's future king was there, in the flower of his youth, kindly, *débonnaire*, keenly intelligent, first favourite among the *élite* of Paris, a popular figure among the populace; the young Princes of Belgium, the Princes of Prussia—they who were to come three years later with fire and sword, bringing in their train death and ruin, burning instead of beauty. There was the Crown Prince of Orange—a *prince pour rire*, and princelings and princesses without number. Never saw the earth such a gathering of its great ones, or a city so fitted for the scene of a festival. The omnipotence of the Emperor, the millions poured out like water by Prefect Haussmann, had made Paris a city of palaces, a place in which even the monuments and statues of the past were scraped and purified to match the whiteness of the new Boule-

vards—a city planned for the rich, built for the children of pleasure and of folly, as it would seem to Diogenes, looking in the summer eventide along that dazzling line of Boulevards, that mighty thoroughfare which swept in a wide arc from the Bastille to the Champs Élysées, a double range of monumental mansions, theatres, restaurants, cafés, drinking places of every kind and every quality—a fanfare of voices, and music, and clinking glasses, and airy laughter from sundown to midnight, an illumination two leagues long.

Who can wonder that the stranger, blinded by these earthly splendours, steeped in the intoxication that hangs in the very air of such a city, should have ignored the storm-clouds brooding over the Imperial palace? . . . The stranger saw no clouds in that summer sky, dreamt not of a besieged and famished Paris, in which these very streets should run with blood, these fair white stones should be torn up and heaped into barricades, on which men should fight to extinction, hand to hand, brother against brother, in the fury of Civil War. He saw only the glory of the world's carnival; he heard only the sounds of music and dancing, of feasting and revelry.

M. E. BRADDON.

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